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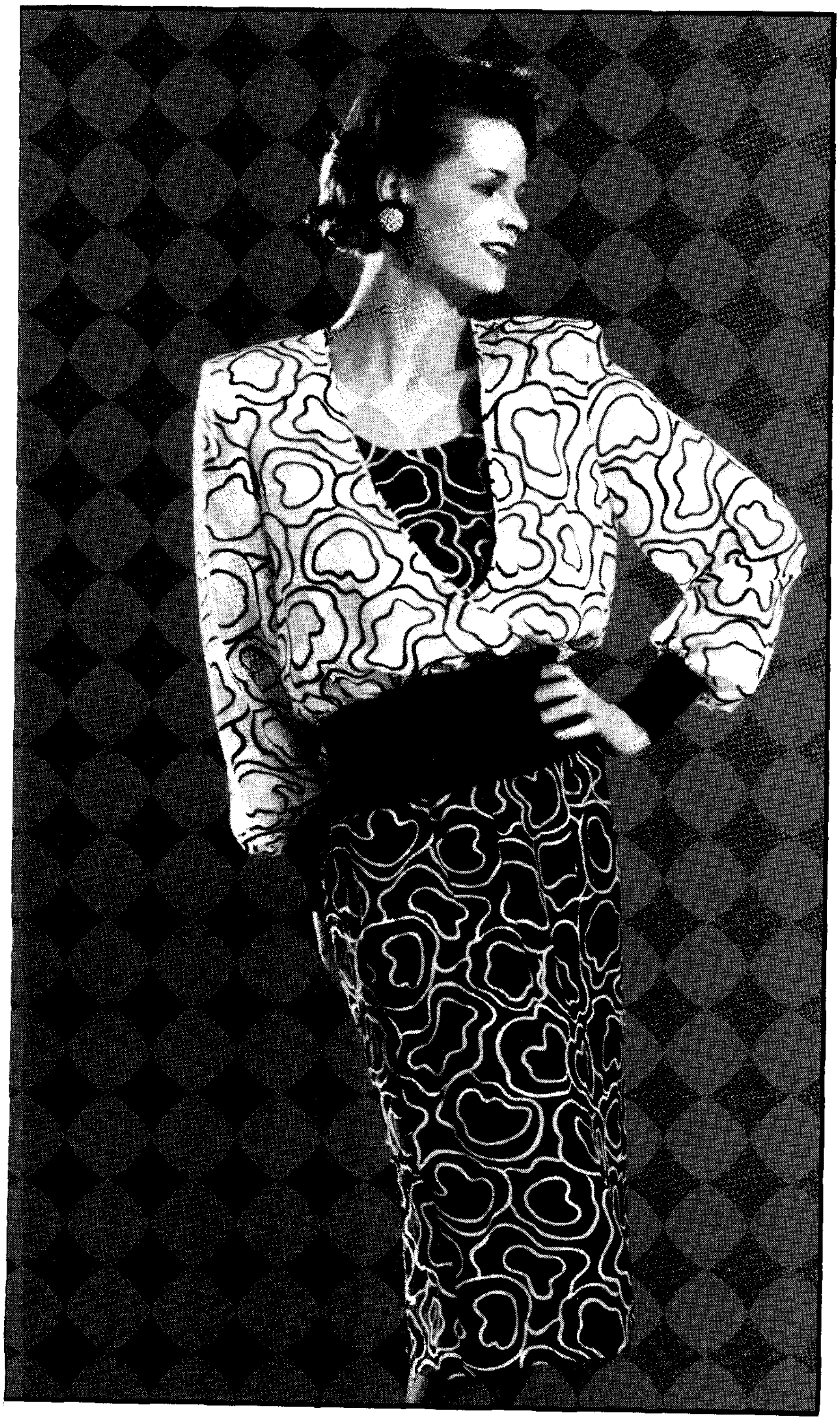

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

An Acute Obsession—A play by Barbara Feldman and Eric Rosse. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Alterations—There is more fun than one might expect in Leigh Curran's play about domestic tension, much of it contributed by the actors, under Austin Pendleton's direction. They are Gretchen Cryer, Cynthia Nixon, Wayne Tippit, Jane Hoffman, and Mary Kane. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/3/86.) (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 9; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 16.)

Angry Housewives—A boring musical about four dissatisfied women who form a rock group. The closing number is funny, but there's a long, long wait. (9/29/86) (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—A slam-bang revival of a hit comedy of the early nineteen-forties. The cast is headed by Jean Stapleton, Polly Holliday, and Tony Roberts. (7/7/86) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Brownstone—A revised version of a musical composed by Peter Larson and Josh Rubins. Mr. Rubins also wrote the lyrics and, with Andrew Cadiff, the book. First seen at the Hudson Guild Theatre in June, 1984. Previews Wednesday, Nov. 5. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 6. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—Presenting two plays in rotating repertory—**in this fallen city:** Bryan Williams' mystery, set in East Harlem, is not as gripping as it should be, in spite of excellent performances by Michael Higgins and Danton Stone. Closes Friday, Nov. 14. (10/6/86) . . . **the early girl:** By Caroline Kava. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. For information about play scheduling, call 924-7100.)

The Colored Museum—A sharp, satiric revue on the subject of blackness and related matters, which is almost done in by damnable amplification. George C. Wolfe was the clever writer, and L. Kenneth Richardson the able director. The performers, all of them splendid, are Loretta Devine, Tommy Hollis, Reggie Montgomery, Vickilyn Reynolds, and Danitra Vance. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Common Pursuit—An English import. Six Cambridge undergraduates, in the sixties, plan to launch a literary magazine in accordance with the rigorous standards of the critic F. R. Leavis, and in the ensuing twenty years manage to breach these standards. Simon Gray's play, while not especially original, is consistently entertaining, and it is very well performed, under the direction of the dramatist and Michael McGuire. With Michael Countryman, Nathan Lane, and Peter Friedman, among others. (11/3/86) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Double Image Theatre—Presenting **the dreamer examines his pillow:** John Patrick Shanley's comedy—sometimes strong and funny, sometimes tedious—is composed of three conversations, between (1) a young woman and her former lover, (2) the young woman and her father, and (3) the father and the lover, all of them citizens of the Bronx. (10/20/86) (304 W. 47th St. 265-0794. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 23.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the 1954 musical **the pajama game** is the second in this season's series of eight productions. The book is by George Abbott and Richard Bissell, and the score and lyrics by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 23. For information about tickets, for which contribution are requested, call 663-2028.)

Groucho: A Life in Revue—A surprisingly livel and touching show about the great comedian, humorist. Frank Ferrante's dedicated impersonation becomes a true performance; Le Marsden, doubling, comes close to Chico an seems inspired as Harpo; and Faith Princ deftly acts the women in their lives, amon them, of course, Margaret Dumont. Arthu Marx (son of Groucho) and Robert Fishe were the playwrights; Mr. Marx directed (10/20/86) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christophe St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8 Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7 Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Have I Got a Girl for You!—A ham-fisted musical takeoff on "Frankenstein" and othe horror movies of the thirties and forties. Fo camp followers only. (Second Avenue Theatre 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sunday at 3.)

The House of Blue Leaves—A superb revival o John Guare's brilliant, ferocious comedy with Swoosie Kurtz and John Mahoney

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ULTIMA II

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

among other fine performers. Jerry Zaks was the acute, perceptive director. (3/31/86) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Insignificance—A play by Terry Johnson. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810, Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 9.)

Krapp's Last Tape—A disappointing revival of Samuel Beckett's play. (9/15/86) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lady Day at Emerson's Bar & Grill—A play of sorts about one of Billie Holiday's last engagements, at a night club in Philadelphia, well sung and performed by the personable Lonette McKee, who bears no resemblance—vocal, physical, or temperamental—to the late Miss Holiday. (9/29/86) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8, and Saturday, Nov. 15, at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesday, Nov. 5, Saturday, Nov. 8, and Sundays, all at 3.)

Lambs Theatre Company—A play by David McFadzean, **THE CHINA FISH,** is the first in this season's series of three productions. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and 8; Thursdays at 11 A.M. and 8; and Fridays at 8. Closes Saturday, Nov. 15.)

A Little Like Magic—A production by the Famous People Players, a company of puppeteers from Canada. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Me and My Girl—A fifty-year-old British musical, once starred in by Lupino Lane. His worthy successor is Robert Lindsay, who in his day has played Hamlet and can evidently play anything. (8/25/86) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—The first production of the season is **THE WAR PARTY,** a play by Leslie Lee. Preview Wednesday matinée, Nov. 5. Opens officially on Wednesday evening, Nov. 5, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 30. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 3, and Sundays at 2:30.)

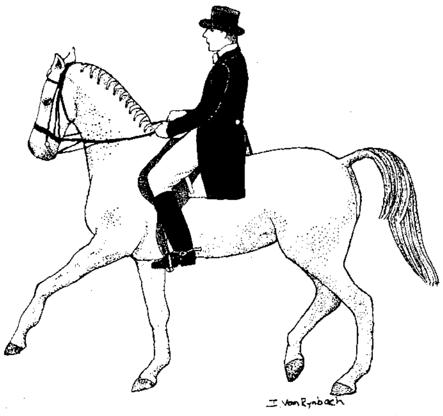
New York Theatre Workshop—The second of four plays in the New Directors Project is **FARMYARD,** by Franz Xaver Kroetz. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 279-4200. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 6-7, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 8, at 7 and 10; Sunday, Nov. 9, at 3; and Tuesday through Saturday, Nov. 11-15, at 8.)

Olympus on My Mind—A larky little musical based on the Amphitryon legend. Music by Grant Sturiale and words (book and lyrics) by Barry Harman, who also directed. (8/18/86) (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sex Tips for Modern Girls—A musical with a book by Peter Eliot Weiss and score and lyrics by John Sereda. (Susan Bloch, 307 W. 26th St. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 9. For tickets, call 541-8394.)

Social Security—A lively, conventional comedy by Andrew Bergman, well acted by Marlo Thomas, Ron Silver, Joanna Gleason, and Stefan Schnabel. (4/28/86) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sweet Charity—A hit twenty years ago and deservedly a hit today. Bob Fosse has been its chief maker, assisted by Neil Simon (book), Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields (songs), and Robert Randolph (scenery). Ann Reinking stars. (5/12/86) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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York Theatre Company—Presenting Alan Ayckbourn's farce **TAKING STEPS.** (York Theatre, 2 E. 90th St. 534-5366. Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 3. Final performance Sunday matinée, Nov. 16.)

You Never Can Tell—The Shaw play of 1896 has been given an agreeable production, with an exceedingly clever performance by Victor Garber as a lovesick intellectual (for whom read Bernard Shaw). Also in the cast are Uta Hagen, Philip Bosco, Lise Hilboldt, Stefan Gierasch, John David Cullum, and Amanda Plummer. The direction is by Stephen Porter. (10/20/86) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BIG RIVER:** A musical version of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." Twain's great novel has been respectfully dealt with in a book by William Hauptman, with music and lyrics by Roger Miller. Heidi Landesman has somehow managed to put the Mississippi River onstage. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 11,040 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Ossie Davis and Hal Linden. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD:** Old-fashioned mock-Victorian nonsense, with book and songs by Rupert Holmes and direction by Wilford Leach. The cast includes George Rose, Donna Murphy, Loretta Swit, and Howard McGillin. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302 Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **PENN & TELLER:** A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (Westside Arts 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Thursdays and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SONG & DANCE:** A curious mishmash of a show, starring Betty Buckley and John Meehan. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Beehive—A musical revue, featuring songs of the sixties. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8 Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30 Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Forbidden Broadway 1986—A musical satire o Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400 Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

Next Wave Festival—This is the festival that constitutes the Social Register of the avant-garde—Molissa Fenley and Dancers in "Geologic Moments," an evening-length work in two sections. The first section is set to music by Philip Glass; the second by Julius Eastman, and performed by Mr. Eastman and Joyce Solomon. (Carey Playhouse. Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 7, and Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 6-8, at 8.) . . . ¶ The Mark Morris Dance Group in two premières—"Stabat Mater" and "Pièces en Concert"—and "Marble Halls," with the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, Michael Feldman conducting Julianne Baird, soprano; Drew Minter, countertenor; and Gerald Ranck and Robert Wolinsky, harpsichord. (Opera House Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 7, and Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 13-15, at 8.) . . ¶ The Kronos Quartet in three programs of new compositions written or arranged for string quartet. (Lepercq Space. Friday, Nov 14, at 8: Philip Glass's "Mishima Quartet" and other works; Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8 Terry Riley's "Salome Dances for Peace Parts I and II;" and Sunday, Nov. 16, at 2 Thelonious Monk's "Monk Suite," with bassist Ron Carter, and other works.) (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave 1-718 636-4100.)

DANCE

Joffrey Ballet—Wednesday evening, Nov. 5 "Parade," "Round of Angels," "Valentine," and "Cloven Kingdom." . . . ¶ Thursday eve-

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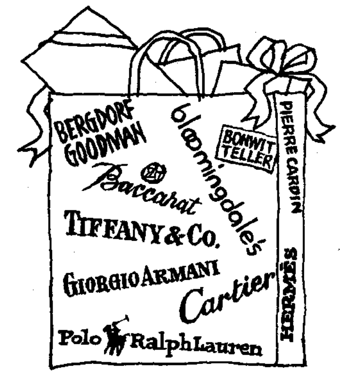

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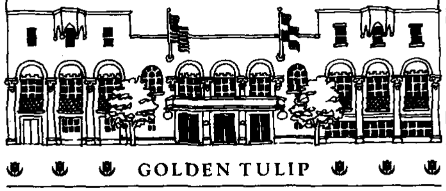


GOLDEN TULIP
BARBIZON

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ning, Nov. 6: "The Gardens of Boboli," "Love Songs," and "Kettentanz." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 7: "Les Patineurs," three pas de deux, and "Kettentanz." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 8: "The Gardens of Boboli," "The Heart of the Matter," and "Italian Suite." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 9: "A Wedding Bouquet," "Monotones," and "Les Patineurs." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 9: "Reflections," "Passage," "Valentine," and "Force Field." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 11: "Arden Court," "Esteemed Guests," and "Kettentanz." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 12: "Birthday Variations," "Untitled," "Love Songs," and "Light Rain." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 13: "Arden Court," "Esteemed Guests," and "Kettentanz." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 14: "Cloven Kingdom," "Love Songs," and "Force Field." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 15: "Parade," "Round of Angels," "Valentine," and "Cloven Kingdom." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, Nov. 16.)

Flamenco Puro—A troupe of twenty dancers, singers, and musicians from Seville. (Mark Hellinger Theatre, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Inbal Dance Theatre of Israel—The American première of "Woman," a work set to traditional Yemenite music and poetry. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Sunday, Nov. 9, at 7.)

Dan Wagoner and Dancers—Tuesday, Nov. 11, at 7:30: "Flee As a Bird" (première) and two New York premières—"Two Trios" and "Evening Star." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 12, and Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8: "Songs," "Two Trios," and "Flee As a Bird." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Nov. 13-14, at 8, and Saturday, Nov. 15, at 2: "Evening Star," "Two Trios," and "'Round This World, Baby Mine." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Sunday, Nov. 16.)

Juilliard Dance Ensemble—Benefit performances of new and repertory works. With the Juilliard Chamber Ensemble. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 14-15, at 8; Sunday, Nov. 16, at 3; and Monday, Nov. 17, at 8. For tickets, call 874-7515.)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances by two companies. **MOROCCO & THE CASBAH DANCE EXPERIENCE:** Thursday, Nov. 6, and Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 8-9, at 8. . . . **SOLOMONS COMPANY/DANCE:** Wednesday, Nov. 12, and Friday, Nov. 14, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 16, at 2. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

Guggenheim Museum Works and Process Series—Members of the Armitage Ballet performing excerpts from "The Elizabethan Phrasing of the Late Albert Ayler," a Karole Armitage ballet not yet seen here. Robert Grescovic will moderate a post-performance discussion, with Miss Armitage and David Salle, who designed the ballet's backdrop and costumes. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Sunday, Nov. 9, at 7, and Monday, Nov. 10, at 8. For information about tickets, call 360-3503.)

Dance Interviews—Heather Watts being interviewed by John Gruen. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Monday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Abilene Café, 359 Second Ave., at 21st St. (473-8908)—A corner bar and restaurant that offers ribs, liver, Bud, and the blues. Guitarist and vocalist **FENTON ROBINSON** pays a visit on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 7-8, and on the following weekend, Nov. 14-15, Morris Holt—a second-generation Chicago guitarist and singer who was dubbed **MAGIC SLIM** by his home-town (Grenada, Mississippi) running buddy, Magic Sam Maghett—shares the bandstand with **LUTHER (GUITAR JUNIOR) JOHNSON.** Other bluespersons can be found here during the rest of the week. Music from nine.

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JULIE WILSON** is in the Oak Room, concentrating on the songs of the late Harold Arlen. William Roy is her accompanist. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, nautical bar, restaurant, and jazz haunt. Saxophonist Ira Jackson's group holds forth on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 7-8, and on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 14-15, pianist-singer **MICHELE ROSEWOMAN,** tenor saxophonist **RICKY FORD,** and bassist **RUFUS REID** will come on board. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** has a wee girl's voice but it is expressive and her diction is impeccable and the songs she chooses to sing ("I'm Hip," "Sweet Kentucky Ham," "Bye-Bye, Country Boy," "Bruce") are perfectly suited to her. Her early-bird concerts begin at six-thirty Wednesdays through Saturdays. A little later in the evening, another fine singer, **KAREN AKERS,** can be heard. She's onstage Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven.

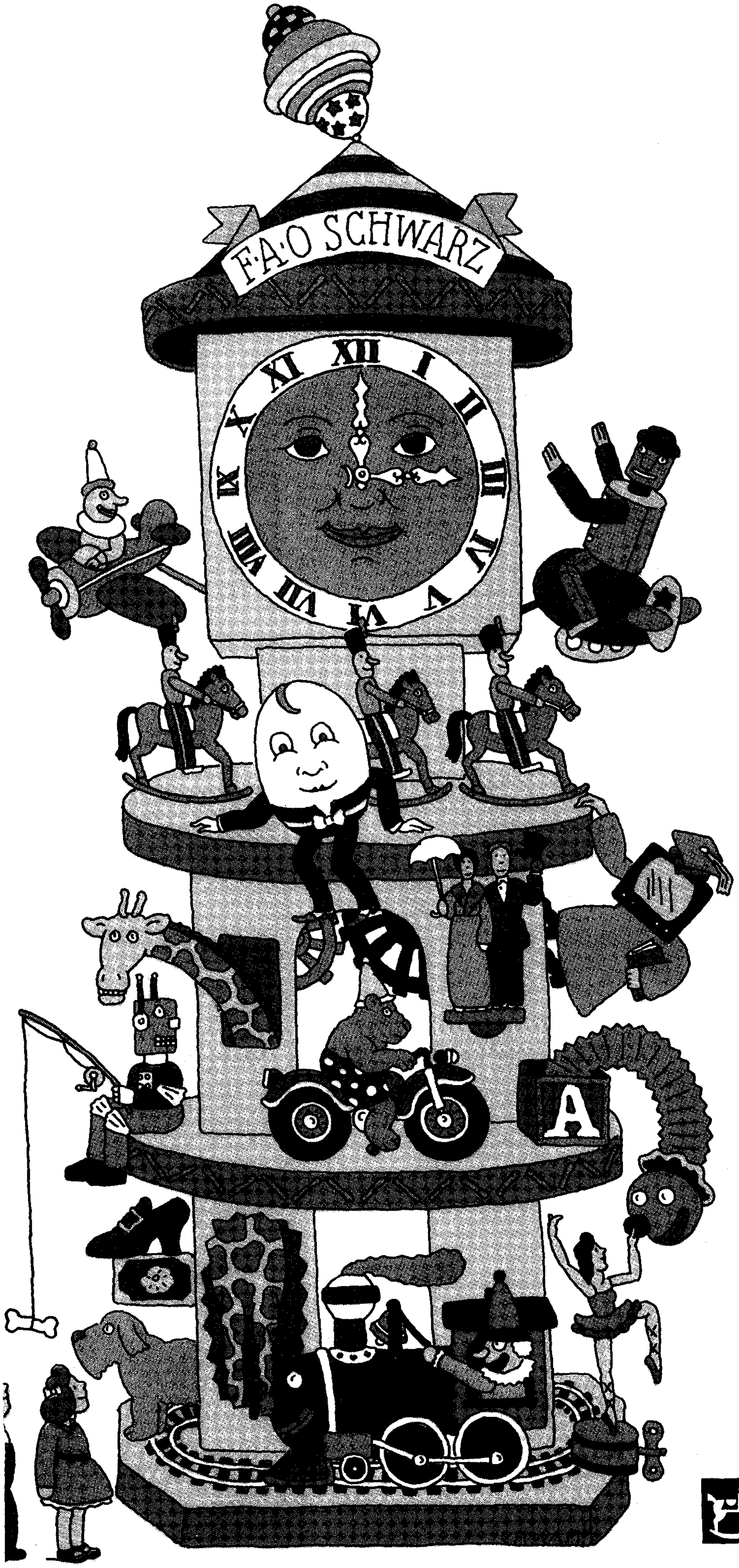
Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A large, carpeted, bemirrored jazz club with a spectacular piece of neon art on the back wall (the Manhattan skyline and attendant celestial bodies) and balloons and tinsel everywhere else (the club is celebrating its fifth birthday). The music-makers: through Sunday, Nov. 9, saxophonist **WAYNE SHORTER'S** quartet; Monday, Nov. 10, reed man Pete Yellin's All-Stars; and starting Tuesday, Nov. 11, singer Angela Bofill. Music after nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Folk, rock, jazz, comedy, tables, chairs, and fries. The lineup: Wednesdays, David Johansen's alter ego, **BUSTER POINDEXTER,** and his tuxedoed accomplices, the **BANSHEES OF BLUE;** Thursday, Nov. 6, blues guitarist **ROY BUCHANAN;** Friday and Saturday, Nov. 7-8, Kenny G; Monday, Nov. 10, the Outlaws; Tuesday, Nov. 11, Liz Story and Margaret Beals; Thursday, Nov. 13, country-pop baritone and multi-instrumentalist **JOHN HARTFORD** and Nanci Griffith; Friday, Nov. 14, Montreaux; and Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 15-16, the Nylons. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A real New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, Type A conversationalists, and some very good piano-bass and guitar-bass teams. Kentucky-born guitarist **JIMMY RANEY** and Hungarian-born guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER** work with bassist **MICHAEL FORMANEK** through Saturday, Nov. 8; on Sunday, Nov. 9, **BOB DOROUGH** will be at the concert grand and **LISLE ATKINSON** will be on bass; and on Monday, Nov. 10, pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and bassist **SANTI DEBRIANO** take charge. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—It's so nice in here—silken woodwork and long tables with pink tablecloths and pink napkins—you might mistake it for a jazz club on a movie set but for the real musicians onstage. **CARRIE SMITH,** who has a deep, rich, down-in-the-valley voice, sings with a trio through Sunday, Nov. 9, and on Tuesday, Nov. 11, drummer **LOUIE BELLSON** and his quartet swing into action. Shows at nine and eleven, with an extra show at twelve-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT,** a prince among café singers, presides over the little principality called the Café Carlyle. Bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT** are his aides. Sets at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Friday, Nov. 7, Mr. Short will be absent and **HELEN MERRILL** and a trio will be present. . . . ¶ Over in the Bemelmans Bar, Ludwig Bemelmans' rabbits perform everyday stunts on the walls and **BARBARA CARROLL**



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FIFTH AVENUE

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sings and plays the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too. Sundays and Mondays are showcase nights. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled belowstairs music room with a zigzag bar. Mandolin whiz **DAVID GRISMAN** plays hot bluegrassy jazz with a quintet that includes Danish violinist **SVEND ASMUSSEN** through Sunday, Nov. 9, and on Tuesday, Nov. 11, pianist and composer **CARLA BLEY** and her band, Night-Glo, move in. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music nightly from nine.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—A cathedral-size bar and restaurant where you can hear and see (but from the bar you may want to use binoculars) good pianists. **RAHN BURTON** is in charge of the keyboard through Saturday, Nov. 8, and **HAL SCHAEFER** mans it starting Tuesday, Nov. 11. Sundays belong to **NINA SHELDON,** and Mondays to Nils Van Doky. Sets begin at seven Mondays through Thursdays, at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays, and at six on Sundays.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Saturdays, Kitt Moran sings with support from her husband, pianist Mike Moran, and from bassist Andy Eulau; Sundays and Mondays Joe Derise sings and plays piano with accompaniment from bassist John Dooley; and Tuesdays are given over to ex-Swing Street guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE,** pianist **WARREN CHIASSON,** and bassist **MICHAEL FLEMING.** All these groups begin at about ten.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant, low-key bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. **LOU LEVY** works with **MICHAEL MOORE** through Saturday, Nov. 8, and with John Goldsby starting Tuesday, Nov. 11. Esther Blue flies all by herself on Sundays and Mondays. Music from about nine-thirty.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Scary-movie buffs like the epic-size iguana on the roof of this establishment; Texans like the reminders of home; and the musicians like the Texans, the New Yorkers, and the other visitors from this planet who regularly fill the joint up. Wednesday, Nov. 5, Scruffy the Cat and Fetchin' Bones; Thursday, Nov. 6, the Bluesbusters and Pacific Orchestra; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 7-8, **BIG TWIST & THE MELLOW FELLOWS** and Steel Angel; Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 10-11, zydeco king **CLIFTON CHENIER;** Wednesday, Nov. 12, Blasters' singer and guitarist **PHIL ALVIN;** and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 14-15, **ROBERT GORDON** and Rockin' Horse. Music after nine. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Bangers and mash isn't on the menu here, an un-publike omission that probably won't matter to admirers of the urbane singer and raconteur Jonathan Schwartz. He performs Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A longtime music hangout on the upper West Side. The schedule, in part: Wednesday, Nov. 5, Gordon Radford; Thursday, Nov. 6, **ROLAND VAZQUEZ;** and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 7-8, the jazz sextet O.T.B. (a.k.a. Out of the Blue). Music from about ten. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The business of this thirties ballroom is rock and roll from the fifties to the eighties. Retro-chic dress suggested and a proper I.D. required. Wednesday, Nov. 5, singer, songwriter, and social realist **JOHN PRINE** and **PHIL ALVIN;** Thursday and Friday, Nov. 6-7, the **RAMONES,** minimalists of yore; Saturday, Nov. 8, at eight and eleven-thirty, mystical British folk rocker **RICHARD THOMPSON'S** band and Guadalcanal Diary; Sunday, Nov. 9, Motorhead, the Cro-Mags, and Possessed; Thursday and Friday, Nov. 13-14, **IGGY POP,** the gaunt, hollow-cheeked punk idol and golfer (he shoots in the mid-eighties); and Saturday, Nov. 15, Gene Loves Jezebel and Until December. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Tropical-forest décor (including a larger-than-life parrot suspended above the bandstand) and head-swirling music from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and the U.S.A. Wednesday, Nov. 5, the swinging, adventurous, un-solemn **WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET** and guitarist **JAMES (BLOOD) ULMER'S** Odyssey band; Thursday, Nov. 6, the **HEPTONES;** Friday, Nov. 7, and Saturdays, the Afro-Carib dance ensemble **MIKATA;** Tuesday through Thursday, Nov. 11-13, soul singers **ETTA JAMES** and **OTIS CLAY;** and Friday, Nov. 14, **LOREMIL MACHADO.** Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—The **JAZZTET,** a sextet that features the front line it had when it opened at the Five Spot twenty-seven years ago (**ART FARMER** on flugelhorn, **BENNY GOLSON** on tenor sax, and **CURTIS FULLER** on trombone), works in this pine-and-brick-walled room Tuesdays through Sundays. On Mondays, the **GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA,** with its seventy-four-year-old leader conducting serenely from the piano bench, plays the maestro's arrangements of tunes by Mingus, Jimi Hendrix, and other un-serene composers. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A simple basic blues and rock club, now a venerable ten years old. Wednesday, Nov. 5, the **ELLIOTT MURPHY** band; Thursday, Nov. 6, the Baxters and O.K. Savant; Friday through Sunday, Nov. 7-9, West Coast R. & B. singer **CHARLES BROWN;** Tuesday, Nov. 11, guitarist **VERNON REID'S LIVING COLOUR;** Wednesday, Nov. 12, a comedian named Lisabeth, Das Furlines, and They Might Be Giants; Thursday, Nov. 13, the Silos and Uncle Bonsai; and Friday through Sunday, Nov. 14-16, Houston-bred bluesman **JOHNNY COPELAND.** Shows after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, the gym-size downstairs room is filled with salsa bands and their whistling, clapping, table-drumming, dancing fans. On Nov. 10, vocalist **HECTOR LAVOE** and his orchestra, Frankie Ruiz and his band, and alto saxophonist **ARTHUR BLYTHE,** the guest soloist, will provide the music. Activity from nine. . . . ¶ On the Terrace, pianist-singer **NINA SHELDON** teams up with bassist Ed Schuller through Sunday, Nov. 9, and with Todd Coolman starting Tuesday, Nov. 11. Music from ten. And on Tuesdays, at around nine, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** drops in with her trio.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now fifty-one years old, has been described by Max Gordon, the wise proprietor and resident father figure, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Saxophonist, flutist, and earthy wit **JAMES MOODY** leads his quartet through Sunday, Nov. 9, and on Tuesday, Nov. 11, tenor man **GEORGE COLEMAN** descends the stairs with his quartet. Mondays are Blast-Off Nights for the **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND.** Music from ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machine and the EnduroRacer and the jukebox (now an accessory to the video screen above it) is a room full of jazz, blues, and comedy. The lineup: through Sunday, Nov. 9, saxophonist **BILL SAXTON'S** group, with trumpeter **CHARLES SULLIVAN;** Tuesday, Nov. 11, vocalist Dennis Llewellyn Day; and starting Wednesday, Nov. 12, singer Gail Wynters, with guitarist Bill Wurtzel's trio. Mondays are comedy nights. Music from about nine.

WHIPPOORWILL, 18 E. 18th St. (675-7100)—A big, labyrinthine, elaborately done-up downstairs jazz club. **CHET BAKER,** a soft-toned, ruminative trumpeter and a light-voiced singer, directs his quartet (pianist **KENNY KIRKLAND,** bassist **ALEX BLAKE,** and drummer **BEN RILEY**) through Sunday, Nov. 9, and starting Tuesday, Nov. 11, **MARION COWINGS** and **KIM SHAW** will sing with a combo headed up by trumpeter **CLARK TERRY.** Mondays are reserved for Tex Allen's sextet. Music from nine. Dining. . . . ¶ Upstairs, in Joanna (675-7900), a big, sumptuous bar and restaurant, longtime partners **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** play piano-bass duets through Sunday, Nov. 9. The stirring duo of **TOMMY FLANAGAN** and **GEORGE MRAZ** sets sail on Tuesday, Nov. 11, and **HUGH LAWSON** fills in on Mondays. Music from nine-thirty.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A bright, spacious bar and restaurant with an in-between room from which music issues, putting an end to some discussions and inspiring others. Pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and bassist **JIMMY ROWSER** work together Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 5-6, and Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 8-9. On Friday, Nov. 7, Mr. Ruiz slips out and **STANLEY COWELL** slips in. Mr. Ruiz returns on Monday, Nov. 10, with bassist **JAMIL NASSER,** who will give way to the buzzing, humming **MAJOR HOLLEY** on Thursday, Nov. 13. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

R.E.M.—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 6-7, at 8.

HILTON RUIZ TRIO—Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Nov. 7, at 8. No tickets necessary.

FELA ANIKULAPO KUTI & THE EGYPT 80 ORCHESTRA—Felt Forum. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8.

ALPHONSE (BOISEC) ARDOIN, CANRAY FONTENOT, and **BEAUSOLEIL**—Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 7-8, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 9, at 3. For information about tickets, call 362-3366.

STEVE WINWOOD—With Level 42. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Thursday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

MULGREW MILLER–DONALD HARRISON QUARTET—New School Auditorium, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, Nov. 14, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

GENERAL PUBLIC—With KTP. (Felt Forum. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

GIORA FEIDMAN KLEZMER QUARTET—Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8.

JAZZ CENTER OF NEW YORK—Friday, Nov. 7, at 9: Ran Blake. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 8, at 9: James Jabbo Ware & the Me We & Them Orchestra. (380 Lafayette St. 505-5660.)

JAZZ CULTURAL THEATRE—Friday and Saturday,

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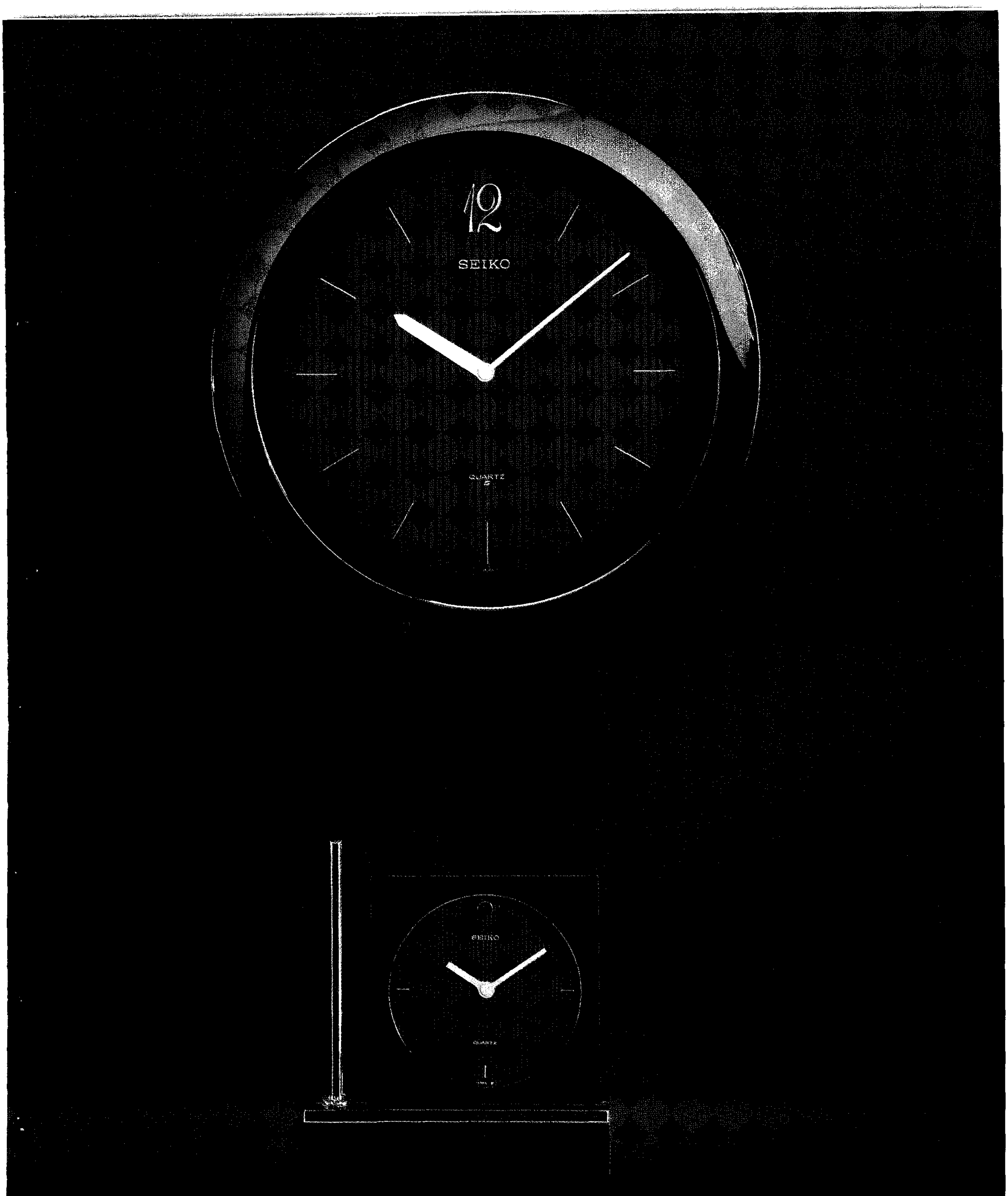
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"Hope doesn't burn brighter than it does for the unveiling of an all-new Accord. Honda Accords are great automobiles, and everybody knows it." *Car and Driver.*

"It's improved in just about every way, objectively as well as subjectively." *Road & Track.*

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"There is a solid, jiggle-free feeling from the new suspension. It makes the Honda Accords

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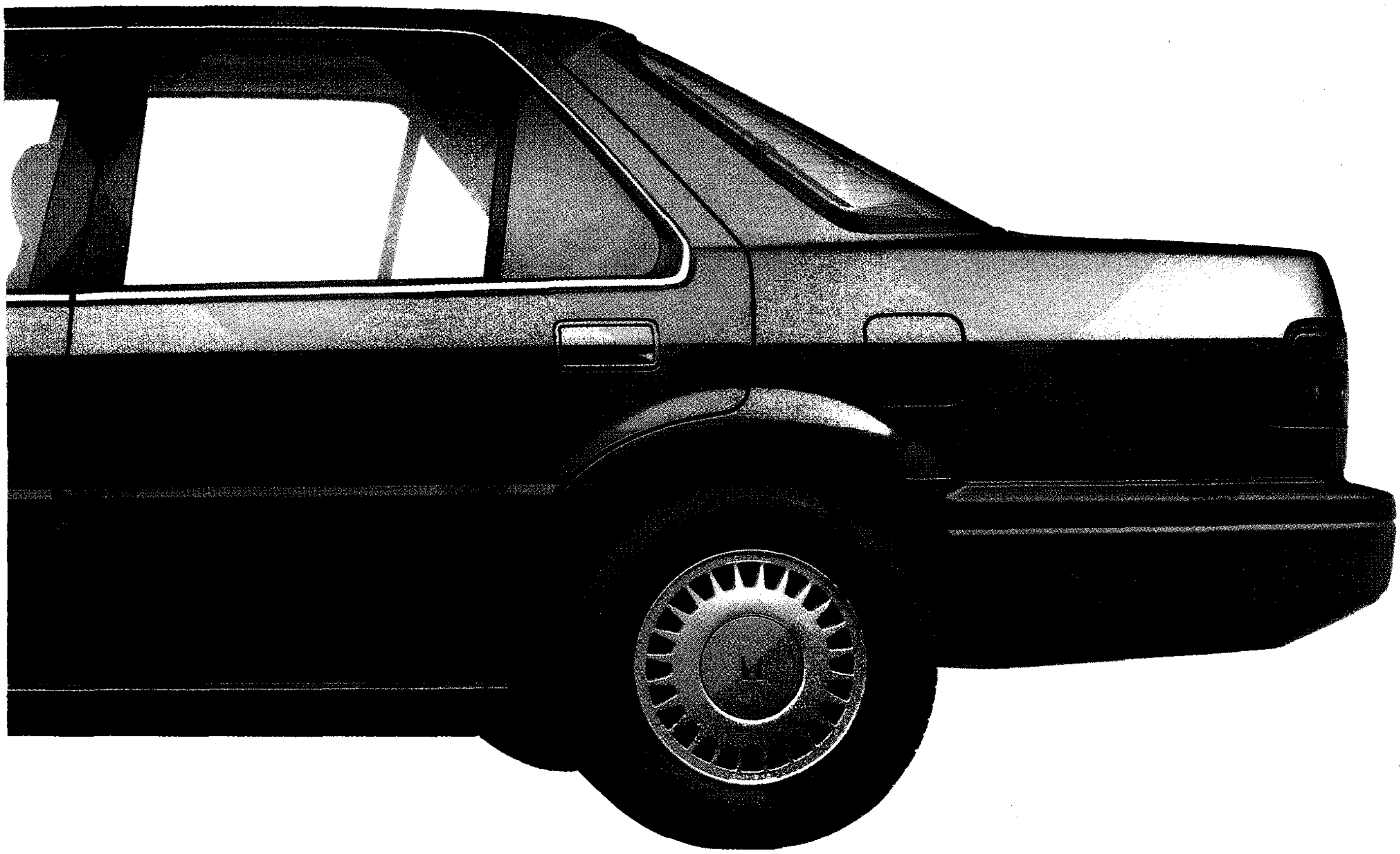
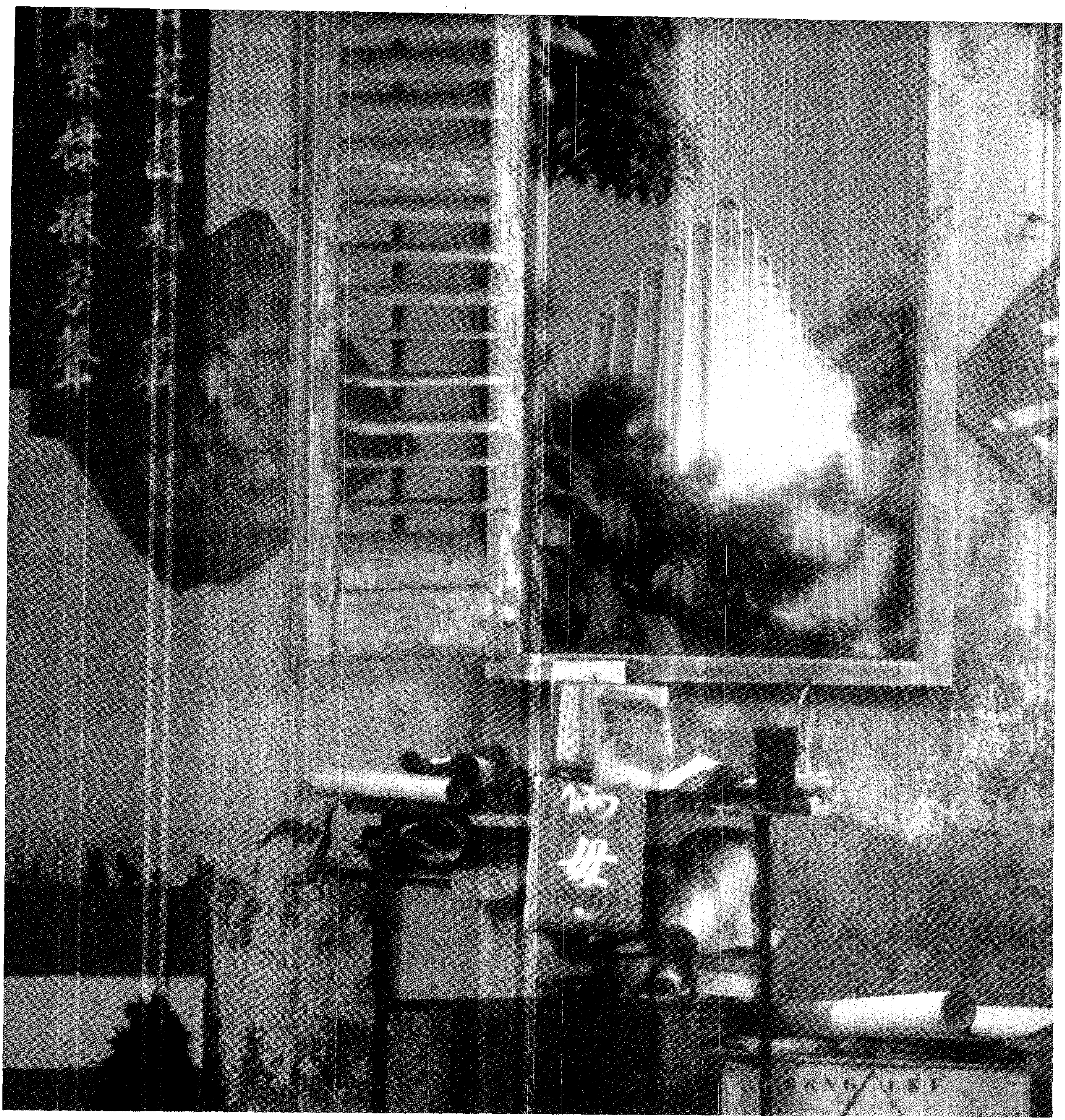


feel almost exactly like Audi's 18-inch longer top line 5000. The ride approaches that of Mercedes 190, which features a much more complex five-link rear suspension." *Autoweek.*

"The engine seems to hum even more sweetly than before. Cruising is hushed. The steering is deliciously accurate. And the shifter carves to perfection." *Car and Driver.*

"Cruising the high-banked oval at the Accord's top speed, passengers in the front and rear carried on hushed conversation in a dead-flat acoustic environment. Wind noise was minimal and road noise was dampened effectively." *Motor Trend.*

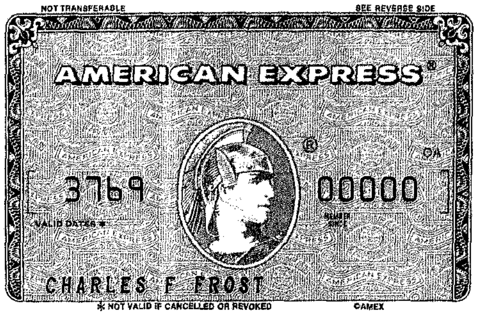
"Que será, será." *Anonymous Accord LXi owner.* **HONDA**



Indeed, we found we had much to mention to our friends half a world away. For whilst we had initially intended but a short stay in Singapore, we were to discover a marvellous cornucopia of rites and rituals, peoples and places, that could well have occupied our attention for many weeks.

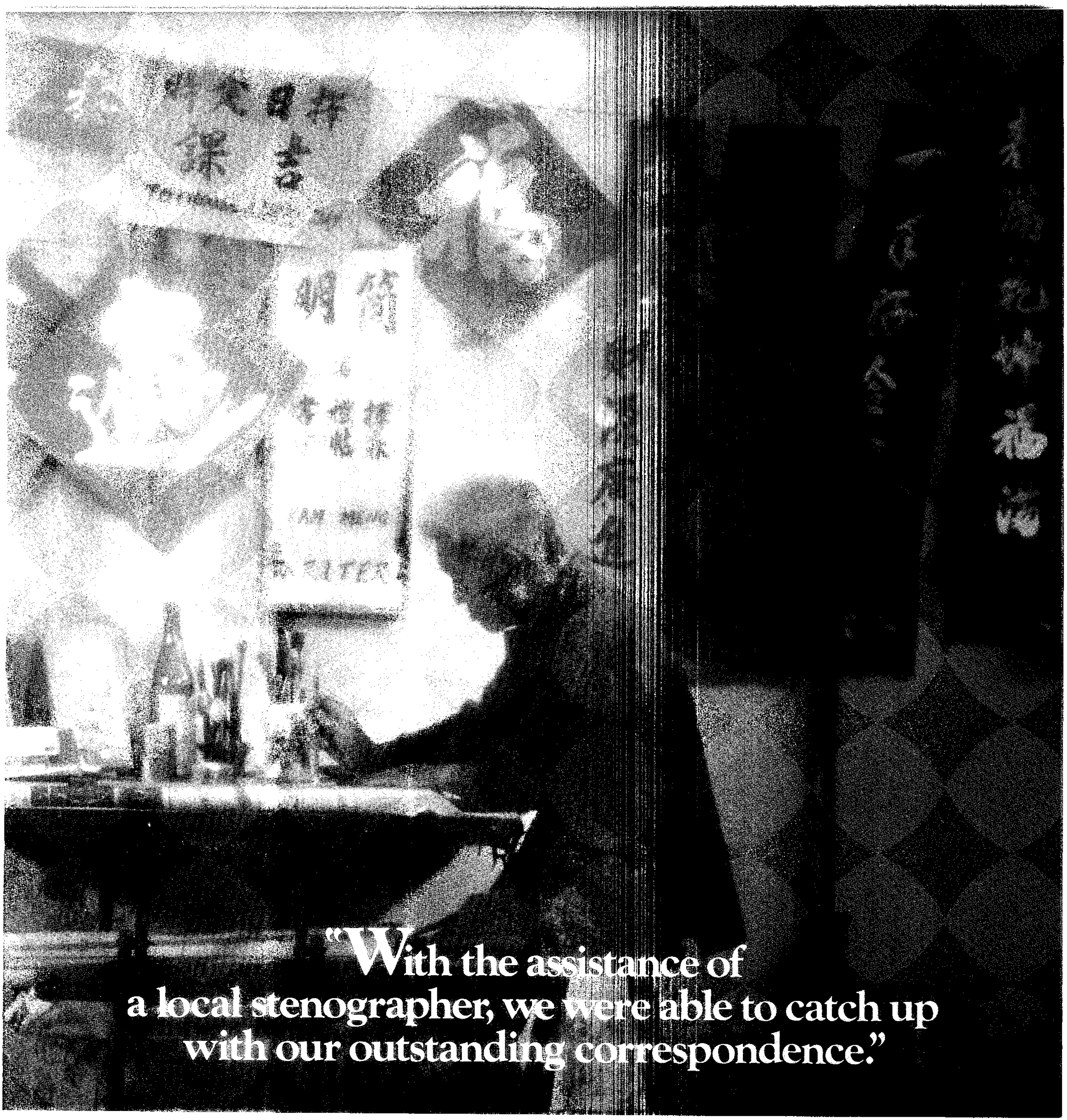
We could not help but remark upon the standard of our accommodation, a hostelry that could well hold its own with the finest on earth. Equally surprising was the dazzling array of goods of all kinds, from the most up-to-date of mechanical equipment to the more traditional spoils of the East such as jade, ivory and silk, and all at remarkably affordable prices.

Such is the allure of Singapore that it was with a trace of reluctance that we made plans for furthering our explorations. It was then we were presented with yet another surprise, for befitting its role as the crossroads of the East, Singapore is but a short journey from many more worlds.



Thus, within a couple of hours, we were exploring the temples of Java, then voyaged on to Sarawak, Land of the White Rajahs, and to mysterious Lake Toba in Sumatra, where the Batak tribe dwell in the most distinctive of houses.

All in all, it was a series of adventures too numerous to record here. What may be recorded, however, is the delight felt by all our party, at the treatment we received en route at the



"With the assistance of a local stenographer, we were able to catch up with our outstanding correspondence."

[illegible]hands of the [illegible] Singapore Air[illegible]

[illegible]stesses en[illegible]ed on [illegible]is isle on wings [illegible] And the fact that, for a [illegible]99, we could continue our [illegible] voyage on SIA's Round-The-World Fare.

[illegible]ermore, to garner all these experiences merely at the flourish of a card, bestowed upon us by the good people of American Express, was a blessing without which we would never have undertaken our voyage.

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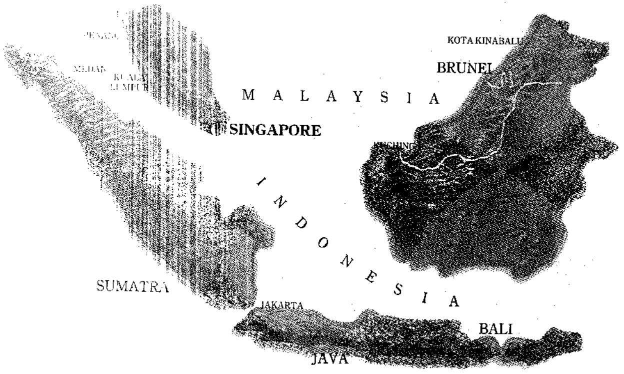
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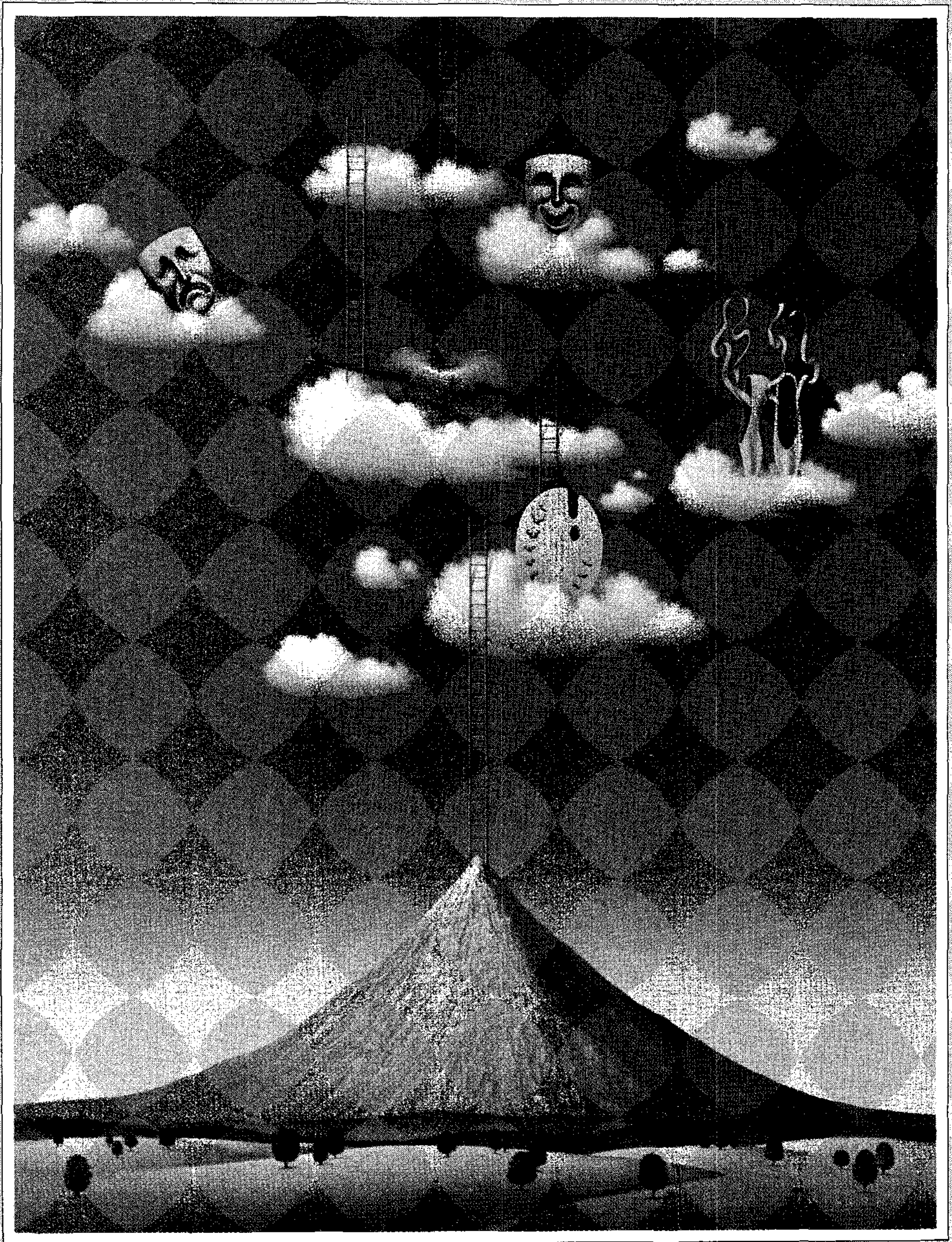

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Nov. 7-8, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Cecil Payne quartet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Nov. 14-15, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Barry Harris trio. (Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 502-4300.)

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ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Alice Baber (1928-84)—Lyrical abstractions, most of them dating from the seventies. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Perlow, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Hannelore Baron—Paper-and-fabric collages inspired by the writings of Isak Dinesen. Through Dec. 3. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Sonia Delaunay (1885-1979)—Paintings and works on paper, including designs for typography, sketches for costumes and fabrics, and studies for murals. Through Dec. 31. (La Boetie, 9 E. 82nd St.)

Walter De Maria—Two sculptural installations, both recent works. Through Nov. 22. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Seymour Fogel (1911-84)—A memorial show of sand paintings and wood constructions (some of which incorporate sand, too). Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Morton Kaish—A new series of paintings of views from the artist's studio on West End Avenue, and other works. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

André Masson—Sixty paintings, plus works on paper and sculptures. Through Nov. 20. (Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St.) . . . ¶ Another show of paintings and works on paper. Through Nov. 29. (Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

Henry Moore (1898-1986) / **Joan Miró** (1893-1983)—Maquettes and prints. / Aquatints and drawings. Through Dec. 31. (Silberberg, 16 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Roger Mühl—Floral landscapes by an artist who uses a palette knife. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (David Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Mondays.)

Louise Nevelson—Chair parts figure prominently in a group of recent assemblages. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Bernard, 33 E. 74th St.)

Maurice Prendergast (1859-1924)—A benefit loan show of watercolors of Italian, French, and American vistas which were executed between 1896 and 1906. Through Dec. 6. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

Ken Price—Large clay bowls with scenes painted on them. Through Dec. 2. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Robert Rauschenberg—Three shows. More than sixty drawings completed between 1958 and 1968. Through Dec. 6. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ Photographs and photocollages from the late seventies and early eighties. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Visual Arts Museum, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 9 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 9 to 4.) . . . ¶ Brand-new metal wall constructions. Through Nov. 22. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Edda Renouf—Abstractions in mixed mediums on paper. Through Nov. 22. (Hamilton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Bridget Riley—Op Art paintings from the sixties, plus works done more recently. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Hoffeld, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Herman Rose and Vincent Canade (1903-77)—Paintings and drawings from the thirties and forties. Through Nov. 29. (Radann, 790 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Opens at noon.)

Elena Sisto—Emblematic paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

Augustus Vincent Tack (1870-1949)—Abstract paintings from the late twenties on loan from the Phillips Collection, Washington. Through Dec. 4. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Max Weber (1881-1961)—Paintings, drawings, and prints from his Cubist periods. Through Nov. 29. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Chris Wilmarth—Abstract wall sculptures (three extending to the floor) using bronze, steel, and glass. Through Dec. 3. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Group Show—Paintings, drawings, and prints by early-twentieth-century European Expressionists, including Beckmann, Schiele, Dix, and Kirchner. Through Dec. 20. (Lafayette Parke, 58 E. 79th St.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Nicholas Africano—Figures in bronze, marble, wood and cloth, and cast glass. Through Nov. 29. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Arman—Bronzes of classical Greek and Roman deities which were cast, cut into vertical strips, reassembled, and recast. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Luis Cruz Azaceta—Wall-mounted unstretched canvases by an artist whose grisly metaphorical self-portraits are a continuing theme. Through Nov. 20. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

William Bailey—Recent paintings and drawings of still-lifes and figures. Through Dec. 3. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Hyman Bloom / **Leonard Baskin**—Still-life and landscape paintings. / Carved-wood sculptures; portrait monotypes. Through Wednesday, Nov. 12. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Jim Butler—Paintings in which figures bearing religious or mythical trappings (wings, halos) float high above the earth, sometimes in acrobatic postures. Through Nov. 20. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

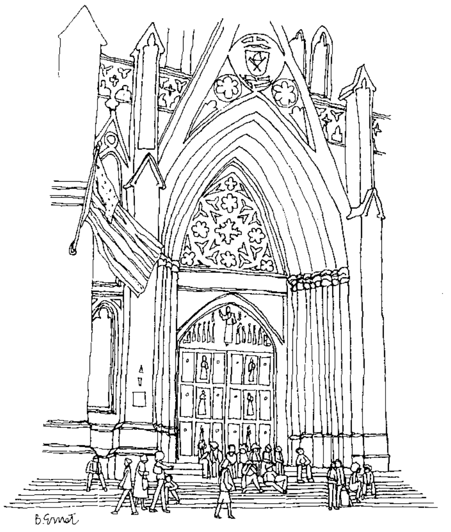
John Duff—Recent abstract painted-fibre-glass sculptures. Through Nov. 29. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Jill Giegerich—Wall constructions in a range of sizes, plus charcoal drawings. Through Nov. 29. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Joseph Glasco—Large-scale collage paintings incorporating fabrics the artist acquired while travelling in India. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Al Held—Large geometric drawings on paper. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Paolo Icaro—Slender, roughly shaped plaster columns around six feet tall, each topped with a contrasting element—a lump of coal, a brick, a chunk of granite, slivers of glass. A couple of columns have been cast in bronze. Through Tuesday, Nov. 11. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)



William King—New work. Through Dec. 31. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Wolfgang Laib—Sculptures: small metal houses filled with rice, marble slabs with small hollows that contain milk, and pollen laid out in geometric shapes on the floor of the Galerie Maeght Lelong. Through Dec. 6. (20 W. 57th St.)

Jeannette LeRoy—Still-life pencil drawings. Through Dec. 2. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

John Martin (1789-1854)—Mezzotints. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Fitch-Febvrel, 5 E. 57th St.)

Peter Todd Mitchell—Landscapes of India. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Eric, 25 W. 56th St.)

Rodrigo Moynihan—Studio interiors, still-lifes, nudes, and self-portraits. Through Nov. 29. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

John Opper / **Steve Currie**—Abstract paintings. / Abstract sculptures in wood, metal lath, wax, and plaster. Through Nov. 26. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Lincoln Perry—Large oil paintings of an allegorical cast, involving rather stylized figures. Through Nov. 29. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

George Rickey / **Mark Cohen**—Kinetic steel sculptures dating from 1967 to 1986. / High-contrast photographs of everyday life in Italy, Mexico, and the United States. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.) . . . ¶ The Davidson gallery, which recently moved to 415 West Broadway, is showing twenty-five sculptures done by Mr. Rickey from 1959 to this year. Through Saturday, Nov. 15.

Julian Schnabel—Six new paintings. Through Nov. 29. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Wallace H. Smith—Robust paintings by an eighty-five-year-old artist whose career has carried him to France, to Union Square, and back to his native St. Louis, with summer sojourns in Michigan. Through Dec. 3. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

Lawrence Weiner—Five ideas ("Some objects taking the place in the sun of some other objects," for instance) painted on the walls of the Marian Goodman Gallery. Through Tuesday, Nov. 11. (24 W. 57th St.; open Mondays.) . . . ¶ The artist's notations can also be seen at Castelli, 142 Greene St., through Nov. 22.

John Wilde—Small oil paintings on panels and silverpoint drawings that reflect a Magic Realist influence. Through Nov. 29. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Betty Woodman—Earthenware sculptures. Through Nov. 29. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Viennese Design and the Wiener Werkstätte—Nearly two hundred objects, including furniture, books and posters, decorative objects, and paintings and prints. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **gallery international 52,** 150 E. 52nd St.: Graffiti art by, among others, Daze, Crash, and Toxic. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. . . . **washburn,** 41 E. 57th St.: Abstract paintings from the thirties by artists who either worked for the W.P.A. or were members of the American Abstract Artists—Ilya Bolotowsky's seventeen-foot reconstruction of his mural for a Williamsburg housing project is one of the works on display. Through Nov. 29.

Sculpture—Some new works by Mary Frank, Pat Lasch, and Winifred Lutz are in a tenth-anniversary exhibition at the Marilyn Pearl Gallery. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (38 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ The forty-ninth annual show of the Sculptors Guild includes pieces by more than seventy of its members, including Bill Barrett, Vera Schupack, Richard McDermott Miller, and Jane B. Armstrong. Through Nov. 24. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

John Ahearn and Rigoberto Torres—Tableaux of cast-plaster figures portraying life in the

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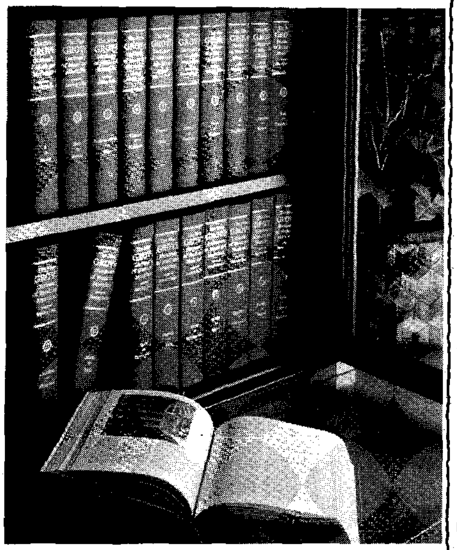

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South Bronx. Through Dec. 3. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Terry Allen / Susan Leopold—New assemblages from the artist's series entitled "Youth in Asia." / Small wood boxes containing miniature rooms that are viewed through wide-angle lenses. Through Nov. 22. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Robert Anderson—Paintings in which airbrushed Photo-Realist figures are juxtaposed with traditionally painted copies of classic and modern art works. Through Nov. 22. (Littlejohn-Smith, 133 Greene St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

Dotty Attie / Mary Grigoriadis—Inventive stories conveyed through hand-colored prints and texts. / Paintings of compact patterns in brilliant colors. Through Nov. 22. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Joseph Beuys (1921-86)—Environmental sculptures, such as "F.I.U. Car" (1985) and "Mannloch" (1977), plus drawings, blackboards, and a steel-and-glass vitrine containing a hearthstone. Through Nov. 29. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.) . . . ¶ Posters the artist made to publicize his exhibitions. Through Nov. 19. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.)

Thomas Cornell—Four large allegorical paintings, related works on paper, and landscapes of Maine. Through Nov. 29. (Einstein, 591 Broadway.)

Virginia Cuppaidge—Abstract paintings and works on paper. Through Nov. 29. (Stephen Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Natalie Edgar—Abstract landscapes. Through Dec. 6. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Jacques Flèchemuller—Colorful acrylic paintings, two of them of fishing lures. Through Nov. 29. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

Denise Green—Recent abstract paintings. Through Nov. 29. (Viafora, 568 Broadway.)

Elizabeth Harms / Fontaine Dunn—High-intensity color abstractions. / Nonobjective drawings. Through Nov. 22. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Mark Innerst—Representational and abstract landscape paintings. Through Nov. 29. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

R. L. Kaplan / Ken Kiff—Paintings symbolizing, for instance, the path to retirement or the roads to devotion and authority (which seem interchangeable). / The artist's fantasy world is the subject of these new paintings; color is his forte. Through Nov. 29. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Gary Kuehn—Sculptures and drawings from the past ten years. Through Dec. 6. (Roeder, 545 Broadway. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Saturdays.)

Louis Lieberman—Wall reliefs in mixed mediums. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Davis, 568 Broadway.)

Robert Longo—Large sculptures combining a vast assortment of materials—wood, chrome-plated steel, oil paintings, bronze. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Mike Metz / Judy Linn—Vertical slablike sculptures made by adhering acrylic fibre to Styrofoam. / Photographs. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Robert Murray—Sculptures in which angular colored-bronze sheets are supported by bronze or wood feet; the sizes vary. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Green, 152 Wooster St.)

John Okulick—Painted-wood sculptures and constructions that appear deeper than their six or eight inches. Through Wednesday, Nov. 12. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Mimmo Paladino—New bronzes and paintings on wood. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Margaret Pomfret—Hard-edge paintings in pastel colors. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Phoenix, 568 West Broadway.)

Jaune Quick-to-See Smith and Peter Agostino—Pastels of horses by the former and sculptures of horses in plaster, ceramic, and bronze by the latter. Through Nov. 22. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Ramm-Ell-Zee—Oil and spray paint on rug. That's right—rug. Through Nov. 22. (Bryers, 111 Greene St.)

Michael Young—Studied carefully, the brilliant circles that uniformly punctuate these nonobjective acrylic-and-sand paintings can cause spots before your eyes. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Lorence-Monk, 568 Broadway.)

Andy Warhol—Paintings from the early sixties, based on comic-strip characters and consumer products. Through June 13. (Dia Art Foundation, 77 Wooster St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **di laurenti,** 383 West Broadway: Twenty-five Italian artists showing paintings and sculptures completed since 1956. Through Dec. 20. . . . **sonnabend,** 420 West Broadway: Paintings by Peter Halley and Meyer Vaisman; stainless-steel reproductions of kitschy objects by Jeff Koons; and painted wall constructions by Ashley Bickerton. Through Saturday, Nov. 8.

OTHER GALLERIES

Carol Kreeger Davidson—Freestanding abstract sculptures in canvas and paper, bronze, and aluminum. Through Nov. 30. (Humphrey, 242 E. 5th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Rodney Alan Greenblat—Paintings and wood sculptures that have a certain folk-art aesthetic. Through Nov. 23. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 167 Avenue A, at 10th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Vera Lehndorff and Holger Trülzsch—Very large Polaroid Polacolor prints of photographs taken in a factory in Italy where, typically, Miss Lehndorff is made to seem part of the woodwork, as it were. Through Nov. 29. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

John McCracken—Sixty sculptures dating from 1965 to this year by a West Coast artist known for his colored planks in wood, fibre glass, and lacquer. Through Dec. 21. (P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Group Shows—At the **artists space,** 223 West Broadway: Contemporary works that comment on traditional fairy tales. The artists include Louise Lawler, James Casebere, Ericka Beckman, and Vito Acconci. . . . ¶ At 11 and 2:30, a three-hour program of complementary videos ("Curlylocks and the Three Brothers," by Jacqueline Frazier; "So Where's My Prince Already," by Ardele Lister; and others) will be shown. Through Nov. 26. . . . **ryan,** 452 Columbus Ave., at 81st St.: "Atelier 17"—prints by S. W. Hayter and by artists who worked with him in New York and Paris. Through Nov. 22. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Brassaï (1899-1984) / **Dennis Farber**—A dozen vintage prints. / Paintings on photographs. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

Robert Frank—Prints, including his most recent, which have been altered with collage, text, and drawing. Through Nov. 29. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

David Hockney—Fifty photocollages, including works of summer, 1986. Through Sunday, Nov. 9. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Philip Lieberman / Carol Burch-Brown—Black-and-white prints of Swiss farmlands. / Graphite-and-ink drawings. Through Nov. 29. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Richard Prince—Photographs. Through Nov. 23. (International with Monument, 111 E. 7th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Rosamond Wolff Purcell / Jaschi Klein—Photographs of animals from displays in natural-history museums around the world. / Silver prints of figures that are only partially revealed. Through Nov. 20. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Philip Trager—Photographs of Palladian villas in Northern Italy. Through Nov. 29. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A large show of antiquities which illuminates life in the Holy Land from prehistoric times to the end of the Byzantine period, in the seventh century. The best preserved of the Dead Sea Scrolls, the Habakkuk Commentary; a bronze of Hadrian; Tyrian and Jewish shekels; pottery and metal objects from cities of the Canaanite period; and numerous other artifacts. . . . ¶ Drawings by French masters of the fifteenth century to the eighteenth, including recently acquired works by Boucher and Le Brun as well as works by Watteau and Fragonard. Both shows through Jan. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings, except Veterans Day, until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A survey of the paintings Morris Louis did after 1954. Through Jan. 4. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of maps, photographs, printed texts, and sculptural works by Richard Long, a British artist who documents the extensive walks he has taken in various parts of the world with various parts of the earth. Mud from the River Avon, for instance, is used to make a circle of handprints on the wall. . . . ¶ An exhibit of paintings, sculptures, photographs, and installations representing the styles of ten contemporary French artists. Both shows through Nov. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A large retrospective of paintings and drawings by John Singer Sargent. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Mary Lucier's 1983 video, "Ohio at Giverny" (18½ minutes), is showing continuously in the lobby gallery through Jan. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The Machine Age in America 1918-1941," a display of paintings, sculptures, photographs, decorative objects, and appliances that reflect the fascination the machine held for American artists and designers during the period of the great industrial leaps between the World Wars. . . . ¶ Monumental-scale drawings by twenty-two American artists—Elfi Schuselka, Diane Olivier, Robert Stackhouse, Michael Zwack—each of whom has several on display. Through Monday, Nov. 10. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

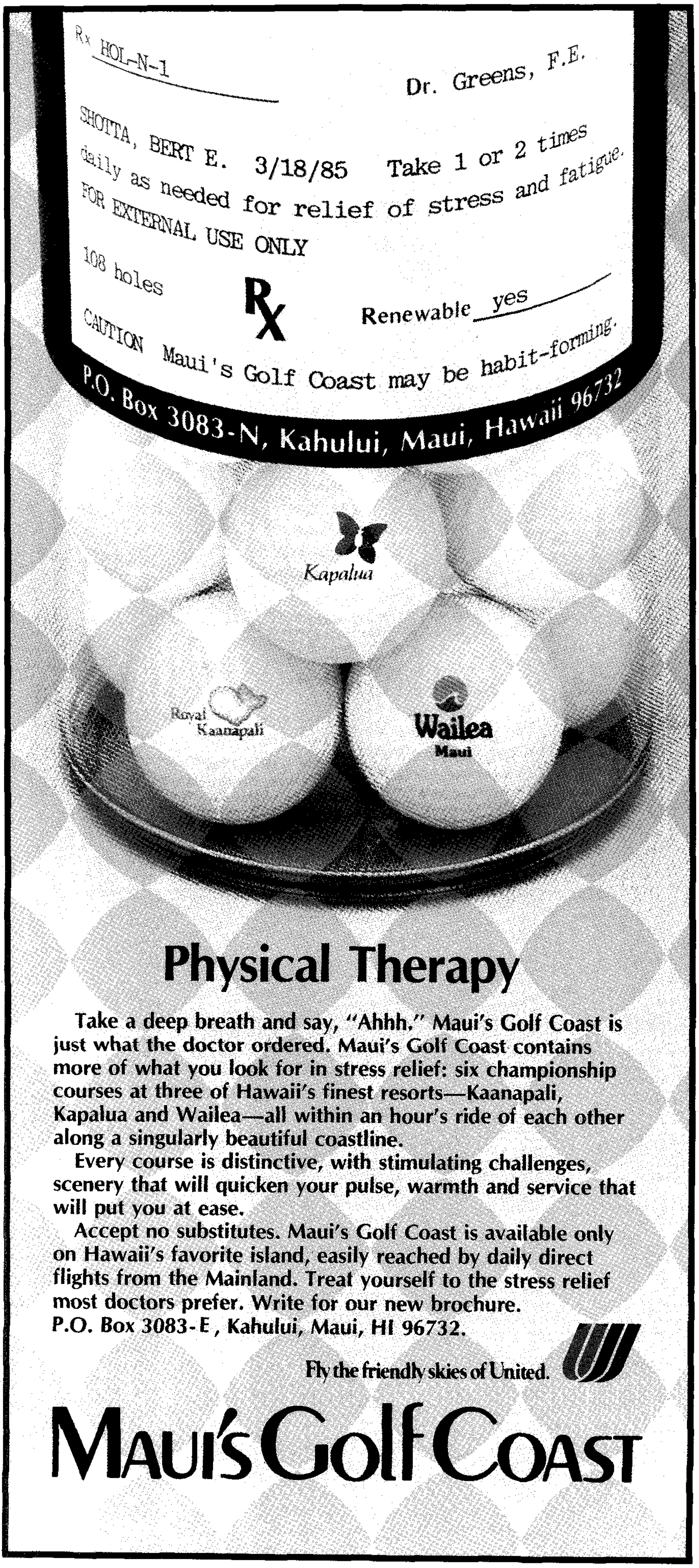
American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A show of late-Ice Age art (which has been called "the childhood of art but not the art of children"), consisting of a hundred decorated stone, ivory, and bone objects, including the characteristic statuettes known as little Venuses. Also, a reconstruction of a hut made with mammoth bones. Through Jan. 18. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—A blazing show of handmade objects which befits the opening of a new home for the museum. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—"Art of Japan," an exhibit of paintings, ceramics, scrolls, folding screens, and sculptures dating from the eighth century to the nineteenth and taken from the Mary and Jackson Burke collection. Through Dec. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—Dance notations recorded in manuscripts and first editions over the centuries—from a 1586 French book, "Orchésographie," by Thoinot Arbeau, to original manuscripts by Alwin Nikolais and Merce Cunningham. Through Nov. 29. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of nineteenth-century French works on paper, including a Degas self-portrait done in oil, and a pencil study for "The Card Players," by Cézanne. Through Sunday, Nov. 9. (Open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Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A display of clothes worn by the smartest of the smart set, all of whom have appeared on the Best-Dressed List—the Duchess of Windsor, Diana Vreeland, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, and others. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, except Veterans Day, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Veterans Day, 1 to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—A show of sculptures, photographs, and installations by fourteen European artists whose work, not known here, reflects the influences of Minimalists and Conceptualists. Through Nov. 30. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays, noon to 10; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A display of antique toys—Teddy bears and dolls, including a Shirley Temple doll; trains, including a girl's freight set; cars, including a knockout six-foot replica of a Packard; games, including a "Newport Yacht" race game, circa 1891—from the Lawrence Scripps Wilkinson Collection. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit of graphics by Max Ernst, among them prints, drawings, and books, more than three-quarters of which were the artist's personal property. Through Jan. 17. (Open daily, except Sundays and Veterans Day, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—A selection of fourteen contemporary sculptures from the museum's permanent collection, including works by Betye Saar, Louise Nevelson, and Houston Conwill. Through Dec. 28. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—Jawole Willa Jo Zollar (dance), Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 6-9, at 8:30; Rachel Rosenthal (performance), Thursday and Friday, Nov. 13-14, at 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Manna's (performance), Friday through Sunday, Nov. 7-9, at 9; Mary Lyman (performance), Friday through Sunday, Nov. 14-16, at 9.

Artists' Films—Thursday, Nov. 6, at 7: Per Kirkeby's film about Asger Jorn, and six other films. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 13, at 7: Videos by John Baldessari, Dan Graham and Glen Branca, and others. (White Columns, 325 Spring St., at Greenwich St. No tickets necessary.)

Note—"Pass the Blutwurst, Bitte (The Egon Schiele Story)," a performance work by John Kelly. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, Nov. 6-8, and 13-15, at 8, and Sundays, Nov. 9 and 16, at 3. For tickets, call 924-0077.) . . . ¶ A performance by David Cale. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Monday, Nov. 10, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

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MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 8: "Tosca," with Eva Marton, Placido Domingo, and Juan Pons; conducted by Garcia Navarro. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8: "Roméo et Juliette," with Cecilia Gasdia, Alfredo Kraus, Brian Schexnayder, and Paul Plishka; Placido Domingo. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 7, at 7:30: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Elisabeth Söderström, Kathleen Battle, Frederica von Stade, Vernon Hartman, and José van Dam; Max Epstein. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 8, at 2: "Tosca," with Eva Marton, Placido Domingo, and Juan Pons; Garcia Navarro. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 8, at 7:30: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Barbara Hendricks, Brigitte Fassbaender, and Artur Korn; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 10, at 8: "Roméo et Juliette," with Cecilia Gasdia, Alfredo Kraus, Brian Schexnayder, and Paul Plishka; Placido Domingo. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 11, at 8: "Tosca," with Maria Slatinaru, Ermanno Mauro, and Juan Pons; Garcia Navarro. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 7:30: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Barbara Hendricks, Brenda Boozer, and Romano Nieders; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 13, at 8: "Roméo et Juliette," with Cecilia Gasdia, Alfredo Kraus, Brian Schexnayder, and Paul Plishka; Placido Domingo. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 14, at 7:30: "I Puritani," with Joan Sutherland, Salvatore Fisichella, Sherrill Milnes, and Samuel Ramey; Richard Bonynge. (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 15, at 1: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Mechthild Gessendorf, Barbara Hendricks, Brigitte Fassbaender, and Romano Nieders; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8: "Tosca," with Eva Marton, Ermanno Mauro, and Juan Pons; Garcia Navarro. (A nonsubscription performance.) (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

New York City Opera—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday evening, Nov. 5: "La Traviata," with Leigh Munro, Mark Thomsen, and Adib Fazah; conducted by Neil Varon. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 7: "Mefistofele," with Frances Ginsberg, Harry Theyard, and Harry Dworchak; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 8: "La Bohème," with Louisa Jonason, Carol Sparrow, Robert Grayson, and David Hamilton; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Claudia Cummings, Sheryl Woods, Harry Theyard, and Dominic Cossa; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 9: "The Love for Three Oranges," with Diana Walker, Joyce Castle, Joseph Evans, and Richard McKee; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 9: "Madame Butterfly," with Edith Davis, Jane Bunnell, John Stewart, and Adib Fazah; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Starting Tuesday evening, Nov. 11, a week-long engagement of "Candide," with Scott Bergeson conducting. There will be three different casts. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Nov. 16.)

Amato Opera Company—Presenting "Carmen." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturday, Nov. 8, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 14-15, at 7:30, and Sunday, Nov. 9, at 2:30.)

Opera Ensemble of New York—Paul Dunkel conducting the first three of nine performances of the Gertrude Stein–Virgil Thomson opera, "Four Saints in Three Acts," staged by John J. D. Sheehan. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Wednesday, Nov. 12, and Friday, Nov. 14, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 16, at 3. Through Sunday, Nov. 30. For information about tickets, call 288-1485.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8; Friday, Nov. 7, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8; and Tuesday, Nov. 11, at 7:30: A varied program, with Eugene Levinson, double bass; Charles Rex, violin; and Joseph Robinson, oboe. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 8: A varied program to benefit the Philharmonic's Pension Fund, with Kiri Te Kanawa, soprano. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 13-15, at 8: A Iannis Xenakis–Bach–Schubert program, with Roger Woodward, piano, and Paul Neubauer and Leonard Davis, viola.

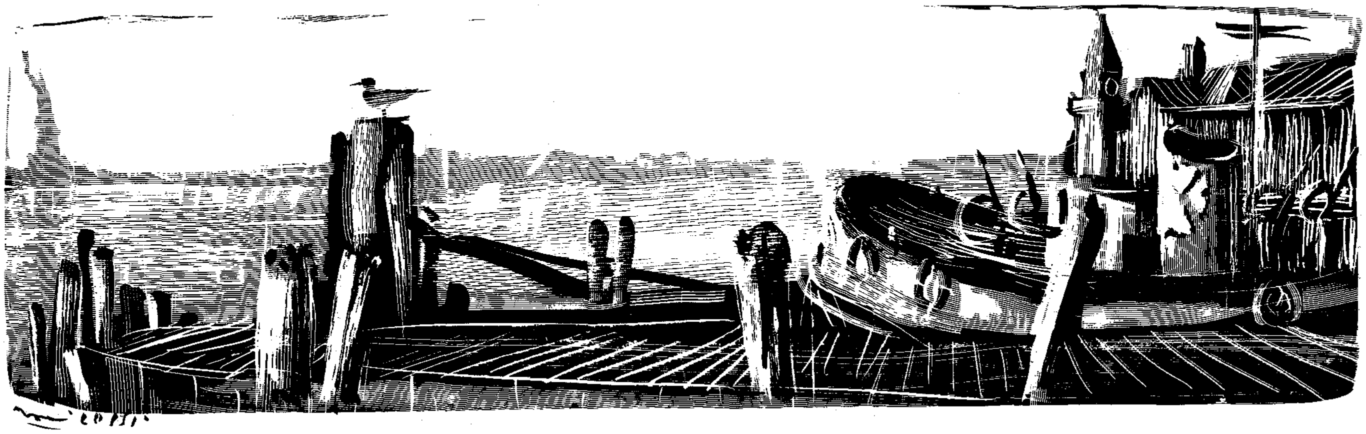
Nordic Chamber Orchestra—Göran Staxäng conducting, with Håkan Hagegård, baritone; Ann Christine Biel, soprano; Staffan Scheja, piano; Håkan Hardenberger, trumpet; the Nordic Chorale; and Viveca Lindfors, narrator. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

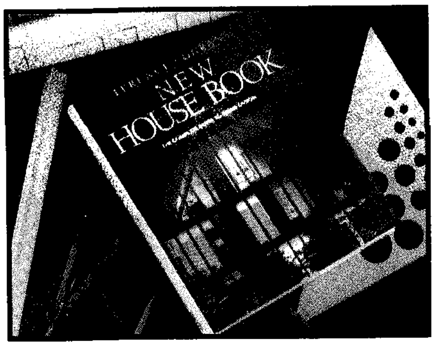
Baroque Festival Ensemble—Yuval Waldman conducting. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Brandenburg Collegium—Anthony Newman conducting a period-instrument performance of solo- and double-harpsichord concertos by Bach, with Mr. Newman as soloist, partnered by Mary Jane Newman. (Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St. Sunday, Nov. 9, at 5. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Jupiter Symphony—Jens Nygaard conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

Masterplayers—Richard Schumacher conduct-

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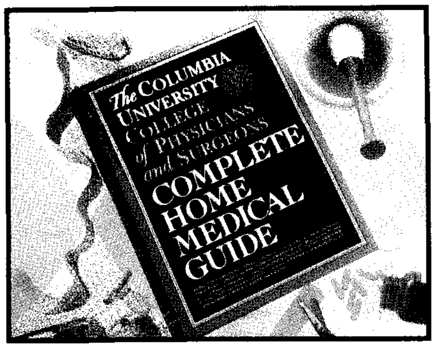
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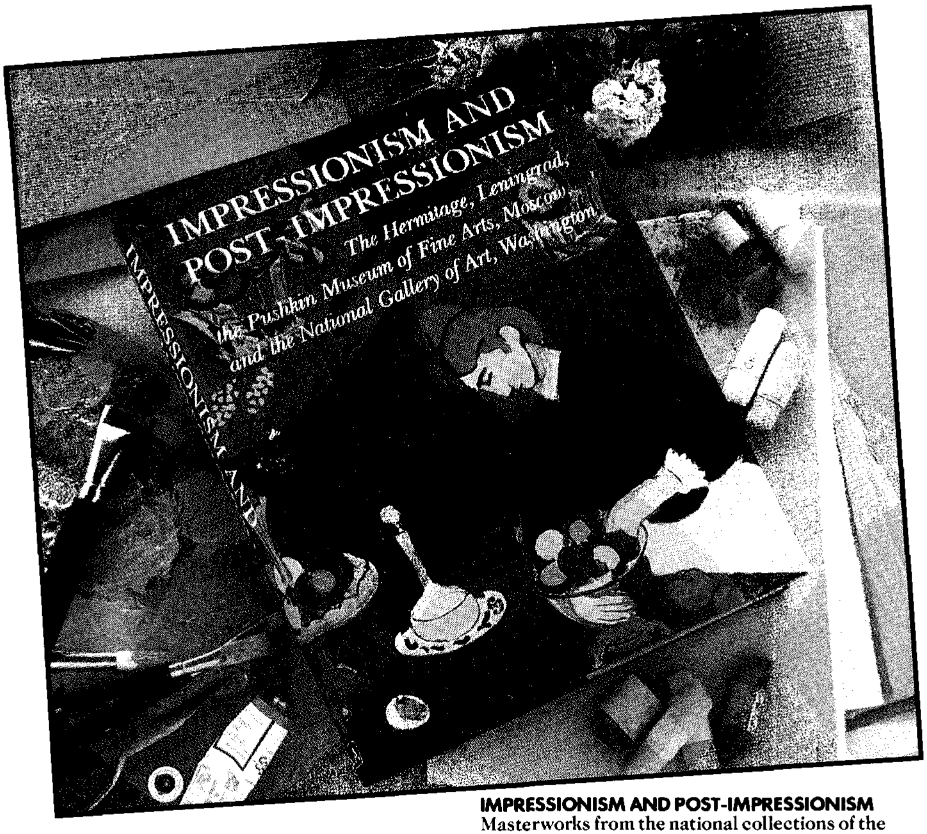
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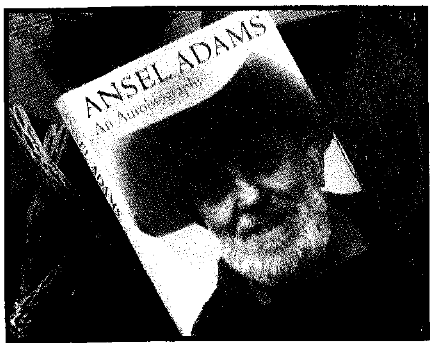
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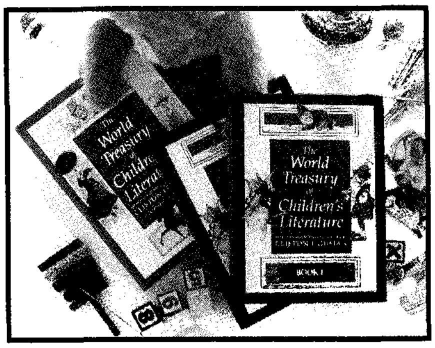
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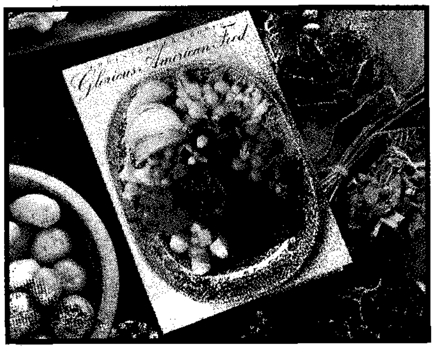
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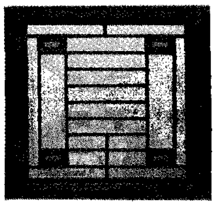
Schumacher's Frank Lloyd Wright Collection. The prairie genius at home in today's executive suite.



A prairie house leaded glass window designed by Wright.

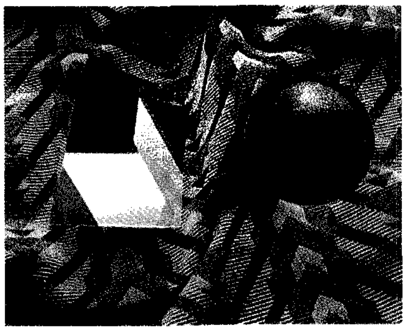
Starting with his pioneering prairie houses in the early years of this century, Frank Lloyd Wright shook up the design establishment of America and of the whole world. Mies van der Rohe, describing the effect of a Wright exhibition in Berlin in 1910, wrote, "The encounter was...to prove of great significance to the European development. The work...presented an architectural world of unexpected force, clarity of language, and disconcerting richness of form."

The prairie houses proclaimed not only Wright's architectural genius but also his lifelong involvement in *all* the things that defined a living space. Furniture, lamps, rugs,—even ashtrays. All of these served as grist for his ubiquitous interests and each seemed to offer him rich opportunities for finding unique and original solutions.

The 1955 "*Design 102*," fabric designed by Wright for Schumacher.

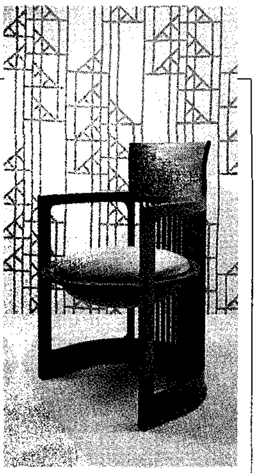
Many of Wright's long-lived design ideas and thoroughly Wrightian solutions can be seen in the up-to-the-minute executive suite shown on the facing page. Located in Chicago's sleek new Olympia Centre, the suite, designed by Richard Robb & Associates (designers Richard Robb and Douglas Nickless), highlights designs from the dramatic Frank Lloyd Wright collection assembled by F. Schumacher & Co. with the curatorial cooperation of the Frank Lloyd Wright Foundation.

Wright's wide-ranging involvement with Schumacher, incidentally, dates to a 1909 order for "goat's hair satin" to be used on furniture in Chicago's historic Robie house. (Robie house was selected by a panel of architects and art historians as one of two outstanding houses built in the United States in this century; the other house, also by Wright, was Fallingwater.) Orders for Schumacher fabrics continued through the years; then in the 1950's, Wright himself designed a line of fabrics and wallpapers *for* Schumacher. A fabric from that cooperation continues to be a popular design and can be seen on the upholstered bench cushion in the lower left photo.



Chevron Repp, a woven based on art glass, D.D. Martin house, Buffalo (1904).

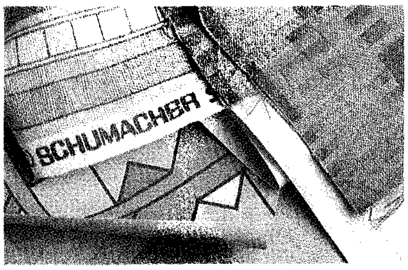
Schumacher's current Frank Lloyd Wright collection includes well over a hundred items and employs themes and motifs that span almost all the years of Wright's prodigious career. In the main photo here, the *Imperial Triangle* rug, the dramatic *Imperial Peacock* print on the lounge chairs and the *Imperial Border* on the wall are each based on Wright's designs (1916–22) for the celebrated Imperial Hotel in Tokyo. The *Geometric* wallpaper and the side chairs' *Liberty Weave* fabric are based on Wright designs for *Liberty* magazine covers (1926–27); the desk chair's upholstery is *Storer House Matelasse* based on Wright's unique concrete "textile" block construction in the famed Hollywood private house (1923); the *Tower Sheer* at the windows is borrowed from a frieze on the unexecuted tower for St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie, N.Y. (1929). All in all a compendium of, and an homage to, the genius of Frank Lloyd Wright.



The Wright chair, ca. 1904. Behind it, a cotton print based on art glass, Francis W. Little house (1912–14).

Whether designing a distinctive office or a home of unique quality, for almost a century, knowing interior designers, decorators and architects have sought out the showrooms of F. Schumacher. Whether seeking authentic traditionalism, or authentic modernism; whether fabric, wallcovering or rug, they've always been—and continue to be—sure that an inspired answer awaits them at Schumacher.

For a booklet that illustrates the Frank Lloyd Wright collection in more detail, send $3.00 to F. Schumacher & Company, Box NYN, 79 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016.



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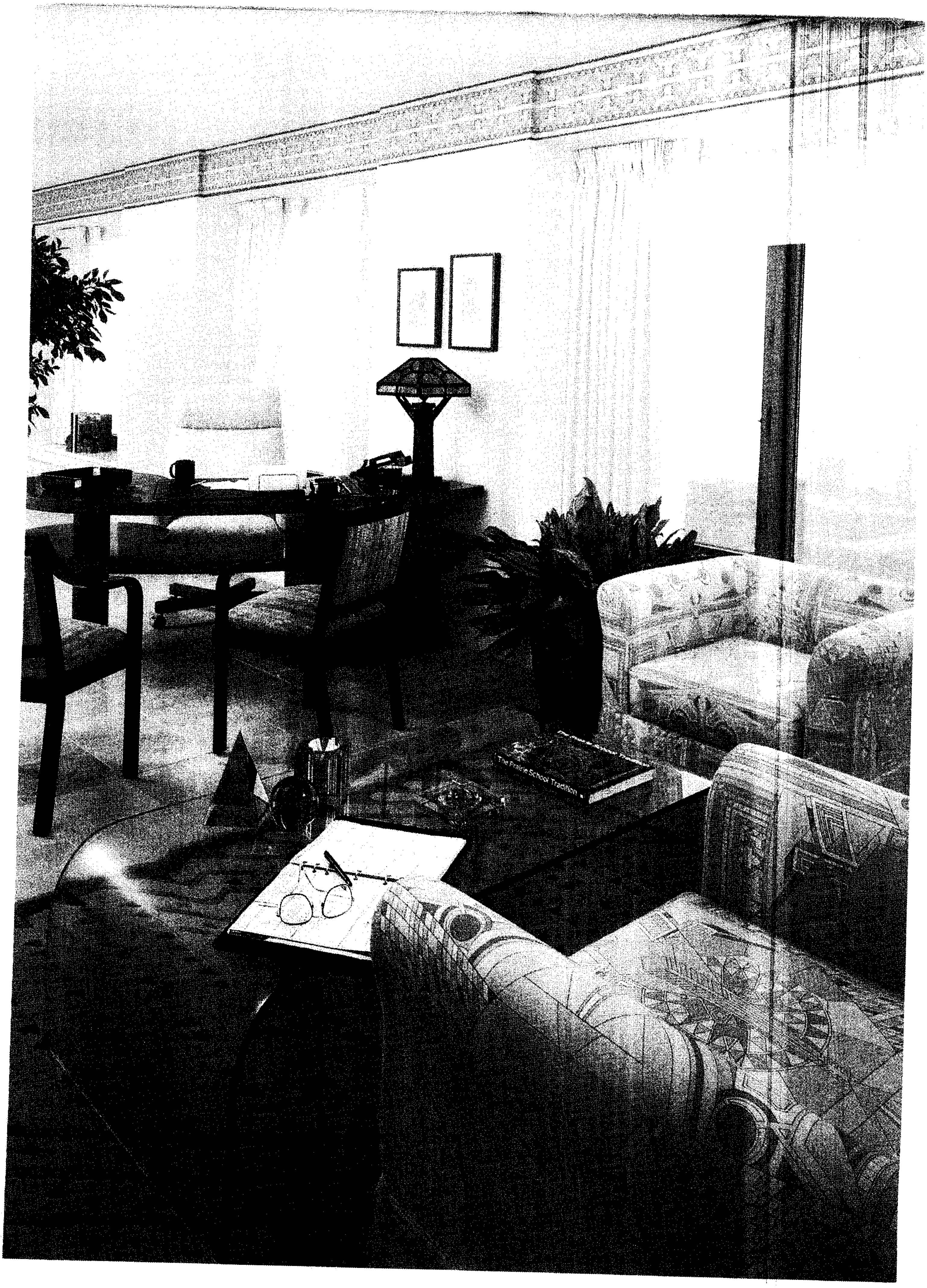
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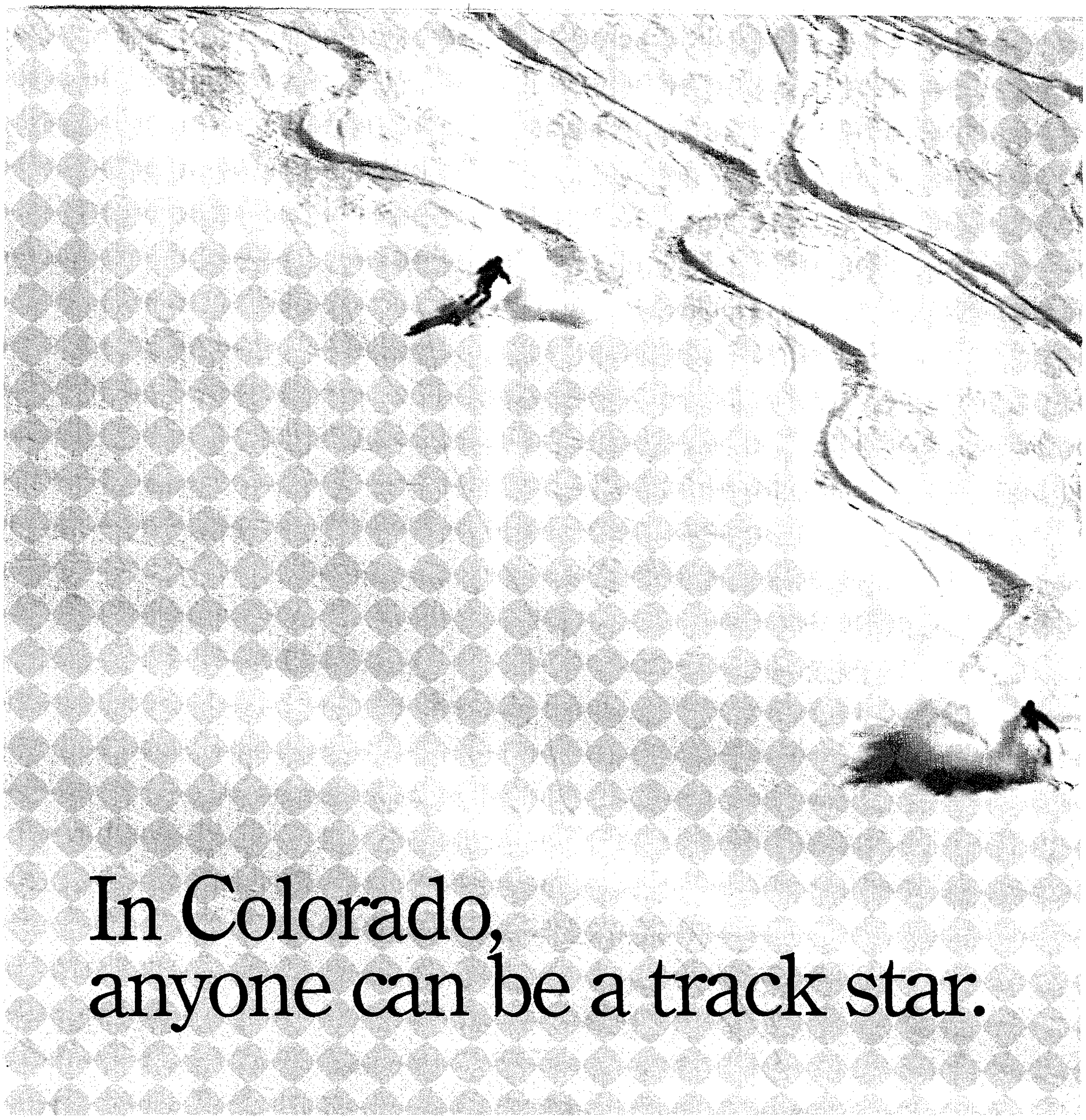

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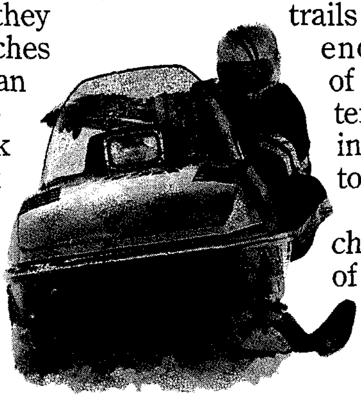

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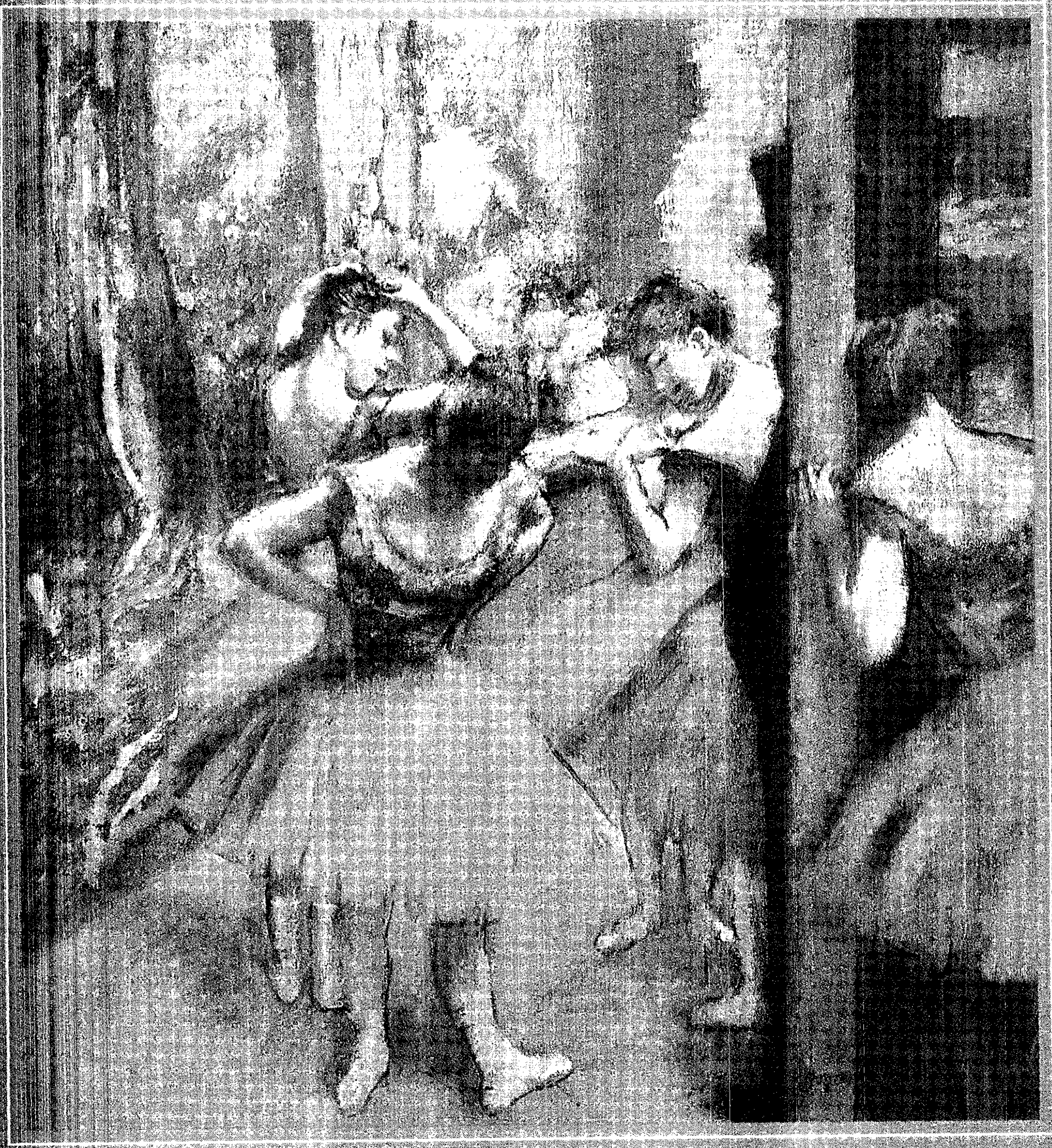

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ing. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Thursday, Nov. 13, at 8. For information about tickets, call 935-2200.)

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA OF THE CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC—Joseph Silverstein conducting and acting as violin soloist in an all-Beethoven program, with Abbey Simon, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 3.)

CANTERBURY CHORAL SOCIETY—Charles Dodsley Walker directing soloists and an orchestra in a Handel-Schubert program. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Nov. 9, at 4. Admission by contribution.)

MUSICA VIVA CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA—Walter Klauss directing a Schubert-Britten program, with soloists and a children's choir. (All Souls Unitarian Church, Lexington Ave. at 80th St. Sunday, Nov. 9, at 7.)

SINE NOMINE SINGERS & BAROQUE ORCHESTRA—Harry Saltzman directing an all-Handel program, with Julianne Baird, soprano; Jeffrey Thomas, tenor; John Ostendorf, bass; Cheryl Fulton, harp; and Walter Hilse, organ. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 7:30.)

RECITALS

CARLO BERGONZI AND PIERO CAPPUCCILLI—Tenor and baritone, with Edoardo Müller, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

NARCISO YEPES—Classical guitarist. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8.)

PARNASSUS—Anthony Korf conducting. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8.)

JOHN NAUMAN—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Nov. 7, at 8.)

ARTUR BALSAM—Piano. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Friday, Nov. 7, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

CAROL WINCENC AND HEIDI LEHWALDER—Flute and harp. (Vélez Blanco Patio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 570-3949. Friday, Nov. 7, at 8.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—The second in a series of four concerts, this one a performance of Bach's "Art of the Fugue." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 3.)

MENAHEM PRESSLER AND THE EMERSON STRING QUARTET—A Mendelssohn quartet and piano quartets by Mozart and Brahms. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

YALE CHAMBER MUSIC SERIES—The first in a series of four concerts performed by various faculty members of the Yale University School of Music. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

NATHAN MILSTEIN—Violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Nov. 9, at 3.)

PETER WILEY—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 9, at 3.)

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF COMPOSERS, U.S.A.—A program of music by Josef Alexander, Dana Richardson, Irwin Bazelon, Max Lifchitz, Ruth Schoenthal, and Glenn Rubin, all of whom will be present. (St. Stephen's Church, 122 W. 69th St. Sunday, Nov. 9, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

AN DIE MUSIK—A chamber ensemble. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Nov. 9, at 4.)

COMPOSERS' FORUM—Works by six composers from the Center for Computer Research in Music and Acoustics. (Triplex, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980. Monday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

DAWN UPSHAW—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 11, at 8.)

CAROL SKARIMBAS—Soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 11, at 8.)

ANTHONY DE MARE—Performing twentieth-century piano music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Tuesday, Nov. 11, at 8.)

NORTH / SOUTH CONSONANCE—Four instrumentalists and two sopranos presenting new music from El Salvador and other Latin-American countries. (Center for Inter-American Relations, Park Ave. at 68th St. 249-8950. Tuesday, Nov. 11, at 8.)

MUSIC OF GYÖRGY LIGETI—Performed by Volker Banfield, piano; Robin Graham, horn; and Sascha Gawriloff, violin, with commentary by the composer. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

SHEILA SCHONBRUN—Soprano, with assisting artists. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

WAVERLY CONSORT—At Alice Tully Hall, Thursday, Nov. 13, and Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8: Music of medieval Iberia. . . . ¶ At Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Friday, Nov. 14, at 8: Music from the courts of Europe.

JUDITH BLEGEN AND HÅKAN HAGEGÅRD—Soprano and baritone. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 16, at 3.)

NOTE—Kurt Ollmann, baritone, and Donald St. Pierre, piano, will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Nov. 23, at 5. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Nov. 10, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). A self-addressed, stamped envelope should be enclosed.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

BASKETBALL—At **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA:** Nets vs. San Antonio Spurs, Wednesday, Nov. 5; Milwaukee Bucks, Friday, Nov. 7; Boston Celtics, Tuesday, Nov. 11; Indiana Pacers, Thursday, Nov. 13; and Atlanta Hawks, Saturday, Nov. 15. (Games begin at 7:30.) . . . **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Phoenix Suns, Tuesday, Nov. 11, and Washington Bullets, Saturday, Nov. 15. (Games begin at 7:30.)

BIATHLON—The first National Biathlon Championship (running and biking) will take place in Central Park on Sunday, Nov. 9, at 8. Participants will start the twenty-four-mile event at the Loeb Boathouse parking lot, circle the inner roadway, and finish back at the Boathouse.

HOCKEY—At **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA:** Devils vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Thursday, Nov. 6, at 7:35; Detroit Red Wings, Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 7:35; and Pittsburgh Penguins, Friday, Nov. 14, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Detroit Red Wings, Saturday, Nov. 8, at 7:05, and Edmonton Oilers, Tuesday, Nov. 11, at 8:05. . . . **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres, Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 7:35, and Philadelphia Flyers, Friday, Nov. 14, at 7:35.

HORSE SHOW—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Through Sunday, Nov. 9. Competitions daily at 1:30 and 7:30.)

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT:** Daily, except Wednesdays, at 12:30. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 13.

SQUASH RACQUETS—Loews United States Open Women's Championships. Tournament matches, Friday, Nov. 7, starting at 4; Saturday, Nov. 8, starting at 9 A.M.; quarter-finals and semifinals, Sunday, Nov. 9, starting at 9 A.M.; and third place and finals, Monday, Nov. 10, starting at 6:30. (Park Avenue Squash and Fitness Club, 3 Park Ave., at 34th St. For information about tickets, call 686-1085.)

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Nightly at 8 and Wednesdays at 1; through Wednesday, Jan. 7.

ET ALIA

FLOWER SHOW—The sixth annual show of Japanese chrysanthemums, including bonsai plants, in the Enid A. Haupt Conservatory at the New York Botanical Garden. (Bronx Park. Saturday, Nov. 8, through Sunday, Nov. 30. Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4.)

AUCTIONS—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sunday, Nov. 9, from 1 to 5.)—Thursday, Nov. 6, at 10:15: Paperweights. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 10, at 10:15 and 2: Photographs. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 11, at 7, and Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 10:15: The Scull collection of contemporary paintings. Exhibition starts Thursday, Nov. 6. Admission to the Nov. 11 sale by ticket only; for information, call 606-7303.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 30.

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Nov. 6: "Mozart–A Childhood Chronicle" (1980; directed by Klaus Kirschner; in German), a nearly four-hour film; and "Mephisto" (†).
Nov. 7-13: Shown as three separate programs: "In a Jazz Way: A Portrait of Mura Dehn" and "The Spirit Moves: A History of Black Social Dance on Film 1900-86, Part 1" (Mura Dehn), both documentaries; "The Spirit Moves, Parts 2, 3, and 4;" and "Mephisto" (†).
From Nov. 14: "Mephisto" (†); and another feature, to be announced.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 6: "Aliens" (†) and "The Fly" (1986 †). From Nov. 7: "Tai-Pan" (Daryl Duke), with Bryan Brown.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 6: "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys). From Nov. 7: "Something Wild" (Jonathan Demme), with Jeff Daniels and Melanie Griffith.
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 6: "Clockwise" (Christopher Morahan), with John Cleese. From Nov. 7: "Half Moon Street" (Bob Swaim), with Sigourney Weaver and Michael Caine.

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Nov. 13: "Jumpin' Jack Flash" (Penny Marshall), with Whoopi Goldberg.
From Nov. 14: "Streets of Gold" (Joe Roth), with Klaus Maria Brandauer.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The Color of Money" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Soul Man" (Steve Miner), with C. Thomas Howell and Rae Dawn Chong.
Theatre 2: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.
Theatre 3: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Nov. 6: "Tough Guys" (Jeff Kanew), with Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas.
From Nov. 7: "Something Wild" (Jonathan Demme), with Jeff Daniels and Melanie Griffith.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Nov. 6: "Sky Bandits" (Zoran Perisic), with Scott McGinnis.
From Nov. 7: "Stand By Me" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"True Stories" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Jumpin' Jack Flash" (Penny Marshall), with Whoopi Goldberg.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Round Midnight" (Bertrand Tavernier).

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 6: "Aliens" (†) and "The Fly" (1986 †). From Nov. 7: "Tai-Pan" (Daryl Duke), with Bryan Brown.
Theatre 2: "Tough Guys" (Jeff Kanew), with Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 6: "That's Life!" (Blake Edwards), with Jack Lemmon and Julie Andrews. From Nov. 7: "Something Wild" (Jonathan Demme), with Jeff Daniels and Melanie Griffith.
Theatre 2: "The Color of Money" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Blue Velvet" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "The Mission" (Roland Joffé), with Robert De Niro and Jeremy Irons.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 6: "Down by Law" (†). From Nov. 7: "Betty Blue" (Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Jean-Hugues Anglade and Béatrice Dalle.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 6: "Ratboy" (Sondra Locke), with Locke. From Nov. 7: "52 Pick-Up" (John Frankenheimer), with Roy Scheider and Ann-Margret.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Name of the Rose" (Jean-Jacques Annaud), with Sean Connery and F. Murray Abraham.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 6: "Clockwise" (Christopher Morahan), with John Cleese. From Nov. 7: "Half Moon Street" (Bob Swaim), with Sigourney Weaver and Michael Caine.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 6: "Stand By Me" (†). From Nov. 7: "Nobody's Fool" (Evelyn Purcell), with Rosanna Arquette and Eric Roberts.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Rouge Baiser" (Vera Belmont; in French), with Charlotte Valandrey.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Nov. 6: "From Beyond" (Stuart Gordon).
From Nov. 7: "52 Pick-Up" (John Frankenheimer), with Roy Scheider and Ann-Margret.

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 6: "She's Gotta Have It" (†). From Nov. 7: "Quiet Cool" (Clay Borris), with James Remar.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 6: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal. From Nov. 7: "Tai-Pan" (Daryl Duke), with Bryan Brown.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Soul Man" (Steve Miner), with C. Thomas Howell and Rae Dawn Chong.
Theatre 2: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Nov. 13: "Jumpin' Jack Flash" (Penny Marshall), with Whoopi Goldberg.
From Nov. 14: "Streets of Gold" (Joe Roth), with Klaus Maria Brandauer.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Dead End Kids: A Story of Nuclear Power" (directed by JoAnne Akalaitis), with the Mabou Mines.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 13: "Dust" (Marion Hansel), with Jane Birkin and Trevor Howard. From Nov. 14: "The Fly" (1958 †) and "The Hustler" (†).

Bleecker St. Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 6: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (†). From Nov. 7: "Summer" (Eric Rohmer; in French), with Marie Rivière.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 6: "Sherman's March" (Ross McElwee). From Nov. 7: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (†).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Blue Velvet" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 6: "Otello" (Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Plácido Domingo. From Nov. 7: "The Name of the Rose" (Jean-Jacques Annaud), with Sean Connery and F. Murray Abraham.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"True Stories" (†).

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 6: "Caravaggio" (Derek Jarman), with Nigel Terry. From Nov. 7: "Down by Law" (†).
Theatre 2: "Round Midnight" (Bertrand Tavernier).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 6: "That's Life!" (Blake Edwards), with Jack Lemmon and Julie Andrews. From Nov. 7 (tentative): "Nobody's Fool" (Evelyn Purcell), with Rosanna Arquette and Eric Roberts.
Theatre 2: "She's Gotta Have It" (†).
Theatre 3: "Matter of Heart" (Mark Whitney), a documentary about Carl Jung.
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 6: "Top Gun" (†). From Nov. 7: "52 Pick-Up" (John Frankenheimer), with Roy Scheider and Ann-Margret.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "The Color of Money" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 6: "Tough Guys" (Jeff Kanew), with Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas; and "Trick or Treat" (Charles Martin Smith), with Marc Price and Tony Fields. From Nov. 7: To be announced.
Theatre 3: "Stand By Me" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"That's Life!" (Blake Edwards), with Jack Lemmon and Julie Andrews.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Tough Guys" (Jeff Kanew), with Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Sid and Nancy" (Alex Cox), with Gary Oldman and Chloe Webb.

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through Nov. 6: "Nineteen Nineteen" (1985; Hugh Brody), with Paul Scofield and Maria Schell. From Nov. 7: To be announced.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Room with a View" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Nov. 6: "Otello" (Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Plácido Domingo.
From Nov. 7: "Marlene" (Maximilian Schell), a documentary.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2 and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 6: "Police" (Maurice Pialat; in French), with Gérard Depardieu. From Nov. 7: "The Sacrifice" (Andrei Tarkovsky; in Swedish), with Erland Josephson.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 6: "Summer" (Eric Rohmer; in French), with Marie Rivière. From Nov. 7: "Police."
Theatre 3: "Men . . ." (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Ménage" (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Michel Blanc, and Miou-Miou.
Theatre 2: "Down by Law" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "The Color of Money" (†).
Theatre 2: "Happily Ever After" (Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.
Theatre 2: "Jumpin' Jack Flash" (Penny Marshall), with Whoopi Goldberg.
Theatre 3: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (†).
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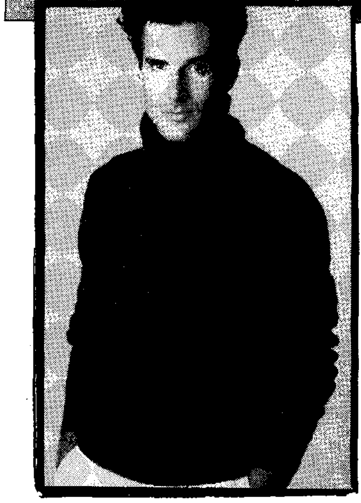

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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the Rose" (Jean-Jacques Annaud), with Sean Connery and F. Murray Abraham. From Nov. 7: To be announced.

Theatre 5: "Soul Man" (Steve Miner), with C. Thomas Howell and Rae Dawn Chong.

Theatre 6: Through Nov. 6: "Top Gun" (†). From Nov. 7: To be announced.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: "True Stories" (†).

Theatre 2: "Blue Velvet" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 6: "She's Gotta Have It" (†). From Nov. 7: "52 Pick-Up" (John Frankenheimer), with Roy Scheider and Ann-Margret.

Theatre 2: Through Nov. 6: "Sky Bandits" (Zoran Perisic), with Scott McGinnis. From Nov. 7: "Neon Maniacs."

Theatre 3: "Stand By Me" (†).

Theatre 4: Through Nov. 6: "Trick or Treat" (Charles Martin Smith), with Marc Price and Tony Fields; and "From Beyond" (Stuart Gordon). From Nov. 7: "Tai-Pan" (Daryl Duke), with Bryan Brown.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 13: "Aliens" (†) and "The Fly" (1986 †). From Nov. 14: "Streets of Gold" (directed by Joe Roth), with Klaus Maria Brandauer.

Theatre 2: Through Nov. 6: "Deadly Friend" (Wes Craven). From Nov. 7: "Tai-Pan" (Daryl Duke), with Bryan Brown.

Theatre 3: "Blue Velvet" (†).

Theatre 4: "Back to School" (†).

Theatre 5: Through Nov. 6: "Manhunter" (Michael Mann), with William Petersen. From Nov. 7: "Vendetta."

Theatre 6: Through Nov. 6: "Avenging Force" (Sam Firstenberg), with Michael Dudikoff. From Nov. 7: "Deadly Friend."

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"The Color of Money" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Top Gun" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Nov. 6: "Ruthless People" (†). From Nov. 7: "From Beyond" (Stuart Gordon).

Theatre 4: "Stand By Me" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)

"Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)

Theatre 1: "Soul Man" (Steve Miner), with C. Thomas Howell and Rae Dawn Chong.

Theatre 2: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal.

New Embassy 49th Street, 49th St. near Seventh Ave. (757-7003)

Through the afternoon of Nov. 6: "The Karate Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita. (No performances Wednesday, Nov. 5.)

From Nov. 7: "Ruthless People" (†). No performances Monday through Wednesday, Nov. 10-12.

R.K.O. National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Jumpin' Jack Flash" (Penny Marshall), with Whoopi Goldberg.

Theatre 2: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (†).

R.K.O. Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (315-8425)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 6: "She's Gotta Have It" (†). From Nov. 7: "Half Moon Street" (Bob Swaim), with Sigourney Weaver and Michael Caine.

Theatre 2: "Trick or Treat" (Charles Martin Smith), with Marc Price and Tony Fields.

U.A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 6: "Sky Bandits" (Zoran Perisic), with Scott McGinnis. From Nov. 7: "Something Wild" (Jonathan Demme), with Jeff Daniels and Melanie Griffith.

Theatre 2: Through Nov. 6: "From Beyond" (Stuart Gordon). From Nov. 7: "52 Pick-Up" (John Frankenheimer), with Roy Scheider and Ann-Margret.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Nov. 6: "Joshua Then and Now" (1985; directed by Ted Kotcheff), with James Woods; and "Little Murders" (1971; Alan Arkin), with Elliott Gould.

Nov. 7-8: "Unfaithfully Yours" (1948; Preston Sturges), with Rex Harrison and Linda Darnell; and "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" (1944; Preston Sturges), with Betty Hutton and Eddie Bracken.

Nov. 9-11: "The Tin Drum" (1980; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with David Bennent; and "The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum" (1975; Volker Schlöndorff and Margarethe von Trotta; in German), with Angela Winkler.

Nov. 12-13: "Salvador" (1986; Oliver Stone), with James Woods; and "Under Fire" (1983; Roger Spottiswoode), with Nick Nolte, Gene Hackman, and Joanna Cassidy.

Nov. 14-15: "The King of Comedy" (1983; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Jerry Lewis; and "Falling in Love" (1984; Ulu Grosbard), with Robert De Niro and Meryl Streep.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

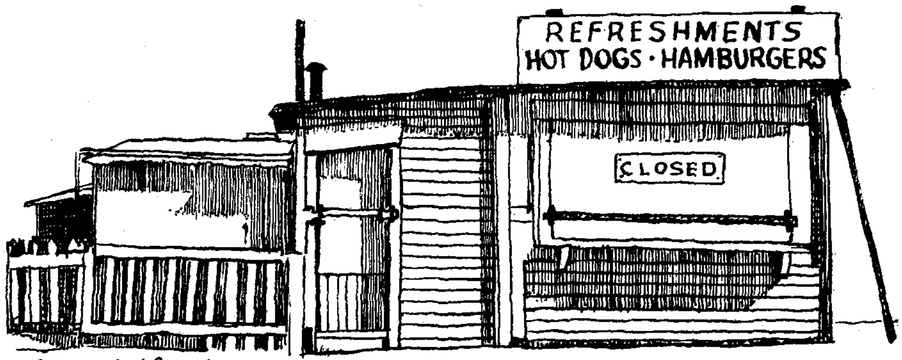
Through Nov. 6: "Nick Carter, Master Detective" (1939; Jacques Tourneur), with Walter Pidgeon and Donald Meek; "Eyes in the Night" (1942; Fred Zinnemann), with Ann Harding, Edward Arnold, and Donna Reed; and "Kid Glove Killer" (1942; Fred Zinnemann), with Marsha Hunt and Van Heflin.

Nov. 7-8: "A Shot in the Dark" (1964; Blake Edwards), with Peter Sellers and Elke Sommer; and "The Late Show" (1977; Robert Benton), with Art Carney, Lily Tomlin, and Bill Macy.

Nov. 9-10: "Young Sherlock Holmes" (1985; Barry Levinson), with Nicholas Rowe and Alan Cox; and "The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother" (†).

Nov. 11-12: "In the Heat of the Night" (†); and "48 Hrs." (1982; Walter Hill), with Nick Nolte and Eddie Murphy.

Nov. 13-15: "Laura" (1944; Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, Vincent Price, Dana Andrews, and Judith Anderson; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.



Stuart Leeds

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Nov. 5: "The Hit" (1985; Stephen Frears), with Terence Stamp and John Hurt; and "The Long Good Friday" (1982; John Mackenzie), with Bob Hoskins and Helen Mirren.

Nov. 6: "Prizzi's Honor" (1985; John Huston), with Jack Nicholson, Kathleen Turner, William Hickey, and Anjelica Huston; and "Terms of Endearment" (1983; James L. Brooks), with Debra Winger, Shirley MacLaine, and Jack Nicholson.

Nov. 7: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Big Sleep" (1946; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Martha Vickers.

Nov. 8: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; Federico Fellini; in Italian); and "Fellini's Roma" (1972; Federico Fellini; in English and Italian).

Nov. 9: "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep; and "Interiors" (1978; Woody Allen), with Diane Keaton, Maureen Stapleton, Geraldine Page, Mary Beth Hurt, and Sam Waterston.

Nov. 10: "The Doctor and the Devils" (1985; Freddie Francis), with Timothy Dalton; and "Three Weird Sisters" (1948; Daniel Birt), with Nova Pilbeam.

Nov. 11: "The Sure Thing" (1985; Rob Reiner), with John Cusack; and "Breaking Away" (1979; Peter Yates), with Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley.

Nov. 12: "Glen or Glenda" (1952; Edward D. Wood), with Bela Lugosi; "Child Bride" (1934); and "Maniac" (1981; William Lustig), with Joe Spinell and Caroline Munro.

Nov. 13: "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1981; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson and Jessica Lange.

Nov. 14: "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda; and "Time of Indifference" (1965; Francesco Maselli), with Rod Steiger, Claudia Cardinale, and Shelley Winters.

Nov. 15: "Kaos" (1986; Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian); and "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (1982; Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian), with Omero Antonutti.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

Nov. 5: "The Return of the Soldier" (1982; Alan Bridges), with Alan Bates, Julie Christie, Ann-Margret, and Glenda Jackson; and "Don't Look Now" (1973; Nicolas Roeg), with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland.

Nov. 6: "Watership Down" (1978; Martin Rosen), an animated film; and "Animal Farm" (1954), an animated film.

Nov. 7-8: "Strangers on a Train" (1951; Alfred Hitchcock), with Farley Granger, Robert Walker, and Ruth Roman; and "Stage Fright" (1950; Alfred Hitchcock), with Jane Wyman, Marlene Dietrich, Richard Todd, and Michael Wilding.

Nov. 9: "The Seduction of Mimi" (1972; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini; and "White Voices" (†).

Nov. 10: "The Congress Dances" (1932; Erik Charrell), with Lillian Harvey and Conrad Veidt; and "The Threepenny Opera" (1931; G. W. Pabst; in German), with Lotte Lenya.

Nov. 11: "A Place in the Sun" (1951; George Stevens), with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters; and "The Big Lift" (1950; George Seaton), with Montgomery Clift and Paul Douglas.

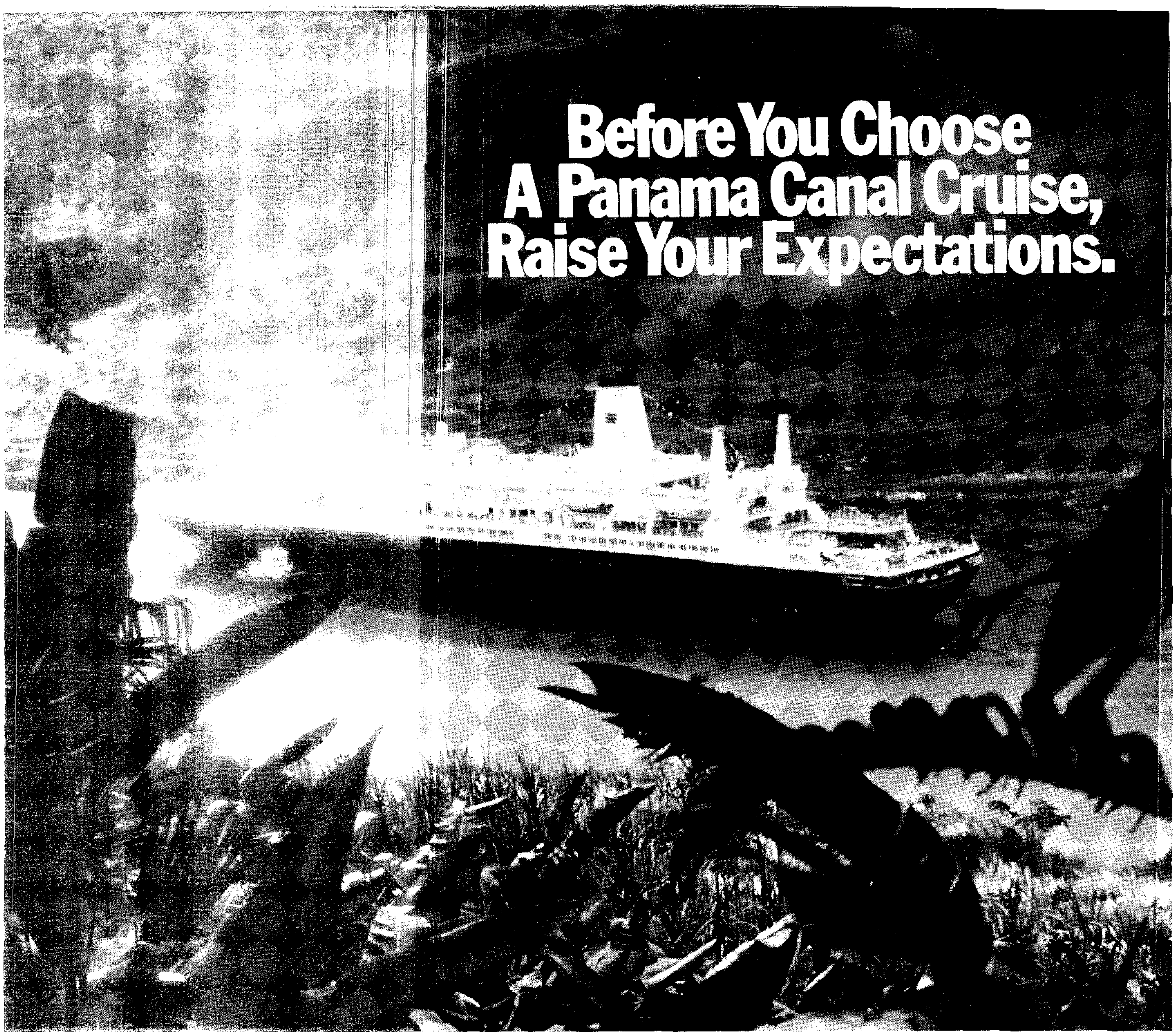
Nov. 12: "Billy Budd" (†) and "Bartleby" (†).

Nov. 13: "Frantic" ("Elevator to the Gallows;" 1957; Louis Malle; in French), with Jeanne Moreau; and "The Lovers" (1959; Louis Malle; in French), with Jeanne Moreau.

Nov. 14-15: "Life of Brian" (1979; Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman; and "Totally Twisted Tales."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Nov. 5: "Separate Tables" (1958; Delbert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Mann), with Rita Hayworth, Deborah Kerr, David Niven, Burt Lancaster, and Wendy Hiller; and "Brief Encounter" (1946; David Lean), with Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard.

Nov. 6: "Dancing Lady" (1933; Robert Z. Leonard), with Fred Astaire, Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, and Clark Gable; and "San Francisco" (1936; W. S. Van Dyke), *with Clark Gable, Jeanette MacDonald*, and Spencer Tracy.

Nov. 7-8: "The Red House" (1947; Delmer Daves), with Edward G. Robinson, Lon McCallister, and Judith Anderson; and "D.O.A." (1949; Rudolph Maté), with Edmond O'Brien.

Nov. 9: "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford), with Edward Woodward; and "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Kerr.

Nov. 10: "Diabolique" (1955; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse; and "Panique" (1946; Julien Duvivier; in French), with Michel Simon, Viviane Romance, and Paul Bernard.

Nov. 11: "Union Station" (1950; Rudolph Maté), with William Holden, Lyle Bettger, *Nancy Olson, and Barry Fitzgerald; and* "The Forbidden Street" (1949; Jean Negulesco), with Dana Andrews and Maureen O'Hara.

Nov. 12: "Affair in Trinidad" (1952; Vincent Sherman), with Rita Hayworth and Glenn Ford; and "The Lady in Question" (1940; Charles Vidor), with Rita Hayworth and Brian Aherne.

Nov. 13: "Theodora Goes Wild" (1936; Richard Boleslavsky), with Irene Dunne and Melvyn Douglas; and "She Married Her Boss" (1935; Gregory La Cava), with Claudette Colbert, Melvyn Douglas, and Edith Fellows.

Nov. 14-15: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey; and "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: Nov. 6 at 2:30: "Grosse Freiheit nr. 7" (1944; directed by Helmut Käutner; in German, with an English synopsis), with Hans Albers. . . . ¶ Nov. 6 at 6: "Wir Machen Musik" (1942; Helmut Käutner; in German, with an English synopsis). . . . ¶ Nov. 7 at 2:30: "The Queen of Spades" *(1949; Thorold Dickinson), with* Anton Walbrook and Edith Evans. . . . ¶ Nov. 7 at 6: "Black Narcissus" (1947; Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with Deborah Kerr, Sabu, David Farrar, Flora Robson, and Jean Simmons. . . . ¶ Nov. 8 at 2: "The Man in Grey" (1943; Leslie Arliss), with Margaret Lockwood, Phyllis Calvert, James Mason, and Stewart Granger. . . . ¶ Nov. 8 at 5: "The Wicked Lady" (1945; Leslie Arliss), with Margaret Lockwood, James Mason, Patricia Roc, and Griffith Jones. . . . ¶ Nov. 9 at 2: "A Canterbury Tale" (1944; Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with Eric Portman, Sheila Sim, and Dennis Price. . . . ¶ Nov. 9 at 5: "A Matter of Life and Death" ("Stairway to Heaven;" 1946; Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with David Niven, *Roger Livesey, Kim Hunter, and Raymond* Massey. . . . ¶ Nov. 10 at 2:30: "Gaslight" ("Angel Street;" 1940; Thorold Dickinson), with Anton Walbrook and Diana Wynyard. . . . ¶ Nov. 10 at 6: "The Queen of Spades." . . . ¶ Nov. 11 at 2:30: "Black Narcissus." . . . ¶ Nov. 11 at 6: "Gaslight." . . . ¶ Nov. 13 at 2:30 and 6: "Triumph of the Will" (1935; Leni Riefenstahl; in German, with no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at 2:30: "The Wicked Lady." . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at 6: "The Man in Grey." . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 2: "Brief Ecstasy" (1937; Edmond T. Greville), with Paul Lukas, Hugh Williams, and Marie Ney. . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 5: "Strange Boarders" (1939; Herbert Mason), with Tom Walls, Renée Saint-Cyr, and Googie Withers.

Theatre 2: Nov. 6 at 3 and 6:30: Two different programs of short animated films made by Lotte Reiniger. . . . ¶ Nov. 7 at 3 and 6:30 and Nov. 8 at 2:30 and 5:30: Two different programs of films shown at the seventh World Festival of Animated Film in Zagreb, Yugoslavia, in June, 1986. . . . ¶ Nov. 10 at 3 and 6:30: A program of animated works (1978-85) by students at the California Institute of Arts. . . . ¶ Nov. 11 at 3 and 5:30: Two different programs of animated films by Norman McLaren. . . ¶ Nov. 13 at 3 and 6:30: "The Plow That Broke the Plains" (1936; Pare Lorentz), "The River" (1937; Pare Lorentz), and "The Spanish Earth" (1937; Joris Ivens), all with music by Virgil Thomson. . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at 3: "40 Square Meters of Germany" (1986; Tefvik Baser; in Turkish and German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at 6:30: "The Rose King" (1986; Werner Schroeter; in several languages, with no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 2:30: "The Invincible" (1985; Gustáv Hámos; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 5:30: "40 Square Meters of Germany."

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Through Nov. 7: "American Dreams" (1983; James Benning) and "O Panama" (1985; James Benning), shown Wednesday through Friday at noon, and "Landscape Suicide" (1986; James Benning), shown Wednesday through Friday at 3. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 8: Two documentaries by Trinh T. Minh-ha—"Reassemblage" *(1982), shown Tuesdays at 6:30, Wednesdays* through Saturdays at noon, and Sundays at 1; and "Naked Spaces: Living Is Round" (1985), shown Tuesdays at 2, Wednesdays through Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3:30. Miss Trinh will be present on Nov. 12, at 12:40. Closed Mondays.

French Films—At the **Guggenheim Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (360-3503): Nov. 11 at 6: "Tchao Pantin" (1983; Claude Berri). . . . ¶ Nov. 12 at 6: "La Part des Choses" (1983; Bernard Dartigues). . . . ¶ Nov. 13 at 6: "L'Argent" (1983; Robert Bresson). . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at 6: "Melo" (1986; Alain Resnais). . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 1: "L'Hypothese du Tableau Vole" (1979; Raoul Ruyz). . . . ¶ Nov. 16 at 1: "Les Enfants" (1985; Marguerite Duras). All films in French, with English subtitles. . . . **French Institute/Alliance Française,** *22* E. 60th St. (*355*-6100): A five-day program of seven recent feature films and seven recent short films made by French independent filmmakers. Nov. 11 at 1 and 3; Nov. 12-14 at 1, 3, 6, and 8:45; and Nov. 15 at 1, 3:45, and 6. All films in French, with English subtitles.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother (1975)—Gene Wilder's talent is evident in the many nice leafy touches, but in his first attempt at a tripleheader (writer-director-star) he shows poor judgment and he gets bogged down in an overelaborate production. The idea—Holmes' bringing in his insanely jealous younger brother, Sigerson, to help on a case involving Queen Victoria's state secrets—has mouth-watering possibilities, but there's no mystery, and since you can't have a parody of a mystery without a mystery, there's no comic suspense. With Madeline Kahn, Marty Feldman, Dom DeLuise, Leo McKern, and Roy Kinnear. (Regency; Nov. 9-10.)

Aliens—An inflated sci-fi action-horror film, this sequel to Ridley Scott's 1979 "Alien" is really a combat film set in the future, in space. The writer-director James Cameron pits a platoon of United States Marines (ethnically assorted, of course) against a family of extraterrestrial monsters—a queen and her slimy brood. He does it with an action director's *gusto, and a shortage of imagination.* As Warrant Officer Ripley, the only human survivor of the spaceship that voyaged forth in the earlier picture, Sigourney Weaver seems to take over by natural authority and her strength as an actress. She gives the movie a presence. But at two hours and seventeen minutes this is just a very big "Boo!" movie, with bum dialogue. With Michael Biehn, Paul Reiser, Lance Henriksen, Jenette Goldstein, and Carrie Henn. (Reviewed in our issue of 8/11/86.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, and Manhattan; through Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; through Nov. 13.)

Back to School—Rodney Dangerfield, the complaining loser, plays a winner here—a jovial, avuncular multimillionaire merchant; he discovers that his son (Keith Gordon) is miserable at college, and enrolls as a freshman so he can change things for the kid. It's Dangerfield's movie, and when he can't say a line directly to the camera he seems worried that he's not doing enough, and so he does some eyeball mugging. The picture's inertia is overpowering. With Robert Downey, who gives the film its only airy touches, and Sally Kellerman, Paxton Whitehead, and Sam Kinison. Directed by Alan Metter. (7/28/86) (Criterion Center.)

Bartleby (1970)—The shock when you first read the story—Melville's "Bartleby, the Scrivener"—may be in the recognition that Melville had this prevision of modern alienation back in 1853. The character is a precursor of Kafka's central figures, of Oblomov, of Dostoyevski's underground man, of Camus's Meursault, and you can't grasp how this specifically modern man was formed in that mid-nineteenth-century setting. What is he doing in that world, passively resisting, and withdrawing into courteous, stubborn catatonia? The English movie, directed by *Anthony Friedman, from a script he wrote with* Rodney Carr-Smith, is set in modern London, and that kills the visionary quality right off the bat. This disappointment doesn't diminish as the picture goes on, because the story is never made to belong to its new setting. John McEnery, in the title role, is successful in bringing the clerk up to date: he suggests both the mournful, bleached-out intransigence of the character and all the wan, misfit loners in their seat-sprung pants who wander through the big cities. And Paul Scofield is very fine as Bartleby's amiable, confused employer. But Melville's story moves logically and inexorably: it records the movement of a wage slave toward the freedom of total negation. When it's padded to feature-film length it gets thin. The movie was obviously made on a shoestring and with honorable intentions, yet it's tentative and lame; it has little to recommend it but the two actors, Melville's dialogue, and the remnants of his great spooky conception. (Thalia SoHo; Nov. 12.)

Billy Budd (1962)—Melville's short novel is stripped for action in this tense, straightforward shipboard narrative, directed by Peter Ustinov. As Billy, the beautiful sailor, Terence Stamp wears white pants and suggests angelic splendor without falling into the narcissistic poses that juveniles often mistake for grace. Robert Ryan is the depraved master-at-arms, Claggart, whose self-hatred makes it necessary for him to destroy Billy, the image of goodness; Ryan gives the role the requisite satanic ugliness. Unfortunately, Ustinov miscasts himself as Captain Vere; as he plays the part, the Captain is a humane man, a good liberal tragically torn by the demands of authority. The film doesn't approach Melville's passion, but it's a good movie anyway. With Paul Rogers, Ronald Lewis, Melvyn Douglas, David McCallum, John Neville, and Niall MacGinnis. (Thalia SoHo; Nov. 12.)

Blue Velvet—Written and directed by David Lynch, this is possibly the only coming-of-age movie in which sex has the danger and the heightened excitement of a horror picture. The film is consciously purplish and consciously funny, and the two work together in an original, down-home way. The setting is an archetypal small, sleepy city in an indefinite mythic present that feels like the past, and Kyle MacLachlan is Jeffrey, the clean-cut young man who's scared of his dirty thoughts (but wants to have them anyway). He commutes between the blue lady of the night (Isabella Rossellini, who's a dream of a freak) and the sunshine girl he loves (Laura Dern). The movie has so much aural-visual

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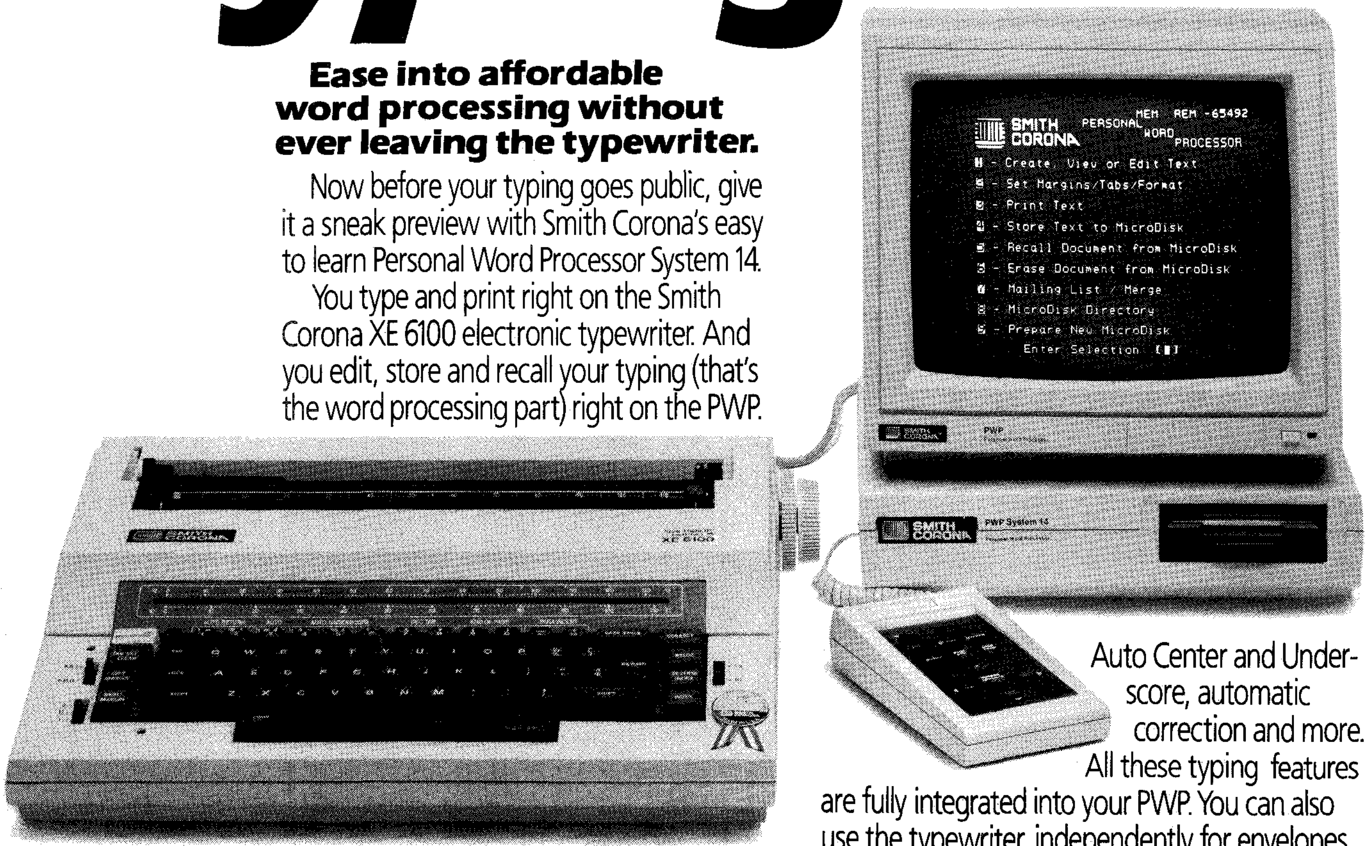
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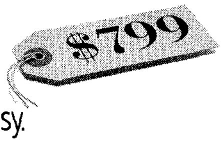

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humor and poetry that it's sustained despite the wobbly plot and other weaknesses. With Dennis Hopper, who gives the movie a jolt of horrific energy, and Dean Stockwell, who is a smiling wonder as Ben the sandman. Also with Hope Lange, Priscilla Pointer, Brad Dourif, and Jack Nance. (9/22/86) (D. W. Griffith, Waverly, Metro Cinema, and Criterion Center.)

The Color of Money—This Martin Scorsese film takes up Paul Newman as Fast Eddie Felson twenty-five years after the close of the 1961 Robert Rossen film "The Hustler" (see below), in which Eddie, the new poolroom champion, quit the game rather than spoil it by truckling to the crooked manager who had staked him. Now he's a silver-haired Chicago liquor salesman who drives a white Cadillac and wears a neat mustache and natty duds, a likable cynical sharpie who himself stakes young hustlers (for sixty per cent of their winnings). When he sees the raw, cocky upstart Vincent (Tom Cruise), he makes a deal to train the kid. Newman brings off some beautiful smiling deviltry. The kick he gets out of acting is inseparable from Eddie's con artistry, and, with the help of pungent low-life dialogue by Richard Price, who wrote the script, he carries the action along. The picture might have been a pop classic if it had stayed near the level of impudence that it reaches at its best. But about midway Fast Eddie has a crisis of conscience, or something, and when Eddie locks his jaw and sets forth to become a man of integrity the joy goes out of Newman's performance, which (despite the efforts of a lot of good actors) is the only life in the movie, except for a brief, startling performance by the twenty-five-year-old black actor Forest Whitaker as a pool shark called Amos. Having Eddie try to redeem himself—to purify himself—through pool is just an artistic conceit, and the second half is a terrible letdown. The plot switches and reversals leave the audience with unanswered questions and feelings of being left out. With Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Helen Shaver, John Turturro, and Bill Cobbs. Cinematography by Michael Ballaus; score by Robbie Robertson; production design by Boris Leven; editing by Thelma Schoonmaker. (11/3/86) (Bay Cinema, Coronet, 23rd St. West Triplex, Embassy 72nd St., and Embassy 1.)

Down by Law—Jim Jarmusch's low-key minimalist comedy about American anomie shot in black-and-white. The setting is New Orleans, where two deadbeats—Jack, an ineffectual pimp (John Lurie), and Zack, an itinerant disk jockey (Tom Waits)—become the victims of frameups and are put in the same prison cell, where they vegetate in hostile silence. Everything changes when a little, life-loving Italian, Roberto (Roberto Benigni), is put in with them; the three become pals, grinning and talking together. And, eventually, Roberto devises an escape plan. Jarmusch's passive style has its wit, but the style is deadening here until he brings in Roberto—a character out of folk humor. With Ellen Barkin, Billie Neal, Nicoletta Braschi, Rockets Redglare, and Vernel Bagneris. (10/20/86) (Cinema Studio. . . . ¶ Cinema II; through Nov. 6. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin; starting Nov. 7.)

The Fly (1958)—James Clavell—not yet a popular novelist—wrote the script for this tacky low-budget picture about a scientist whose carelessness gets him into a tragic pickle. It became a considerable box-office success. Maybe the idea of a man's head being reduced in size so that it fit onto the body of a fly was just so silly that it was rather tantalizing. Or maybe audiences couldn't resist the final sequence: caught in a spider's web, with the spider bearing down on him, the man-fly squeaks "Help me!" in the tiniest of voices. With Vincent Price, Herbert Marshall, Patricia Owens, Kathleen Freeman, and Al (later David) Hedison as the unlucky fellow. The draggy direction is by Kurt Neumann; based on a short story by George Langelaan. (There were two less popular sequels—"The Return of the Fly" in 1959, and "The Curse of the Fly" in 1965—before the 1986 reworking of the original by David Cronenberg, see below.) (Film Forum; starting Nov. 14.)

The Fly—Jeff Goldblum is the brilliant loner scientist Seth Brundle, who turns into Brundlefly, in David Cronenberg's remake of the 1958 horror film. Cronenberg gives the B-picture material new weight, and for what this version is it's very well done. But Cronenberg narrows the film down to one man's decaying body, and concentrates your attention on one stage after another of poor Brundle's becoming bent over double and deformed. And if the movie has a power, it's simply in our somewhat prurient fixation on watching a man rot until finally he's pleading for a coup de grâce. With Geena Davis and John Getz. Based on a short story by George Langelaan; the script, by Charles Edward Pogue, was reshaped by Cronenberg. (10/6/86) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, and Manhattan; through Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; through Nov. 13.)

The Hustler (1961)—The test of what a man has inside him—the basic Hemingway-style masculine story that's frequently set in the bullring or, in this country, in the world of sports, especially among prizefighters—is set here in the world of pool sharks. Paul Newman is the young contender, Fast Eddie Felson, and Jackie Gleason is the old champ, Minnesota Fats. But Hemingway would cut out extraneous material, thereby raising the simple, unadorned test to the level of myth; the director Robert Rossen and his co-writer, Sidney Carroll, surrounded the test with an extra forty minutes or so of flabby "poetry." The dialogue comes out of the thirties and borrows heavily from Clifford Odets. A character does not ask a simple question like "Are you his manager?" He asks, "Are you his manager? His friend? His stooge?" And there's a tortured, crippled girl (Piper Laurie) who speaks the truth: she's a female practitioner of Socratic methods who is continually drinking her hemlock. The picture is swollen with windy thoughts and murky notions of perversions, and as Eddie's manager the magnetic young George C. Scott seems to be a Satan figure, but it has strength and conviction, and Newman gives a fine, emotional performance. You can see all the picture's faults and still love it. It's the most vital and likable of Rossen's movies. With Murray Hamilton, Myron McCormick (who is stuck with the worst pseudo-Odets role), Michael Constantine, Stefan Gierasch, and Vincent Gardina. Based on the Walter Tevis novel; cinematography by Eugen Schüfftan; production design by Harry Horner; music by Kenyon Hopkins; editing by Dede Allen. (In 1965, the theme was adapted to poker, in "The Cincinnati Kid.") (Film Forum; starting Nov. 14.)

In the Heat of the Night (1967)—A comedy-thriller with Sidney Poitier as a quick-witted police officer from the North and Rod Steiger as a blundering Southern chief of police. Fast and enjoyable, with Poitier's color used for comedy. He's like a black Sherlock Holmes in a Tom-and-Jerry cartoon of reversals. For once it's funny (instead of embarrassing) that he's superior to everybody else. In the final joke, Steiger plays redcap to him. With Lee Grant, Warren Oates, and Beah Richards. Directed by Norman Jewison. (Regency; Nov. 11-12.)

Men . . .—When the handsome, self-centered Julius (Heiner Lauterbach), a Munich advertising executive, discovers that his wife (Ulrike Kriener) has been having an affair with the oafish Stefan (Uwe Ochsenknecht), a long-haired bohemian, he wants to know what Stefan's attraction is, so he assumes a false name and moves in with him. Julius takes some kind of revenge by turning Stefan into an orderly bourgeois with a regular job; while that happens, whimsical gags are tossed together with a jocular feminist exposé of men's attitudes toward women. The picture is harmless and insipid, in the mode of French farces such as "Cousin, Cousine;" it sags in the middle and then collapses in an absurdist ending. Written and directed by Doris Dörrie. In German. (9/8/86) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Mephisto (1982)—István Szabó's indictment of a soulless actor, Hendrik Höfgen (played by Klaus Maria Brandauer), who, because he wants to go on performing, truckles to those in power and becomes the leading actor in Nazi Germany. Szabó sets up Höfgen as a symbolic actor—a man who is merely the sum of the roles he plays offstage and on—and at the outset Brandauer, who has gleaming cat eyes and a seductive smile, suggests a baby-faced killer-genius, like the young Orson Welles. Höfgen isn't allowed to

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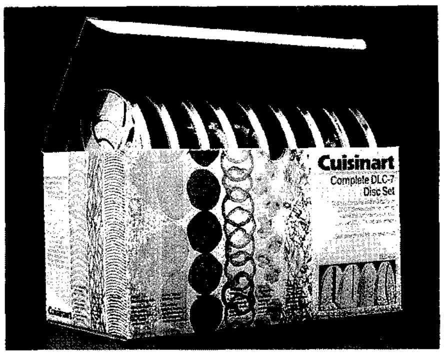

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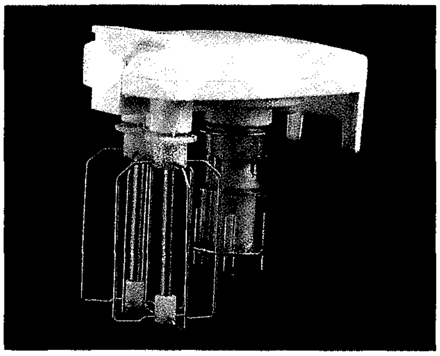

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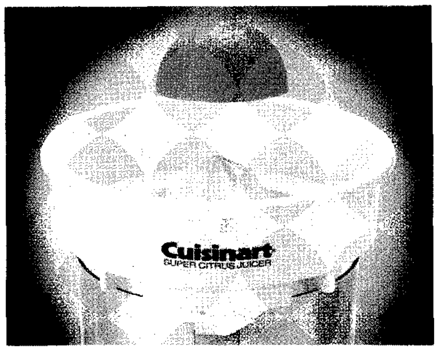

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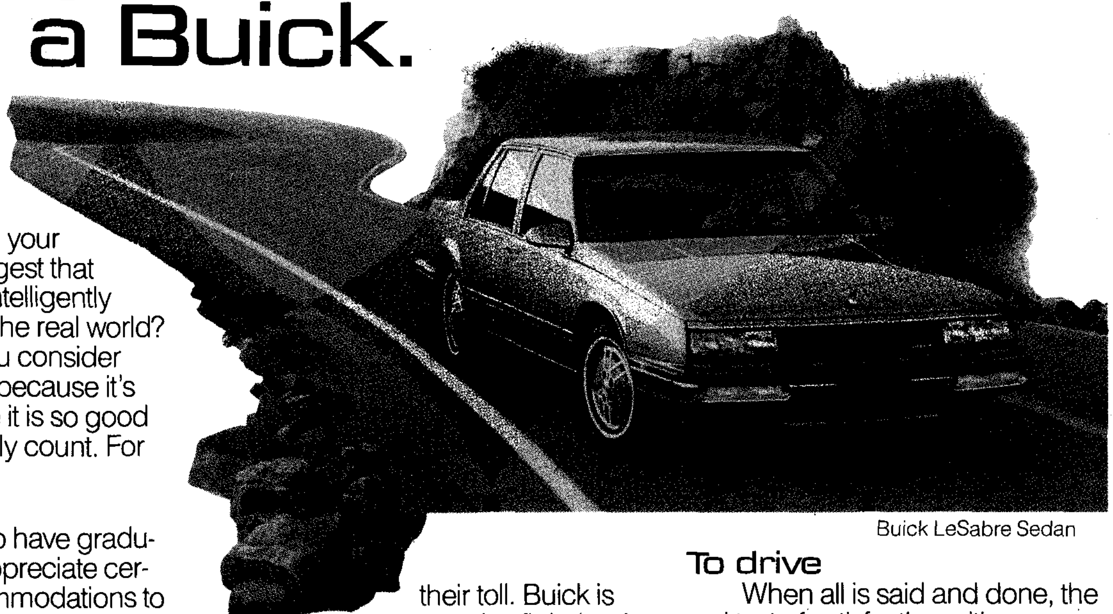

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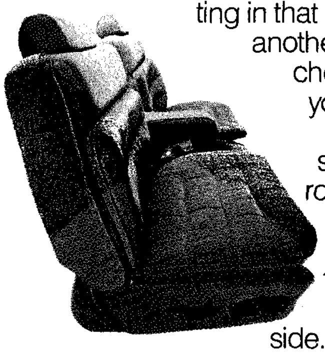

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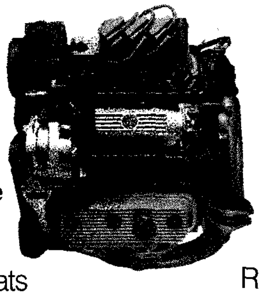

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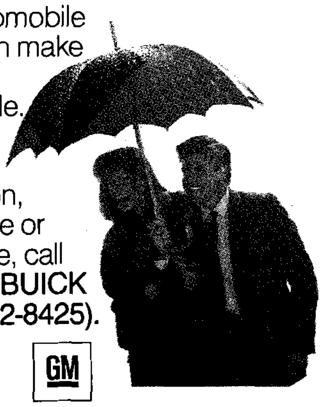

Where better really matters.

B U I C K

be a great actor, though, and he seems too small for the epic scale of the attack. The film is gripping, but its stern air of rectitude produces discomfort; essentially Szabó seems to be condemning Höfgen for being an actor. With Rolf Hoppe and the superb, feline Karin Boyd, and a multinational cast—some of them dubbed. In German. (Public Theatre.)

My Beautiful Laundrette—A startlingly fresh movie about life in South London among the surly white street gangs and the Pakistani immigrants. In the foreground is a love affair between a dark-eyed, softly handsome, almost flowerlike Pakistani teen-ager, Omar (Gordon Warnecke), and a young blond street lout, Johnny (Daniel Day Lewis). They become partners when Omar persuades his slumlord uncle (Saeed Jaffrey) to let him have a ratty-looking failed laundrette, and the two boys, using stolen money, turn it into the laundrette of their flashy dreams. Directed by Stephen Frears, from a witty script by the young playwright Hanif Kureishi, the film catches you up in the racketeering and decay of modern big-city life; you feel that your blinders have been taken off. It's an enormous pleasure to see a movie that's really about something, and that doesn't lay on any syrupy coating to make the subject go down easily. (It's down before you notice it.) The cast includes Shirley Anne Field, Roshan Seth, Rita Wolf, and Souad Faress. (3/10/86) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

Peggy Sue Got Married—Distressed by her marital troubles, Peggy Sue (Kathleen Turner), the mother of two grownup children, collapses at the twenty-fifth reunion of her high-school class, and when she wakes up she discovers that she has gone back in time to the spring of 1960. Directed by Francis Coppola, this is a dream movie that asks whether Peggy Sue, knowing what she does at forty-three, should marry the same boy—passionate Charlie (Nicolas Cage), the only man she ever dated—knowing that he'll turn into the man who introduces himself on television as Crazy Charlie, the Appliance King. The underlying question is: Should Peggy Sue reconcile with her husband or go ahead and get a divorce? Coppola's efforts to bring depth to this material that has no depth make the picture seem groggy. It's as if he were trying to reach through a veil of fog. With Barbara Harris, Barry Miller, and Kevin J. O'Connor. (10/20/86) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and R.K.O. National Twin.)

A Room with a View—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. It's more than a little precious, but it's a piece of charming foolishness. With Denholm Elliott, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary Leach. It was directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. (3/24/86) (Paris.)

Ruthless People—A cheesy low farce, with Danny DeVito as a thieving millionaire who wants to kill his heiress wife (Bette Midler) and is overjoyed when she's kidnapped. With Judge Reinhold and Helen Slater (who has good eyes for rolling) as the warmhearted kidnappers; Anita Morris as the husband's mistress (she looks as if she could do considerably better); Bill Pullman as the mistress's ninny of a lover; and William G. Schilling as the police commissioner. Directed by the "Airplane!" threesome—Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker. (7/14/86) (Embassy; through Nov. 6. . . . ¶ New Embassy 49th Street; starting Nov. 7. No performances Monday through Wednesday, Nov. 10-12.)

She's Gotta Have It—The voluptuous, easygoing Nola (Tracy Camila Johns), a graphic designer who lives in the black bohemian world in Brooklyn, is happily juggling three lovers when she's faced by a mock crisis: each of the three men has turned possessive and wants to be her one and only. That's the premise of this quick-witted sex comedy written, directed, and edited by the twenty-nine-year-old Spike Lee, who shot it in 16-mm. in twelve days, on an almost nonexistent budget. Nola, her three lovers, and her family and friends explain themselves directly to the camera, and the film's basic set is Nola's bed; you can't shoot a movie much cheaper or faster than that. Lee's economies become part of what's enjoyable about the film, and he keeps it all sparking and bouncing along. With Tommy Redmond Hicks, John Canada Terrell, and Lee himself. (10/6/86) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin, Olympia Quad, and R.K.O. Warner Twin; through Nov. 6.)

Stand By Me—On a summer weekend in 1959, four twelve- and thirteen-year-old boys from the fictional Castle Rock, Oregon (pop. 1,281), go on an overnight hike in the woods outside town to look for the body of a boy their age who has been missing for several days. The four, misfits who feel rejected, keep intuiting one another's emotions, and they're plucky—when they get in tight spots, they stand by each other. Rob Reiner's film, taken from Stephen King's autobiographical novella "The Body," overdoses on sincerity and nostalgia. Seeing it is like watching an extended Christmas Special of "The Waltons." With Wil Wheaton, River Phoenix, Jerry O'Connell, Corey Feldman, Andy Lindberg, and, as the narrator, Richard Dreyfuss. (9/8/86) (23rd St. West Triplex, Olympia Quad, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Loews New York Twin; through Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; starting Nov. 7.)

Top Gun—The strapping Kelly McGillis is an astrophysicist employed to teach the élite fighter pilots in training at San Diego's Miramar Naval Air Station; her co-star, the relatively diminutive Tom Cruise, is supposed to be the most daring of her students. When McGillis is offscreen, the movie is a shiny homoerotic commercial; the pilots strut around the locker room, towels hanging precariously from their waists. In between the bare-chested maneuvers, there's footage of ugly snub-nosed jets taking off, whooshing around in the sky, and landing while the soundtrack calls up Armageddon and the Second Coming. What is the movie selling? It's just selling, because that's what the producers, Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer, and the director, Tony Scott, know how to do. Selling is what they think moviemaking is about. With Val Kilmer, Anthony Edwards, and Tom Skerritt. (6/16/86) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through Nov. 6.)

True Stories—This first feature directed by David Byrne, of Talking Heads, is laid out like a musical-comedy documentary about a town, except that the town—Virgil, Texas—is imaginary. Byrne, the narrator and observer, introduces us to the townspeople who are about to take part in the pageantry of the Texas Sesquicentennial with their own "Celebration of Specialness." Byrne is looking for a true mythic image of America; Virgil is Our Town, it's Anytown, U.S.A., and the movie is about banality and eccentricity and consumerism. Byrne sets up the material for satirical sequences, yet he doesn't give it a satirical spin. The picture's tone is often insecure, but, working with the crack cinematographer Ed Lachman, Byrne brings a new visual sensibility to the screen (a respect for pared-down plainness), and after a rather shaky opening the characters themselves begin to engage us. With John Goodman, Jo Harvey Allen, Tito Larriva, Roebuck (Pops) Staples, Swoosie Kurtz, and Alix Elias. The script is by Byrne, Beth Henley, and Stephen Tobolowsky. (10/20/86) (Sutton, 8th St. Playhouse, and Metro Cinema.)

White Voices (1965)—The old joke about the man who pretends to be a castrato while seducing every woman in sight. This expensive-looking Italian-French co-production works hard at ribaldry and falls flat; the imbecilic virility jokes are interspersed with real knee-whackers about goats and dung and chamber pots. Those bounding around the eighteenth-century sets include Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Paolo Ferrari. Directed by P. F. Campanile and Massimo Franciosa. In Italian. (Thalia SoHo; Nov. 9.)

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THE NEW YORKER

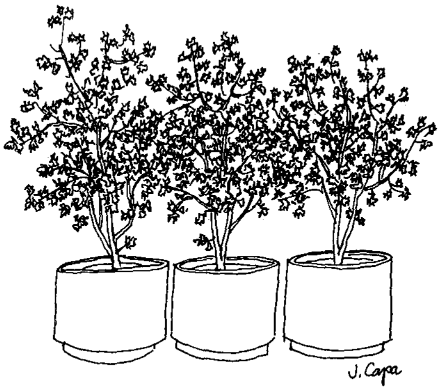
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A YOUNG friend writes:

Now that we are entrenched in the mid-nineteen-eighties, and the crisp fall air, with its trace of wood smoke, gives hint of the approach of the late nineteen-eighties, I struggle to remember that period fading so fast into the collective unmemory—the early nineteen-eighties. Already, children have reached kindergarten age who remember nothing of the Reagan recession. But I graduated from Harvard in 1982, and I spent my senior year watching friends worry that they might never find a place in the American economic system. Most of my five roommates hoped to enter the world of finance and were interviewed by dozens of banks and brokerage firms and consultancies, almost all of which sent one-paragraph letters thanking them for their time and interest and then blowing them off with a curt sentence or two. These we referred to as "ding letters," and one whole end of our room—the ding wall—was papered with more than a hundred of them. My roommates all found good jobs, of course, but the winter had scared everyone. A fellow named Bill O'Neill, who lived in another part of the campus, a friend-once-removed of mine, became famous for a week or so because he had actually taken a job with the *National Enquirer*, for a salary, according to different rumors, of fifty, sixty, seventy, or eighty thousand dollars a year. Being self-righteous (and perhaps a little envious), I regarded his decision as worthy of mild contempt. Except for a few times when I was stuck in checkout lines, I had not given him a thought since, but the week before last he called to chat—he was in town after walking across America on the Great Peace March, an anti-nuclear parade of six or seven hundred people that began in California last March and finishes next week in Washington, D.C. We met for dinner, and he told me his story.

"I'd never got around to actually putting any job applications in the mail that spring," he said. "But I saw this sign on a bulletin board at the placement office that a guy from the *National Enquirer* would be there to interview people. I thought it might be good practice to have some interviews. But he made the job sound really interesting—said I'd be on the road a third of the time, stuff like that. And he mentioned that the pay was quite good. I wasn't so concerned with that aspect, but if somebody was going to pay me a lot of money I was happy to take it. So I picked up a copy of the paper—it was the week Cathy Smith admitted that she'd given John Belushi drugs—and I went down to Florida, where it's based, for my second interview. I was expecting some Hollywood-type guy in a polyester suit. Instead, he had a British accent, he wore preppy, dignified clothing. It threw me. And he offered me a tryout. The first story I wrote was about a couple who won a contest for having the most dogs—they had forty-seven. I asked what their neighbors thought, and they said their neighbors were hard of hearing. In the first two months, I also covered a story about the biggest dog in America, and one about a dog who saved a boy from drowning, and one about a dog-stress diet recommended by veterinarians. Dogs have a very stressful life."



The *Enquirer*, Bill told me, deserves a slightly better reputation than it enjoys. "When they started printing in color, they still had their old black-and-white press, so they started the *Weekly World News*. It's those people who did the 'Famed Psychic's Head Explodes' story," he said. "We did more happy, upbeat stories. Everyone's a generalist, though most people have a specialty, too—diet stories, UFOs, whatever." Still, after about three years he quit. "I guess I felt that I wasn't making quite the contribution to society that I might be," he said. "I was beginning to worry that my obituary would be 'He Wrote About World's Fattest Cat.' " After he'd given his notice, but before he left Florida, he read about the Great Peace March in a magazine. "Ever since I was a Boy Scout, I'd dreamed about hiking the Appalachian Trail point to point. I figured a coast-to-coast walk would be the next-best thing. And they were going to have this great support system—meals and lots of great concerts along the way. At first, the appeal was the march itself, not the issue. But when I moved back up to my parents' house, on Cape Cod, I read some books and articles about, like, nuclear winter and proliferation, and so on. I began to realize that not only would it be a lot of fun to walk across the country but it was for a cause I could support. So I signed up, put my record collection in storage, and flew out to Los Angeles.

"The march turned out to be very poorly managed financially, and it almost couldn't start. They had about twelve hundred people instead of the five thousand they'd been hoping for, and they managed to keep it going for all of about two weeks before it caved in. We had marched as far as Barstow, California. The guy who had organized it, David Mixner, got up on the back of a truck and said, 'I'm sorry. The march is over. Trailways bus lines will give you a twenty-five-percent discount wherever you want to go.' And about half the people left. It was a bad time. We'd just come through some severe weather. Our equipment was being repossessed—the shower trucks went, the R.V.s with the medical equipment were repossessed, the media equipment disappeared. We were left with five hundred people, some tents, and a kitchen trailer. There we were, sitting in Barstow, with no leader, no money in the bank, and enough food to last maybe three days. But the people decided they were not going home. We stayed there two weeks, creating a new government for the march. I helped write the constitution, which got ninety-eight per cent support in a referendum. We set up a city council, we bought a used tractor, for pulling storage trailers, we raised money until we had enough for ten days' food. And then we started walking. It took us ten days to get through the desert. We were almost completely isolated. There weren't any towns. We just walked. Some folks talked, some folks read: that's a developed art form—reading while walking. At any given point, probably a third of the people were listening to a Walkman. People sang, some folks danced. And we learned from each other. It was similar to Harvard in that way. It was an interesting bunch. Five hundred outspoken people—'five hundred shepherds in search of a flock,' someone said. We had four points we agreed on: a verifiable test-ban treaty; a freeze in production and deployment of nuclear weapons; reduction and eventual elimination of the existing stockpile; and reserving space for peaceful uses, which means no Star Wars. And we'd just talk to people along the way about it all. What we found is that lots of people—a majority of people—want these things to happen but don't know how to go about it. I don't know how, either, but I want to get people thinking about it."

The high point of the march, literally and figuratively, was Loveland Pass, in Colorado, he said. "It was a beautiful spring day, there was snow around us on the mountains, we'd come through the Mojave and the toughest part of the Rockies, and we knew it was all downhill from there." Five months later, on the late-October night when Bill and I met for dinner, the end was in sight—three rallies in Washington and then, after a day or two, a sit-in on the steps of the headquarters of the Department of Energy, the agency that oversees nuclear production and testing. "I haven't decided yet about that," he said. "I want to find out more about the repercussions. What will an arrest record mean? Will it interfere with career decisions? With travel options? But I'm thinking about it very seriously." Next would come the Harvard-Yale game, which he said he hadn't missed since graduation. "There were three people on the march from Harvard, but I didn't meet anyone from Yale," he said. And from there back to the Cape. "I've got a lot of serious thinking to do. I originally thought this was going to be a nine-month sabbatical and I'd pick up pretty much where I left off, looking for work as a free-lance writer. That's still possible, but it's no longer my main thought. I'd like to go on working on the nuclear issue. And maybe I'd like to get involved in a Presidential campaign. I want to do some reading about the various candidates, and if I found one I really supported I'd work for him."

My main thought at this point was that it's probably a bad idea to ever feel a little superior to someone else, because he might go out and do something and then you'd have to feel—well, a little inferior.

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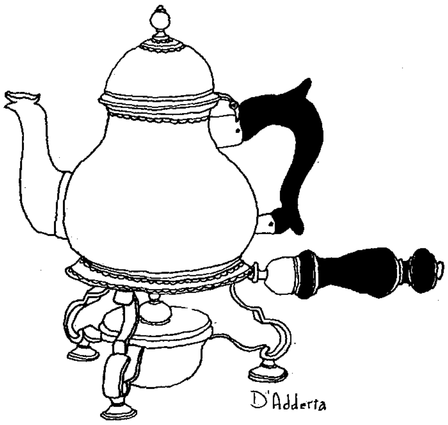
Bertha

A MIDDLE-AGED friend in the country reports:

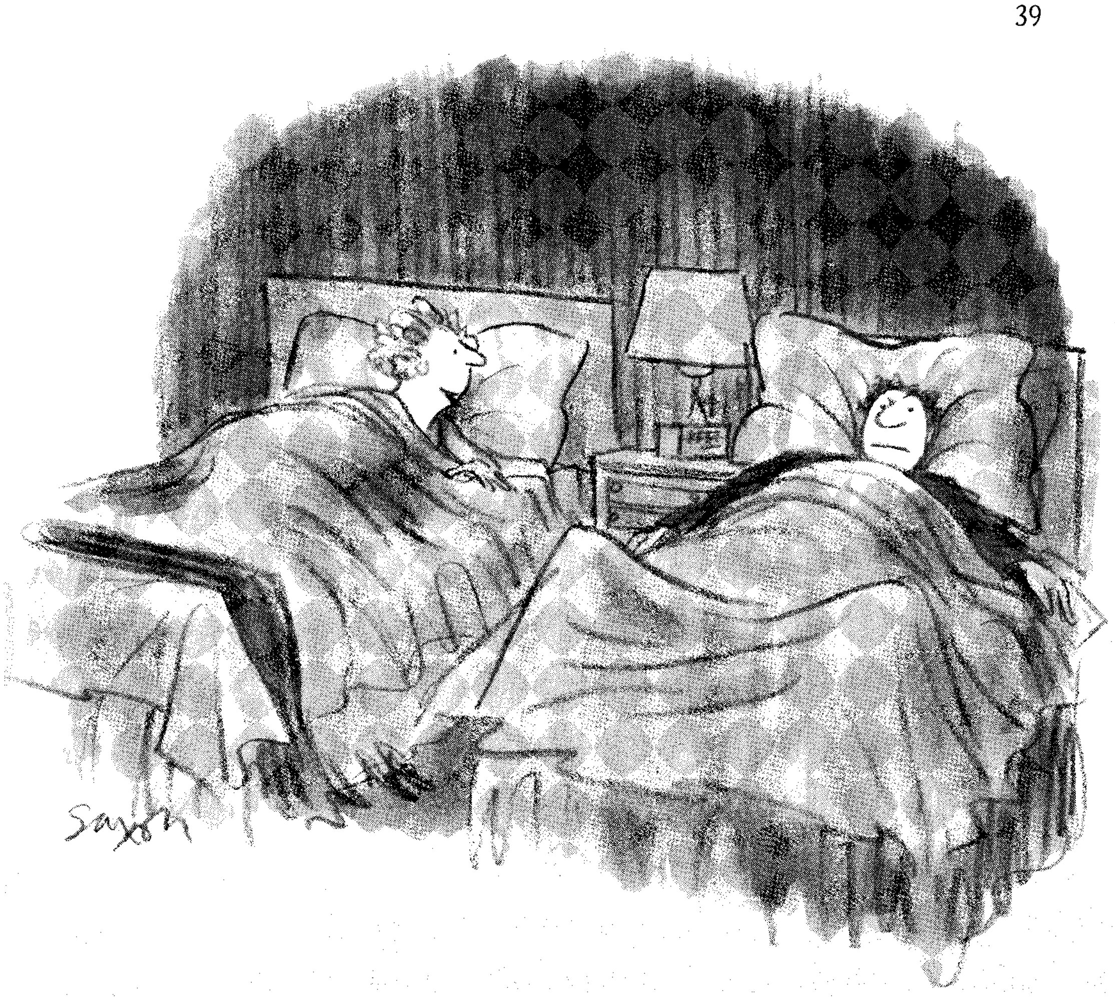
Got a new dog: a one-year-old black Labrador retriever named Bertha. Soulful expression; sweet disposition. Wags tail frequently; does not yap, nip, whine, or scratch at door; loves people; likes to ride in car, ears flapping; takes naps when things get dull. Bertha adjusted instantly to life in our house, except for the stairs. She is afraid to go up stairs, perhaps because she was raised in a one-story house. When I walk toward the stairs, Bertha walks toward a large potted ficus tree and hides behind it. She is worried that I am going to try again to teach her how to walk up the stairs. But I am a patient teacher, and I explain everything as we go along. I pick her up and carry her to the bottom of the staircase; then, holding her in a kind of one-arm Heimlich maneuver, and pointing her skyward at a forty-five-degree angle, I place one after another of her four paws on successive steps. She wags her tail, simulating enthusiasm, as we proceed slowly upward. But if I release her, thinking she has got the hang of it, Bertha whirls around and goes slithering back down the stairs and runs behind the ficus. Aside from the stair problem, Bertha's behavior has been outstanding, except on one occasion last week when I had some people for lunch. While my friends and I were walking around outdoors, Bertha climbed—unassisted—onto a counter in the kitchen and ate two turkey-lettuce-tomato-and-mayo on hard rolls, two baked-ham-Swiss-cheese-lettuce-tomato-and-mayo on pumpernickel, two roast-beef-Boursin-cheese-lettuce-tomato-and-mayo on peasant bread, several dill pickles, and two small containers of chopped carrots and raisins. (Bertha apparently does not mind heights if they are not too high.)



This past weekend, we had guests, and one woman was assigned a secluded second-floor bedroom. The next morning, she reported that she woke in the middle of the night to discover that one of her hands was dangling from the bed, and somebody—or something—was licking it. Before she could manage a good scream, the creature leaped onto her bed, tail wagging, and spent the rest of the night nuzzled against her side.

Vision

PHILIP JOHNSON, architect, the one and only, creator of the Glass House in New Canaan (occupied by him on weekends), of Lincoln Center's New York State Theatre, of the A.T.&T. corporate headquarters, of the Museum of Modern Art's East Wing and Sculpture Garden, of the Seagram Building's interiors and its Four Seasons restaurant, and of dozens



"When I can't dismiss something from my mind, I just get up and write myself a little note. Then I can forget all about it."

of other architectural knockouts—no-doze subjects, guaranteed anywhere and any time to produce conversational fireworks—in metropolises to the north, south, and west of New York, moved his firm, John Burgee Architects with Philip Johnson, earlier this year into the firm's latest knockout, called, by name as well as address, 53rd At Third. The firm was the first tenant in the building—a thirty-four-story ellipse, with bands of polished and flame-finished red granite and stainless steel outside, twenty-eight-foot-tall red granite columns all around, a twenty-eight-foot-tall glass-enclosed lobby paved with polished and flame-finished red granite, windows of gray-tinted glass, and a few other niceties to gawk at and smile over. His firm occupies most of the third floor—eighteen thousand square feet. Monday through Thursday, Mr. Johnson gets to his office there at 9 A.M., having walked briskly from his digs, a one-bedroom, eleventh-floor Museum Tower apartment ("I like it; it looks down on my Garden"), which is modelled partly on Sir John Soane's famous breakfast parlor, and which has, among other Johnsonian touches, a cross-vaulted ceiling, push-button silk curtains, a Lobmeyer chandelier, a glass-topped round cherry-wood table designed by Mr. J., a couple of bulbous, shiny white plastic chairs by Pesce (a young Italian architect, who made only these two), Robert Venturi chairs of bent plywood, a Tiffany lily-motif lamp, a Frank Gehry glass lamp in the shape of a fish, which is called Oscar, thirteen Jasper Johns drawings in color, thousands of books about art, and a barren kitchen, with a refrigerator usually holding only ice cream, Perrier, and a bottle of Dom Pérignon.

Walking to work, Mr. Johnson, who celebrated his eightieth birthday last summer, is highly recognizable—slim, trim, and just under six feet tall, his hair almost white and cut very short, pink-cheeked, radiating the energy of a teen-ager, and wearing the same style of black-rimmed glasses he has worn, and been caricatured wearing, for the past fifty years. He is a fast, impatient walker and talker. Keeping up with him is equivalent to a long workout on the Nautilus machines. While he's en route to 53rd At Third, people of all ages, but mostly young, stop him on every block and ask for his autograph or say they just want to thank him for doing what he has done and does, or inform him that they, too, are going to be architects and that he is their hero. Mr. Johnson responds with quick grace and moves on.

At J.B.A. with P.J., the reception area has four Mies van der Rohe Barcelona chairs and, on the walls, eight Andy Warhol flower prints. It leads to a large semicircular inner lobby with walls of broken glass resembling crackleware. A passage goes from it to a single immense, brightly lit room where some sixty young architects sit hunched over their drafting boards. Off the lobby, behind doors of the broken glass, are half a dozen private offices, including those of John Burgee, Raj P. Ahuja (a third partner in the firm), and Mr. Johnson. On Mr. J.'s walls are twelve Pop Art drawings by Edward Ruscha, in bright colors and offering such bright messages as "IT'S ABOUT TIME," "CITY," "WATER," "SOME PRETTY EYES AND SOME ELECTRIC BILLS." Mr. J. sits at a round Venturi-designed table with a black granite top. Scattered around near the table are several Venturi bent-plywood chairs, like those in his apartment. On the table in front of him Mr. J. holds his effects down to a multi-push-button telephone that he does not know how to operate ("My intercom is opening that door and yelling"), a Josef Hoffmann-designed bronze pencil holder containing a few No. 2 Black Warriors, and a roll of yellow tracing paper. He has a splendid view of part of Third Avenue. ("I was in the Seagram Building for twenty-five years, on the thirty-seventh floor. I got tired of being on top. It's cheaper and better here. Now

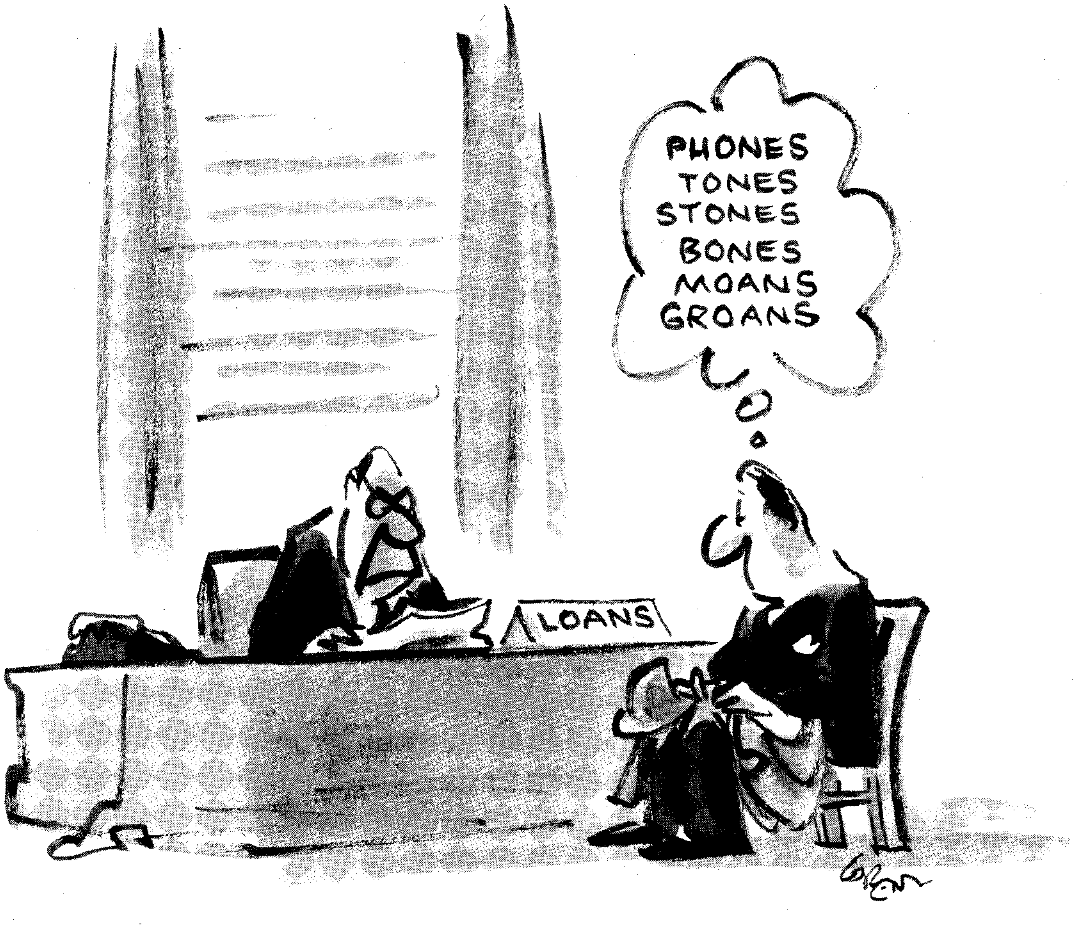
I look out and see the Hot Dog Express, the Fotomat, a pizza shop, and George's Shoe Repair. I love it. It's part of the New York scene.")

In addition to working on designs for buildings, and on buildings currently in progress, in Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Denver, Los Angeles, New Orleans, New York, San Francisco, and Washington, Mr. J. carries on a high-powered social life and travels on the international scene. Last month, within a period of sixteen days he squeezed in a couple of round trips on the Concorde to London, taking along Mr. Burgee and a young associate. Purpose: to nail down a job designing buildings of a million and a half square feet on the ten-acre site of what will be known as London Bridge City—by the Thames, opposite the Tower of London. ("I stayed at the Savoy, and through my window I could see nine bridges over the river. How's that as a perch to sit on and dream?")

With all this on his agenda, Mr. J. responded in the affirmative recently when Benjamin Duke Holloway, chairman and C.E.O. of the Equitable Real Estate Group, Inc.—one of the big outfits that dominate the financing of worldwide construction and decide what architecture they want for what the rest of us will have built around us—asked him to design a new building that might replace part of the complex of structures of the General Theological Seminary of the Episcopal Church, in Chelsea, at Twenty-first Street and Ninth Avenue. Mr. Holloway, besides pursuing his Equitable interests, does many good works with museums, arts societies, and universities and also does a lot of work as a Cathedral Trustee of St. John the Divine and chairman of the Cathedral Building and Conservation Fund, and as a member of the vestry of Trinity Church, which once housed the seminary. So Mr. J. left his posh and modern and pop and busy hangouts and went down to Chelsea and took a good look at the buildings of the seminary, which was founded in 1817. Eight years later, it moved to its present site—land that was a gift of Clement Clarke Moore, a professor of Biblical languages at the seminary, who is famous for his poem "A Visit from St. Nicholas," written in 1822 for his children.

At first, Mr. J. stood for a while on the southeast corner of Ninth Avenue and Twenty-first Street, looking across the street at the building Mr. Holloway wanted replaced—a four-story brick-and-concrete strictly nineteen-sixties-ugly façade running the full block to Twentieth Street—which now shelters the theological library (over two hundred thousand volumes) and some administrative offices. He studied a low concrete building appended to it on the south, which houses the dean and his family. He walked through the library building and out the other side into an astonishingly serene quadrangle, insulated against the Ninth Avenue traffic noise and studded with large old oaks, maples, and ginkgoes, that was eerily reminiscent of an Oxford college quadrangle. ("You get a feeling for this period, and its grammar.") Across the quadrangle stood the chapel, of dark-red brick, with four turrets and a square tower, modelled loosely on the chapel at Magdalen College, Oxford. (The chimes in the tower are still hand-pulled, usually by student chimers.) Mr. J. returned to Twenty-first Street and walked along the north side of the street to Tenth Avenue. He passed some landmarked early-nineteenth-century stone town houses, several with small English-style gardens unfenced and unprotected but, miraculously, alive and well. ("There's a lovely sense of welcoming on the block.") He looked sadly at one house, which was of sloppily set brick rather than stone, and lacked nice window frames and other detailing. ("This one is from the late nineteen-twenties. The money went down, and so did the architecture. Again, today, we're in a very peculiar period in architecture. We have no geniuses. No Mies van der Rohes or Frank Lloyd Wrights.") On the seminary side, in the middle of the block, Mr. J. studied a seedy, patched-up old building containing living quarters for the students, scrutinizing its windows, its attic, its roof. Then he walked back to the quadrangle and looked again at the chapel and its tower.

The following Friday, Mr. J. went, as he usually does on Friday, to his Glass House, in the country. ("It's the only place I can work—away from a telephone. And I can watch 'Dallas' in peace.") Over



"Tomorrow will be a confusing seventy-two degrees."

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the weekend, he made pencil sketches for Mr. Holloway, and on the following Monday he worked with one of the young draftsmen in his office (the customary procedure) on the details. ("Raise this, lower that," etc.) Over the next three weekends, he worked on developing the drawing, each time obtaining a new hard-line drawing. Then another young architect in the office did the final perspective rendering, eighteen inches by twenty-four inches, and mounted it on a foam-core board.

With the rendering, wrapped in brown paper, under his arm, Mr. Johnson set out rapidly from his office the other day for the office of Mr. Holloway, who works on the forty-sixth floor of the new Equitable Tower, in what is known as the Equitable Center—the entire block between Sixth and Seventh Avenues and Fifty-first and Fifty-second Streets. The center consists of two enormous buildings—the Equitable Tower and the PaineWebber Building—neither of which was designed by Mr. Johnson. In addition to Equitable and other business offices, it houses a branch of the Whitney Museum of American Art and the PaineWebber Gallery. There is also name art in the public spaces—murals by Roy Lichtenstein and Thomas Hart Benton, sculptures by Paul Manship and Barry Flanagan—and more and more on the private walls. The crown of the Equitable Tower has arched windows that are fifty-three feet high, and the conference room up there—containing a thirty-foot-diameter mahogany table and, around it, thirty chairs of brown leather on polished-brass bases with casters—looks like an imperial Roman bath with a barrel-vaulted ceiling.

Mr. Holloway had a lot of stuff around in his private office, too, whose window afforded a panoramic view to the west of everything from the Palisades to Yellowstone National Park. Mr. Holloway is a cheerful, rotund gentleman of sixty-one, and he was wearing a corporate-blue suit with appropriate dark tie and white shirt.

"Hey, Philip!" Mr. Holloway said heartily, shaking Mr. J.'s hand.

"Nice to see you again," Mr. J. said with a sudden shyness, clutching his package and looking deferentially at the C.E.O. of Equitable Real Estate.

"Philip, want to put this thing down?" Mr. Holloway said, taking the package decisively away from Mr. J. and putting it on a low table.

Mr. Johnson somewhat nervously unwrapped the package. "There's your new building," he said to Mr. Holloway.

"Hey, Philip," Mr. Holloway said, showing a kind of deadpan response for a few moments as he looked at the rendering—echoes of the chapel in an eighteen-story building, with gables, and with windows in the style of some of the buildings of the seminary.

"It might be limestone and a modern version of a Victorian High Gothic gabled building," Mr. J. said.

"You draw a beautiful set of plans," Mr. Holloway said, and gave him a nice, cheerful smile.

"It's extraordinary, because it's all within the present New York City code restrictions. No slope-factor problem. No problems at all, the way it's designed."

"Philip, I love it," Mr. Holloway said. "You do beautiful architectural drawings. It's a great solution, it's really wonderful, Philip."

"It's Gothic," Mr. Johnson said. "But it's an office building, in the spirit of St. John the Divine."

"And it's completely symmetrical," Mr. Holloway said.

"This is *my* contribution to the church," Mr. Johnson said, and added, "This is my Christmas present to you."

"This is what I wanted. A vision. Your vision," Mr. Holloway said, and added, "I know I'm in business, but I want this to be right."

"This may be strictly romantic," Mr. Johnson said. "We have two hundred thousand square feet here, eighteen stories, at a hundred and fifty dollars a square foot. Thirty million dollars."

Mr. Holloway looked blankly out the window at Yellowstone.

"When you know you don't necessarily have to build it, you can take a few liberties," Mr. Johnson said.

"Maybe we could prefabricate it," Mr. Holloway said.

"Maybe," Mr. Johnson said thoughtfully, and added quickly, "The last architect who was able to do exactly what he wanted, have it all his own way, was Imhotep, Third Dynasty, circa 2780-2680 B.C."

FOR REAL

I WAS in the dressing rooms, comfortable in my star's chair, a late evening in October. We had taped three shows. My lounge chair was upholstered in citrus-green fabric. My section of the studio dressing rooms was all lollipop colors, in case a Cub Scout troop or something came through.

I was alone, confronting a window. I could see lights around the Dutch Pantry restaurant, and a single truck enduring the horrific eastbound uphill grade on the Pennsylvania Turnpike. Beyond that, the mountains—which were florid in the autumn daylight—had darkened to a hostile black-green, as if they were closed for the night to visitors. Their pointy peaks were brushed with beautiful cloud smoke, though, and on the piece of Lake Doe that I could see there lay a startling reflection of the night's quarter moon.

I was Boffo, the girl clown, who hosted Channel 22's "Midday Matinee." We ran old bad movies on the "M.M."—or worse: old TV pilot shows we passed off as movies. My job was to ridicule the films and gibe at our sponsors, so the viewers at least would have something to smile about. The job was complicated. I felt tested, whenever the cameras were aimed at me, to improve the little monologues and jokes I had written—to act funny, as if I was really Boffo.

Three years of playing her had told on my face. I used an expensive, hypo-allergenic clown white that I special-ordered from Chicago, but my complexion was coarsening. My wigs were coral-pink acrylic, with tubes for hair; I wore a skullcap, under which I had to keep my real hair cropped short—an inch or so at most. The fact was, I never wanted to be a clown. I hadn't gone to clown school in Florida or anything, but I'd studied broadcast journalism here at our own Penn State. I didn't even particularly like circuses. I was pushed into the job by management.

Gradually, two things happened. I stopped feeling so reduced by the clown suit. The first months, putting on the nose and wig and the purple gloves with gigantic gauntlet-style cuffs, I had always winced and apologized repeatedly to myself. I got around that by deciding one day that the suit was only a disguise—something to do with my act, not me. *I* hadn't invented Boffo or her costume. What else happened was that I became convincing, actually pretty good at playing her. Also, I grabbed a crazy amount of pay.

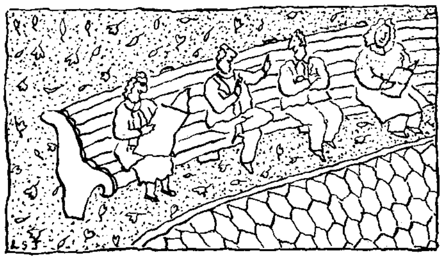
I came back from the window and tried to call Dieter, using the special oversize clown telephone near my chair. I had to thump the out-call tablet four times, because Channel 22's phone system was no better than its movie library. Arranging the receiver so it didn't touch my greased cheek (I had another show to tape, so I was still in full Boffo gear), I tapped off Dieter's number. In the mirror, my cheek was porous and as white as a sheet of rag paper. While Dieter's telephone rang, I found myself trying to loosen some of the coils in my phone's exaggerated wire cording. I permitted ten rings. No Dieter. "*Wo ist Dieter*?" I asked myself.

Dieter was the only guy I bedded with just then. He was a few years my junior—a recent college grad, in fact—which was Part One of the problem. He was employed by the Channel 22 news department. He was all set, as long as his student visa remained valid, which it wouldn't for long. Dieter was a West German citizen, and he was going to get shipped nicely back there soon if he didn't come up with a legal reason to stay.

"So what the goddam hell is this not-there jazz?" I asked in my shrill Boffo voice. I often reverted to character when I was in clown rig. I pretended to abuse the enormous receiver, throttling it before I dropped it back onto its rest. "Dieter is always home *in die Nacht*. *Nacht* is ven the news happens!"

Dieter wanted to marry me, and plenty of times I had agreed, so he could stay on in the States. But I didn't want to marry Dieter, really, and that was Part Two of the problem: he knew.

I made fun of him a lot, for being such a tidy person and so formal-acting. He wore starchy white shirts always, with cufflinks. The line in his side-parted hair was ever straight. "*Was ist das*?" I would say to him. "Did you use a slide rule and a T-square to get that straight a part? It's centered perfectly over your left eye!" An outsider might think I treated him condescendingly, but I wasn't asking any outsiders.



I plucked up four rubber balls and juggled them. I flapped my Stars and Stripes shoe, as long as a diver's fin, on the tile. I got a rhythm going with the soft pops of the rubber balls and the splat of my shoe. That's what I was doing—that and worrying about Dieter—when Terrence, the floor director, opened the dressing-room door and said, "We need you for the spot."

"See the moon?" I asked Terrence.

The spot was a little promo for a coming show. Out in the studio, I stood where they told me to, before Cary Williams' camera. I juggled the balls and kept slapping my shoe.

Terrence said, "Three, two, one," and pointed to me before he was distracted by something happening over his headset. We waited.

I liked Cary Williams, the cameraman. He was in his fifties, dimpled and shy, with an impossible laugh. I said, "Hey, *hi!*—it's Boffo. For tomorrow—whoa, brother. We've got a movie that'll bring up your breakfast, brunch, lunch, *and* dinner. And next you'll get to hear me read a medical review on toxic-shock syndrome. Lastly, we'll have a visit from Sam and Janet. Sam and Janet who?"

Pete, who was holding up the cue card, said flatly, "Sam and Janet evening." That was our oldest joke.

"Yeah, yeah, could we just do it right once?" asked Terrence.

I peeked around the trunk of Cary Williams' camera. He was not even smiling. I said, "If I had to do it right, I'd quit."

I HAD a pretty comfy condo, with a view of the mountains and Lake Doe. When I was home there, nobody knew I was Boffo the clown. Tonight, because of a flood watch and drenched roads, Dieter was staying over.

I got into bed with him, but also with a vinyl-bound notebook that I balanced against my knees. I tried writing some material—just dumb puns and so on—for a Gregory Peck movie we had scheduled. The film also had Virginia Mayo in it, so I was goofing around with "Ham on rye, Greg, and hold the mayo," and variations of that kind of low-grade snorter.

I couldn't get much written. I was too conscious of Dieter and how much more convenient the future would be if I loved him some, or at all. He was sharp-looking enough—cool-faced, with a romantic broken nose, from being a wrestler for a while in college. He had a slippery grin that was a trick to summon.

"Laugh, Dieter! This is honestly funny, and I'll think more of you," I'd tell him sometimes as he helped me get dressed. He'd hold up the big stiff costume while I boxed my way into it. Then he'd steady me, so I could fold myself way over to strap on the floppy, dazzling shoes.

"Right, *ja*," he'd say, his face entirely sober.

He tried especially hard whenever we watched a taped "Midday Matinee" rerun together. But he always failed because he didn't have the same references. At first, I figured I'd just catch Dieter up—give him the lowdown on somebody like Charlton Heston and why it was a pleasure to crack on the guy. But it wouldn't have done much good.

Other times, too, Dieter kept missing the jokes. In the supermarket, when I was helping him shop, he'd look down and see that I had slipped nine or ten packages of pigs' feet into the basket. If Dieter knew this was odd, he didn't know it was funny.

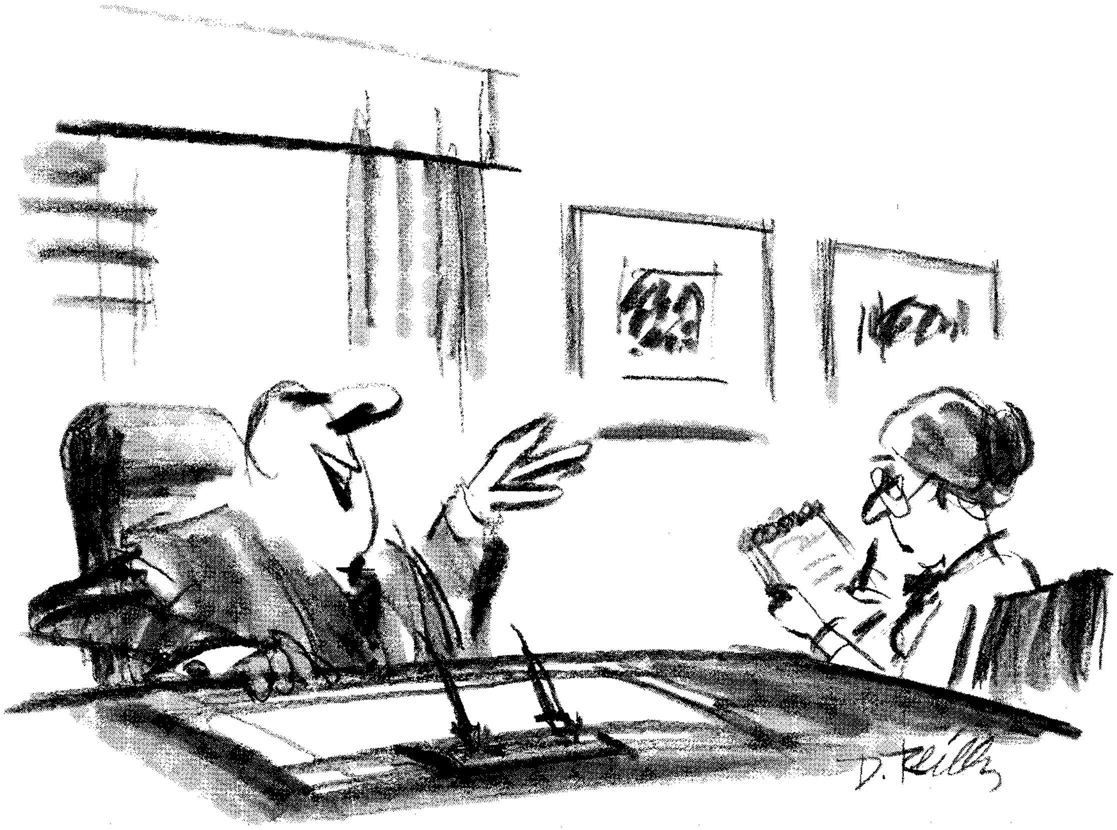
And then, *Dieter* would do things, himself, that to me were a laugh but they weren't to him. I mean, I've never been to West Germany but there must be less space there. Because Dieter would go into a coffee shop or someplace like that and walk right up to a booth where a couple of people were already sitting, and he'd *join* them. He'd just sit there and read his newspaper, or he'd start a conversation. I'd hear him calling them "*Meine Herren*" or "*Gnädiges Fräulein*"—"Your Lordships" and "Gracious Lady"—and then I'd discover they'd never met before!

A scary thing about marrying Dieter was that it could also mean three years of being spied upon. We'd have to be completely true to each other and very intimate, because I had heard awful stories of immigration inspectors doing spot checks, or calling in one member of a couple like us and asking all manner of personal questions. What's her perfume? What color towels were in your bathroom this morning? What was she wearing when she left the house this morning?

I squinted now at Dieter and asked him, "What's my favorite perfume, that you see me putting on all the time?"

He shrugged. He said yellow-colored—"*Gelb*."

"Dieter, that's all," I said, and rocked my head on my pillow. "We are doomed!" I threw my Boffo jokes notebook into the corner. "*Ich bin müde*," I said. "I am ge-sleepy."



"And in conclusion, the same to you, with knobs on. Yours, et cetera, et cetera."

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I WATCHED through a separation in the draperies while Dieter parallel-parked his car in the condo driveport. The wipers quit when he killed the engine. He didn't get out of his car right away, so I waited some more in my foyer. I ended up taking a place on the little settee there, waiting for Dieter to ring my doorbell—after which he would bow and usually shake my hand before he kissed me hello and finally came inside.

Today, I rushed him through all that. I pulled his angora scarf away and kissed his throat. I held his rain-chilly face between my hands and kissed him some more, although he hadn't even taken off his perfect topcoat. Today, I wasn't going to put up with fussiness. We were going right into action, and this time that would change my heart.

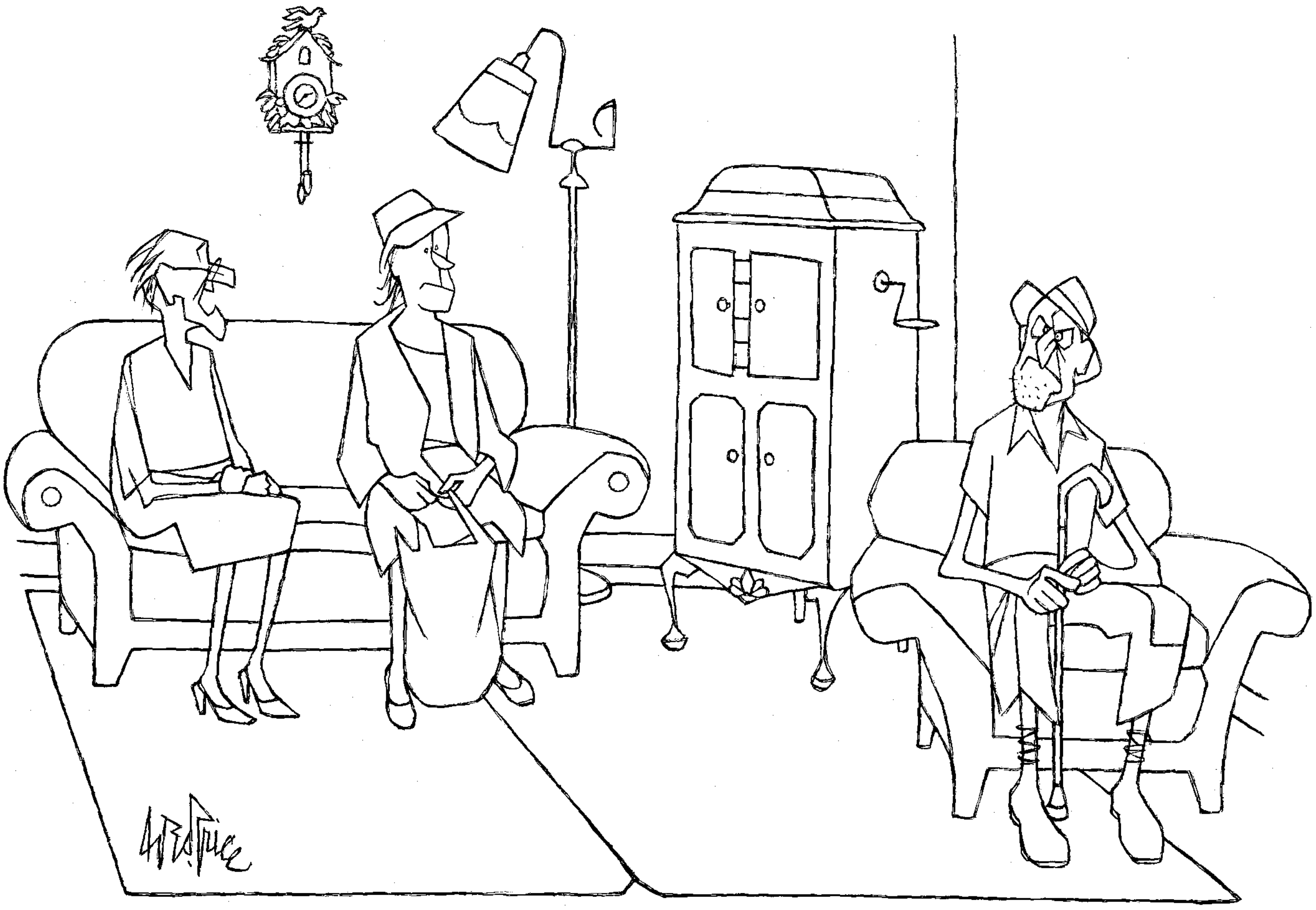
But this was Halloween. Dieter had a gift for me, and, he said, hopeful news. His gift was a gold locket. The locket was pricey, I sensed, but there was no photo. "Hey, it's Claude Rains," I said.

Dieter gave me a tilted head, a curious look. At last he said, " 'The Invisible Man'? Because in my locket there is no *Lichtbild*—photograph?"

"Way to go, Dieter! That's exactly correct. How'd you get that?" I clapped him on the back in congratulation.

He also had a box of candy for me. He had signed the card, "On Halloween, to my clown."

I slowed up and made coffee for



"He doesn't say much, but he bristles a lot."

• •

us. We sat by the fire I had laid earlier. Our view through the bow window at the end of the living room was of mountains and the lake, more brilliant than ever, against an ashy sky.

The fire rustled busily and we sampled some of my chocolates. "So far, I've had bad draws," I said. "A cream thing and an orange center, and now this one is jelly."

Dieter's eyebrows went up. It occurred to me to tell him about Halloween candy: chicken corn and those tiny orange pumpkins. I decided the info wouldn't have much utility. I also wanted to hear Dieter's hopeful news.

It turned out he had been to the lawyer's. There was a chance that Dieter could get a job as a translator for an international news service. He was smart. He could read six or seven languages. The catch would be convincing an immigration inquiry board that he wasn't taking the job away from a qualified American. Dieter said he'd have to prove he was the only person qualified. But I was still bent on seducing Dieter and falling in love with him. I stood him up and kissed him hard, no doubt tasting of raspberry jelly.

I WATCHED the red light on Cary Williams' camera and held for the noise of the five-second buzzer. I had been on the set only an hour and the wig was toasting my scalp. I didn't usually admit this even to myself, since it wasn't a solvable problem. What I did mind was that my cheeks were pasty and stiff because my whiteface had dried to chalk. Like an idiot, I had left my makeup kit in my car trunk overnight. Instead of floods recently, we'd had a snap of fearsome cold—excessive for November. At night, in the car trunk, some of my Boffo cosmetics had actually turned to ice.

The Halloween visit was our last serious get-together, Dieter had announced. He hoped he'd be around town, maybe still be my friend, but he said he couldn't go through with a marriage—because, he said, I *shouldn't*, not out of simple good will. He had asked me a question I couldn't exactly answer: "What if you fall in love with somevun for real?" He said I couldn't be with the hypothetical him for three long years.

I spoke the movie's lead-in now. The card on Dieter's candy box had said, "To my clown," hadn't it? The few times I had got to Dieter, he had a barking, punctuating laugh that would have been an incentive to me, I guessed, had I heard it more often. It would have helped me be funnier. I probably hadn't been funny lately, I realized, even on Boffo's level, because I'd been shoring up all my energies while I aimed at being a better person than I was.

I interrupted the movie's intro. I said to Cary Williams' camera, "Excuse me, viewers? Ladies and germs? You've been being cheated, in all truth. You've been seeing a lazy job of Boffo. But stay watching. We're about to press the pedal to the floor. We're about to do it right."

On the set there, that got a laugh.

—MARY ROBISON

POSTMERIDIAN

I

After the morning has cut the sediment of night
with luminous acids, here is the afternoon
slowly recovering, getting heavier
feeding on the general tiredness.
Here is the afternoon with its look
of a middle-aged woman who once
committed a crime, long ago,
never discovered, forgotten, of no consequence;
she now passes, always unnoticed.
Most people sleep, or feel, even
while still at work, their gestures slow motion.
The afternoon passes among them, through them,
moving its heavy haunches.

II

The great rest, the great parties, the great solitudes
take place at night, when one possesses time,
when, after work, time finds itself
in the man in the North Rail Station,
in the woman in the South Rail Station,
in the deaf-mutes in the restaurant,
whose quiet liveliness does not contaminate anyone,
in a certain nuptial room,
in a certain attitude of sleep,
in a particular dream in the shape of a rhombus.

III

The afternoon is intermediary time.
Those who love lack the courage to show themselves.
Those who are loved let themselves be waited for.
Waiting expands chairs,
flattens the telephone,
the walls become pneumatic;
you hit your head against them in vain; it doesn't hurt—
the entire universe is anesthetized.

Those who love ring the doorbell, and when you open
there is nobody there; somebody ran away leaving behind
a delicate ectoplasm which disappears
if you breathe too heavily.
And so, between those who left and those who did not come,
you stand frozen, disfigured,
tattooed on the air.

IV

In the afternoon, the cobras sleep.
In their long slumber only the venom stays awake,
like a violet light bulb.
The lions with their wise jaws sleep.
In the sky, the pale soul of the stars.
In the alphabet, the letter "M," the letter "N,"
closely embraced, sleep.

V

Postmeridian—take care:
day is half gone; you've already forgotten
the sparkling thorns of sunrise;
the speed of light in the tree's spine
now has passed its peak.
After the cold waters of dawn sculpted you,
experience was deposited on your body
in thin layers, invisible.

VI

If you could live
the tea hours, the coffee hours,
the tranquil sound of cups,
if you could conceive of the fragile amber hours,
the afternoon of an old family in an old century
altered by a romantic memory,
if only you would resist the horror
of seeing your face in the cupful
of tea, burning in the flames of Hell.

Or, in the later afternoon hours,
have you ever seen the sudden rain of wrinkles
falling on your visitor's cheek?
It is as if the light's decline
would first test its victim,
then abandon it without going for the kill,
leaving it terrorized for the rest of its life.
And you who watch say nothing,
only ask yourself if the same mass of wrinkles,
like a living creature, didn't throb for an instant
on your own face. You do something, anything—
for example, light a cigarette—
and, finally, twilight saves you.

Finally, the air is cool, like the body after love.
The vapors of premonition are lost.
The afternoon moves to the other side of the globe,
with its aspect of a middle-aged woman,
each hand carrying a loaded shopping bag.
Who knows what they contain? Maybe flour,
  maybe raw meat.
In any case, some bloody streaks were observed
  in her wake,
in the railway station, in the lion's eye,
in the cup of tea. Don't worry about it now.
From the newspapers, tomorrow,
we'll find out what really happened.

—Nina Cassian

(*Translated, from the Rumanian, by the author, Cristian Andrei, and Naomi Lazard.*)

ANOTHER PARTY

Dee Kilmartin, who used to give a lot of parties, was lonely this past winter. Lonely for the first time since boarding school, said Liz Quirk, who always sounded as if she knew what she was talking about. Of course, everyone is lonely and unhappy as a teen-ager. Look at "young adult" novels: kids locked up, jeered at, tormented, abused, and abandoned. No doubt such books are a great comfort to suffering youth. Unfortunately, there is no ready-made literary equivalent for those around thirty who have lost their friends by moving uptown, which is what happened to Dee. An editorial job at a fine-arts press up on Riverside Drive, a deal on a co-op nearby: it must have looked good at first. She couldn't know then that she might as well have moved to an Air Force base overseas; the place was that isolated.

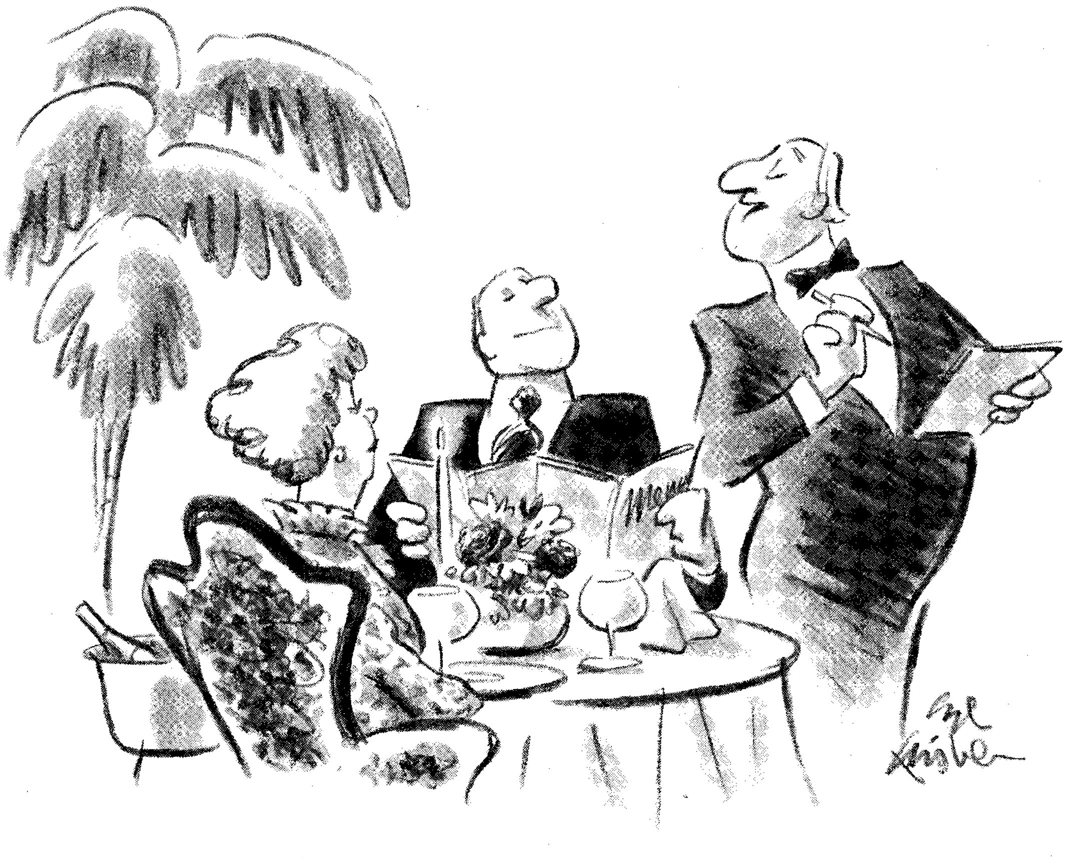
It used to be a standard joke that you couldn't walk a block with Dee Kilmartin before someone would come up and say hello to her. Up there, even though her new job was partly social (fund-raising; she grew up with money), she apparently never ran into anyone. Liz said that when she was with Dee a couple of weeks after her move, a man with a mustache approached them outside a fruit-and-vegetable market. Dee's arms were full of packages; she put on her smile, and Liz thought, This is the same old Dee after all. But the fellow must have mistaken her for someone else, because he excused himself, and she was left smiling at his back.

Liz told me all this at a Valentine's Day party given in a railroad apartment on St. Marks Place. I was lonely myself, because my friend Cole had been sent to his paper's Paris office to cover fashion, so I asked, "Why doesn't she give one of her parties, then? I miss them."

Liz looked around, obviously about to say that we were *at* a party. But, really, it hardly deserved the name—someone in front of us was pricing earrings in a magazine—so instead she said, "Dee claims it would be no use; no one will come that far uptown."

"It is awfully far away," I said with regret. Dee Kilmartin's parties had been special. Afterward someone would always say, "No one went home alone," which, although not literally true, best summed up the splendid complications that resulted.

After the party on St. Marks Place, all Liz said was "Did you notice that even our hostess disappeared for most of the evening?" We'd escaped to the bar of the Chinese restaurant around the corner, where, a drink later, a guy told me my eyes were "Veronese green." This piqued my curiosity more than the guy himself did, so the next day I called Dee, who knew all about dead painters. I hadn't talked to her in months, but she sounded her usual unruffled self when she told me that the emerald green named after Veronese had never in fact been used by him. "Emerald green?" I said. "Not exactly the color of my eyes," and she said, "No," and I said, "Everybody, absolutely everybody is a charlatan." One remark led to another, and we agreed to meet at the Met to check out the Veroneses. Since I was between jobs (I design book jackets, mainly), I had a lot of extra time, and it wasn't until I hung up that I realized Dee would be leaving work early to join me.



"For your convenience, sir, the items starred are dishes associated with success, riches, power, and the like."

I GOT a little nervous when I first caught sight of Dee in that big entrance hall. I was light-headed, anyway, from being on the upper East Side, where everything is so clean and tall that your forehead somehow rises to join in. Also, she looked odd—still quite solid but sort of shucked—because I had hardly ever seen her alone. She tended to move in crowds, bridging gaps in conversations or jumping into them aslant. It was almost a relief for me when, within minutes of our greeting, some kind of spasm passed over her face, she murmured, "Oh, my God," and swung her head around and down, saying, "It's the Mask Woman."

"The Mask Woman?" I whispered.

"Did she see me?" Dee asked her hands.

"I don't even know who you mean," I said.

Then I saw at the

AIRPORT →
(NOT THE MOVIE)

entrance a woman in a stylishly oversize red shirt and a long peach skirt slit halfway up the back. She was just turning around to talk to a young man behind her. I could see him full-face, and he looked sick: white face, bluish lips, purplish cast to his eyelids. But for me the woman's clothes were more disturbing. Because red and peach look so strange together, I would never wear the combination in public, but I do have a red bathrobe and a peach slip, so those are the colors I see most often when I am essentially undressed.

"Don't just stand there," said Dee, and I followed her around a corner, into a passageway of statues and sarcophagi. We stood in front of some stone heads on pedestals as Dee explained, "I had dinner with her once. Fredericka knew someone I worked with before I quit my job here, and she was supposed to talk to me about—well, I forget what. Instead, all she did all night was attack me for hiding my feelings. What was I supposed to do then? Cry?"

"Fredericka is her name?"

Dee nodded. "Fredericka Ackerly. But to me she will always be the Mask Woman. Every time I saw her after that, she said I was wearing a mask." This was not such a terrifically bad description of Dee Kilmartin's face right then; her smile was still the one she put on and took off all the time for strangers, as if it were a hat that fit too tight.

"Who was that with her?"

Dee shrugged.

"She certainly likes them young," I said.

"Here she comes," cried Dee in despair.

Sure enough, the Mask Woman was striding toward us, holding out one hand, trailing the boy a half step behind her.

"How pleasant to run into you," said Dee through set teeth.

"It's so hard to tell if you mean that," said Fredericka in a deep, thrilling voice.

Dee introduced me by my first name—Rosemary—but got no further before Fredericka gestured at the kid, gold bracelets clanking. "This is my son, Frederick. He has such a feel for artistic honesty that I hate to go anywhere like this without him."

Frederick—now quite obviously just a teen-aged boy—looked at us with hate, jammed his hands in his pockets, and walked across the room to another, larger head on a pedestal.

"Frederick *finds* the social amenities exhausting," said his mother, smiling.

"I didn't know you had a son," said Dee.

"Yes you did."

Even the courteous Dee Kilmartin did not know quite how to respond to that. "I did?"

"I'm sure you knew. It's fascinating what people block from their minds," the Mask Woman said. She had a way of rocking her head back and forth, as if agreeing with herself.

I slipped away with downcast eyes, but Dee didn't follow. With her frozen expression, squarish skirt, and long, dotted scarf, she looked like some exotic butterfly pinned to a board.

Eventually I reached the boy, Frederick, who was still standing in front of the same head. He didn't turn even when I joined him, although I moved in quite close. From there I could tell that he wasn't looking at the head itself but at the pedestal, or maybe the floor. After a few moments I said, "Do you like this one?"

"They practiced human sacrifice," he said.

I said, "The Romans? That's not really true, is it?"

Frederick turned on his heels and disappeared toward the entrance hall.

"Oh, Frederick, honey," called Fredericka from the center of the room. She waved a business card over her head as if to flag him down, then handed it to Dee. "Remember," she said. "This is only for the *real you* to use. I don't want to talk to any old mask." Then she walked quickly after her son.

"Frederick and Fredericka?" I said to Dee when they were out of sight.

"It makes him sound like her toy, doesn't it?" said Dee. "But she's not much older than we are. Mid-thirties at the absolute most."

"What does she do?"

"I think she's divorced."

"Let's at least see a Veronese," I said, and we climbed the two flights of wide stone stairs in silence. At the top of the second, Dee said, "I got a Christmas card from Ken Stoval's parents"—Ken Stoval was a guy she'd gone out with a couple of times who'd turned out to be secretly engaged to someone else—"and Ken and that brother of his who has also reproduced were photographed with their kids, but the two unmarried sisters were just listed at the end." She shook her head with distaste.

"When was the last time you saw him?" I asked.

"Seven years ago. That's one heartache I consider legally dead."

Dee found Veronese's "Mars and Venus United by Love" right off. "He was probably about forty-eight years old when he painted it," she said, and we kind of exchanged a look. To the right of the Veronese was a Tintoretto. "Twenty-two," said Dee. We sighed and exchanged another look.

I was at the next painting first. "This is better," I said. "Sixty-seven."

And so we went down the wall: "Fifty-two." "Between twenty-one and twenty-three." "Twenty-two again." This last was a Titian, and Dee said with great satisfaction, "It's not even a real Titian yet. There's no *glow*."

We went around the corner and through the other rooms in a flurry of figuring. In front of a Watteau (between thirty-four and thirty-six) Dee said, "You don't think she's right, do you?"

"Who's right?"

"Fredericka. About me. About the mask."

"You can't be serious," I said.

"I'VE got the perfect cure for all ills," Dee announced when she called a week later. "We're going to sit in the Matisse room at the Museum of Modern Art. It's the most cheerful room in the city." But we'd barely gotten to the second floor before we were at it again: thirty-three; forty-five; seventy-two. This time, though, there were more people around to overhear us, and we didn't find the whole process quite so entertaining. By the time we stopped in the bright, airy snack bar, we'd gotten downright subdued, and the oddness of being alone with Dee returned. It was as if she were a stranger, when in fact I'd known her for nearly a decade.

"So when are *you* going to have another party?" I asked quickly, as soon as we sat down. The floor was a speckled black and white, like the cover of a composition book.

Dee of course said she lived too far away.

I said, "A. Douglas Jackson drives ten hours every weekend to and from someplace upstate."

"So I heard," said Dee. "I also heard he just changed his name to Doug Buckland."

"You're kidding. Where did he get that?"

Dee made a face. "Imagine a party full of Doug Bucklands."

She sat up straight even when she was sipping coffee. Down her back ran a French braid; long, stiff, nubbed, it looked like an extra spine and made her posture seem even more correct than it was. Her face was broad, flat, high-cheeked; it was Midwestern, stubborn, very pioneer-looking. She was not the sort of person you wanted to argue with.

"Besides which," she added, "we're too old. There's no one left to meet."

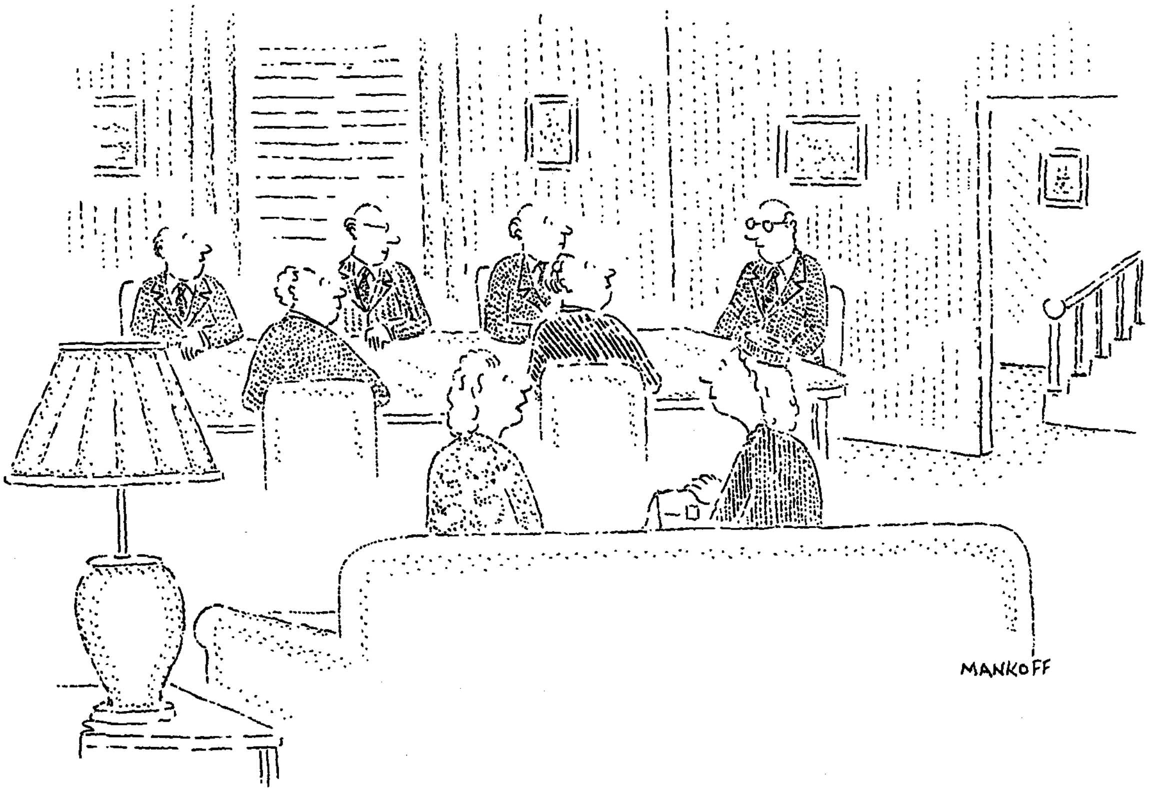
Because of this and like exchanges, I did not at first consider our outing a great success, but evidently Dee did, because suddenly she and I were seeing each other for drinks quite a lot, considering how far away she lived. Liz Quirk had—as usual—exaggerated the situation a little: Dee could hardly have lost *all* her friends in the move uptown; I'd occasionally hear what a guy said to her at the theatre or some other place frequented by couples. Also, Liz Quirk quite out of the blue mentioned the age calculations to me, so Dee must have described them to her. Still, you could tell that Dee was basically lonely—partly because she had a new way of talking about what was said to her a few days earlier and where she went last weekend, as if it all had taken place a long time ago. And partly because—well, who wasn't?

I don't know what had happened to everybody. Cole, of course, was in Paris. And Liz was usually waiting in a public place for a friend she referred to as the Soap Star—obscurely, since he wasn't even an actor; he worked at a magazine. But no number of individual fates could account for the crowds of people that seemed to have disappeared. The only solution was a party; I just had to make Dee see that. So, at a lunch place in a cellar near Times Square—it had a great jukebox and it was halfway between us—I said to her, "Remember the time we ended up hitching a ride with a garbage truck as the sun came up? You and Curtis were both hanging on to the driver's door flirting with the guy inside."

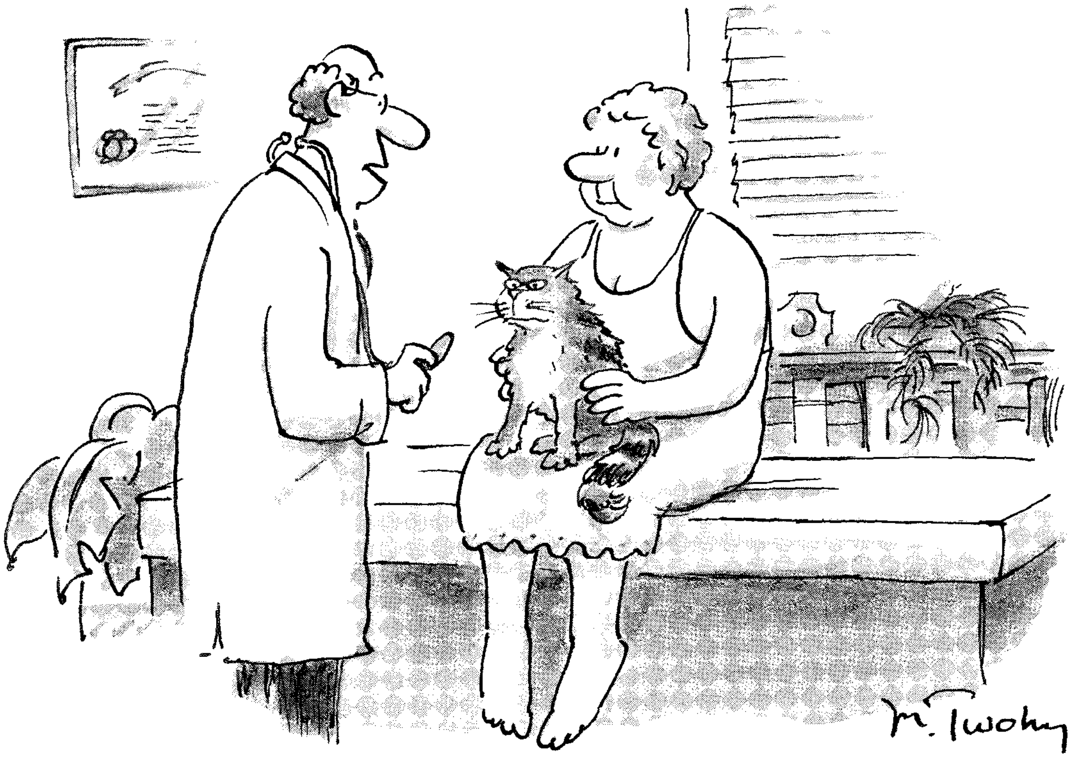
"I really don't flirt, you know," said Dee. She was cutting a wedge of strawberry pie into tiny pieces.

"Look, I was there."

Dee glanced up,



"Edmund works at home."



"You both appear to be in excellent health."

pleased. "Maybe I was flirting just a little," she said. "He was awfully cute."

"And remember when Eileen was making out with some fellow on the edge of the tub and they discovered her date passed out behind the shower curtain?"

"You were there, too?" Dee asked.

"Well, I heard the screams."

But Dee Kilmartin wasn't having any of it. "I remember. You were still talking to Curtis, right? But then he left the party with that guy you were after." She waved her plastic knife. "Who was he, anyway? Didn't he live in Eileen's building?"

"Oh, Dee," I said. "How should I know?" But she got what she wanted: I shut up. I watched her finish her pie.

THERE'S a special sort of pang you get when you realize that you aren't going to learn seven languages, and that there are countries you won't ever visit, and that somehow through the years you've turned into a specific sort of person. Liz Quirk told me once that she'd dreamed she died in her apartment. She said, "What's worse, I have such a good deal on this place that the dream isn't just anxiety, it's prophecy." I at least had had sublets for seven years, but perhaps that was even worse: I would eat off strange plates forever.

"Think of all the things that could happen at a party," I said on the phone to Dee around the time of the Derby (colts and fillies—all, of course, aged three).

"I can't think about that right now," she said. "I'm going to be away next week."

"Where?"

"Nowhere real. It's for business. But Fred's going to be staying in my apartment."

"Fred?" I asked.

"You know, Fredericka's son. Apparently someone told her I was going away, and she and the kid need a vacation from each other."

"Oh, you mean the Mask Woman. You call him Fred?"

"He prefers it to Frederick. Many Fredericks do."

I admit I didn't think a whole lot about this call. I had made a new friend named Judy Schooler, who instantly took up lots of my time. Although Dee and I didn't always talk about parties, the topics of our conversations did tend to be limited, so I assumed that despite her isolation Dee must still have other, better friends with whom she discussed everything else. Judy gave the opposite impression: no one was closer to her than you. She had a way of compressing her voice—a subtler equivalent of leaning forward and whispering—even if she was telling you nothing more than the best way to lock up your apartment. I give up facts about myself only one at a time, but I don't think Judy even noticed how reticent I was, so I made a friend in spite of myself. And soon it became clear that in the meantime Dee Kilmartin had made a new friend, too.

It couldn't have been more than a month after her trip that she invited me up to a reception for an illuminated-manuscript something or other. I dropped by the restaurant with calculated enthusiasm (could this be a run-through for a party?), and there he was: Frederick Ackerly, dancing up to Dee, exclaiming, "They've got color Xeroxing next door!"

How *old* was this kid? But at least his disposition had improved. He showed Dee some sheets of paper, and the two of them smiled at each other as she leafed through them. With Dee, he somehow passed for a normal human being, despite the purple hoods on his eyes. And he had a nice, three-noted, oboe-like laugh. Before I left, Dee told me she'd hired him as a messenger; he would be working for the press a few hours a week through July and August. I wondered what it would be like to know someone so young. I thought of the advice I could pass on. (Make ice cubes from hot water, and they won't get cloudy.)

I spoke to Dee only once more before the end of the summer. Maybe that was because of Judy. Or Fred (seventeen, as it turned out). But it's also true that the one time Dee and I did speak she said, "You are getting a little hard to talk to," just because

I'd asked her if she thought the hostess of a party could marry people, the way the captain of a ship could. Then she went on: "When I was a teenager I started hoping there was some happy alternative to families, and I'm just now remembering why. Fred says his father knows him better than Fred knows himself. It seems that Dr. Ackerly psychoanalyzed the kid. Of course, that was Fredericka's idea."

"Fred's father psychoanalyzed him?"

"Yes, isn't it creepy?" said Dee. "But imagine, thinking that someone could know you better than you know yourself."

When we finally did talk next, in late August, I was the one who called. I was reading a mystery on my sublet couch, when it occurred to me that I hadn't spoken to anyone in three days. This made me nervous, so I started dialling numbers, and the first non-machine I got was Dee. A phone conversation, if at all intimate, is insistently intimate, since there's nothing but the two voices. Because of this, Dee's tone when she told me she was taking Fred shopping—she was confidential, shy—did not at first strike me as odd. When I hung up, however, I thought: Shopping? Why, I've *lived* with more guys than I've taken shopping. What was going on here?

It was chilling, if you let yourself think about it. I mean, *Dee Kilmartin* and a seventeen-year-old? This was weirder than suddenly seeing her as a stranger in the museum. But I got used to the whole idea fast when Dee called the next day and said, "I want Fred to meet some new people. He spends too much time with his mother."

And I said, "Yeah? What are you going to do?"

And Dee replied, "I'm going to throw a party."

I LOOK FOR YOU EVERYWHERE

Walking over the bridge early—
the level of the lake still sunk
in darkness, and the pale road
barely lifted out of the murk—
I found a man established
already at the parapet:
arms out, palms up, fingers fanned,
facing sunrise and a bank of trees
drab from the last week's heat.
He refused to turn at my footfall.
I trotted past him like a sheep,
resenting him. This was hardship,
to be sacrificed to his piety,
the penance in his ritual,
whatever it was. And instead of dawn,
solitude, and the lake scanned
for clarity as it reached the sky,
and land mysteriously seen reborn,
to have this lumber I'd no use for,
cramming a space meant to be bare!
I still carry him, arms out, in my mind.

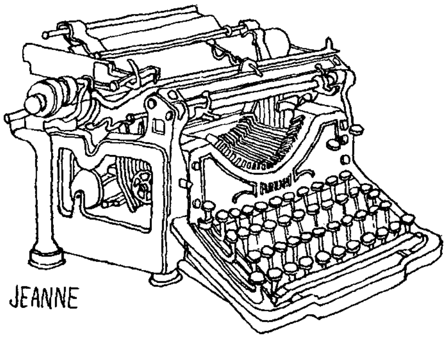
Last month, in Yorkshire, I hunted down
Charles Waterton's Walton Hall,
pillared and porticoed stone box,
brown-paper color, on its lake.
Brick houses now look down on it
from the Wakefield side. On the other hill,
a man plowed up a great pale square
that grew dark as I watched.
And I recalled how Waterton,
at the end of 1824,
came back here from the Amazon
clad in top hat and old frock coat—
the pockets ideal for specimens
he was then to label and display,
in glass cases, for visitors.
He made a sanctuary for birds
out of the Walton woods and lake.
I've read of him in later years
he'd only to open his front door
and to extend his arms
and they converged from every cover
greedy to be fed: bevies at his feet,
wings on his chest, angel on hat,
two shoulders feathered thick,
and two arms' worth of birds.
Nothing's left but house and birds—
widgeon, mallard, teal, and coot,
pochard, Canada goose—maneuvering
everywhere upon the moat.
His singular gesture folds to rest,
a butterfly shut in a book.

Now you're swimming in our pool.
Five laps of the same measure,
surging with steady uniform stroke,
and, now you're limber, you emerge.
The water streams off your grizzled beard
and chest and thighs. You move with towel
to the luminous shade of the grape arbor,
a man getting on for seventy,
thinking of this and that, who chuffs
as he rubs the great colored cloth
over the verdigris of his flesh.
Out in the sun the water heaves
in a glittering groping for what's gone.
Did it know what it had as I know it?
That nakedness, that transfusion of life?
How easily now belief arrives,
and worshipfully claims nothing!

—Mairi MacInnes

• •

THE day before Dee Kilmartin's party was warm, the sky baby blue. Dee was sitting out on her tar-papered terrace with a cup of coffee and an English muffin. As she bent over the fronds of a potted plant to check it for bugs, she felt a shadow move above her, in front of the sun. She looked up; a man was falling between the buildings. Then he was gone. Because another terrace jutted out below her like a huge step, she could see nothing beyond it but more black-streaked brick walls. She called the police, then sat out on the terrace a while longer with the French doors open in case the phone rang, but she heard nothing more.

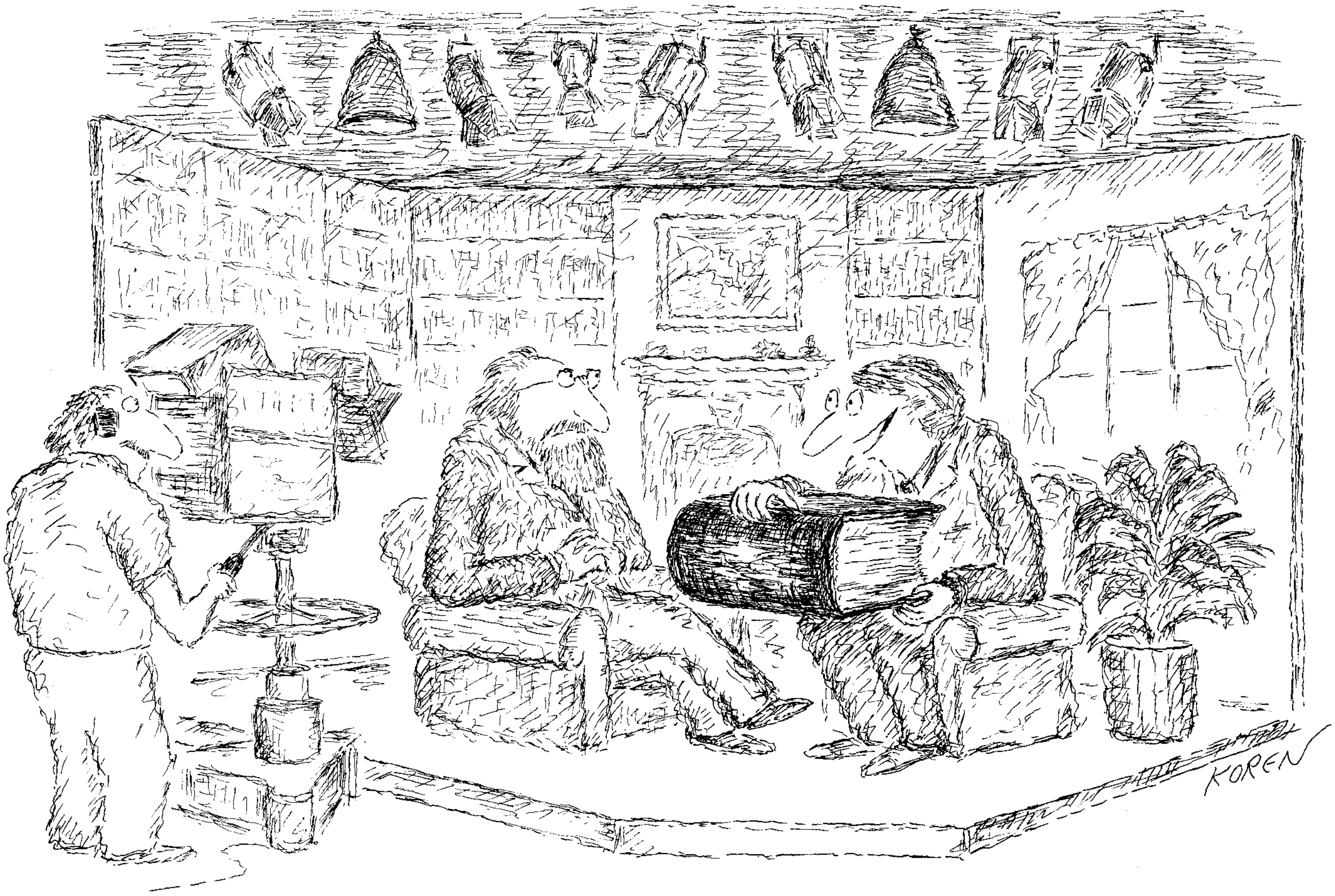


Dee told this story at her party, which started out like a terrific hit. "I wish I knew whether he jumped or fell," she said. "Do you think I should call the cops to find out?"

The place was packed, so if there were people who hadn't come because they wouldn't make the trip uptown, it was just as well. I'd brought Judy Schooler, who was horrified by the story. "She doesn't even *care*," she said when Dee left us.

"Of course she does," I said. I was getting a little tired of Judy Schooler.

The terrace was in the back. The



"If you were to boil your book down to a few words, what would be its message?"

• •

front of the apartment was laid out around a large airshaft, and two narrow rooms thrust forward on either side of it like the legs of a Sphinx. One of these was the entryway, where an oval ormolu mirror hung, so that you greeted yourself first thing when you came in and you were the last to see yourself off. Beyond the entryway was the living room, which was large, with a huge teal-blue couch smack in the middle. The other leg of the Sphinx was the kitchen, and at the back of the living room, next to the terrace, were two tiny bedrooms. In one, a young guy with a headful of blond curls slept for most of the night. In the second I found Liz Quirk and Joey and a friend of Eileen's called Tom Barbee and his girlfriend and a whole bunch of others I knew at least by sight. This was a good sign, since it's more fun at parties to talk to people familiar enough to expect something from; people you don't know can't surprise you.

Because you could always pick out the bright-red roses on Dee Kilmartin's high-waisted, full-skirted dress, she seemed to pop up everywhere. Early on, I saw her bend over a chair that held the boy Fred and kind of tweak his nose. They looked so comfortable together—maybe this wasn't such a bad thing, after all—that I thought I'd go over and say hello to the kid, although I still had many reservations about, well, *socializing* with someone nearly fifteen years younger. (That was a whole other adolescent right there.) I sidled up to him and asked him how he was doing, and he said, "You're wearing the colors of the Italian flag."

Whimsy would have been bad enough, but he spoke with an extreme and baffling hostility.

I looked down at my striped cotton skirt. Was he Italian himself, I wondered. Did he think I was? "Whose colors are you wearing?" I asked.

He sneered.

So I looked around for someone else to talk to, and there by the bar was Joey, who said, "What's new with you?"

"Oh, nothing's new," I said crossly. "As you very well know." It was awfully close. I put my wrist to my forehead.

"Well, I thought maybe . . ."

"What? What did you think?"

"Nothing, nothing. I wasn't talking about anything."

"It just sounded like maybe you were."

"Nothing in specific, I mean."

"I see," I said, looking around.

From across the room we heard "Finish the *ham*ster story."

This is what I'd been pestering Dee for? It was hard to believe. I didn't even see anyone drink a different cocktail from usual. It suddenly seemed as if every combination of guest had already been tried, and things had locked into the kind of standstill that meant from now on everyone would be all alone.

But I couldn't go home. Because I'd expected to stay on and on quite happily, I'd let a gal I barely knew persuade me to let her use my place that evening. All she'd said about her plans was that the guy she was meeting there was not her boyfriend. The very lack of detail that had interested me so much at first (who was this fellow, after all?) now made me cranky. To try to make my predicament more interesting, I told everyone what it was, but even that didn't help.

There weren't many people left when the crash came, but the noise was so loud, so final, that most of us pressed into the living room, big-eyed. It was the mirror in the entryway. Nothing else would have shattered quite so spectacularly. Although a few shards still glittered like sequins against the grayish backing, there was little of the glass left in the frame. Without a reflection, the room had been cut in half, and the wall looked sadly two-dimensional. "It was that kid," Judy said to me with excitement. "What's-his-name—Fred. He just ran right up and smashed it with his fist. Don't you see what this means? By breaking the mirror, he was breaking *himself*. You can read a lot of self-hatred into this, if you look deep enough."

"You don't really have to look too terribly deep in this case," I said.

A couple of guests were foolishly picking up glass with their hands, and Dee Kilmartin was nowhere to be seen. Judy said she'd gone after Fred.

Then Judy herself left, for a club on Laight Street. "You were right—this was a great party," she said to me before joining some new friends, who were waiting for her in the hall. Soon others started wandering off. I considered going myself, but I wanted to wait until I was sure my apartment was empty.

By the time Dee returned, the party had dwindled to a few small, drunk, and oblivious huddles in dark corners. "Rather an exciting night, wasn't it?" she said, flicking on light switches. Guests looked up, blinking, dazed.

"So what happened to the kid?" asked one with a lightning bolt for a dress strap.

"Who knows?" said Dee. "It's not like there was a trail of blood to follow." But privately, a moment later, she said to me, "The party upset him. He's used to having me all to himself."

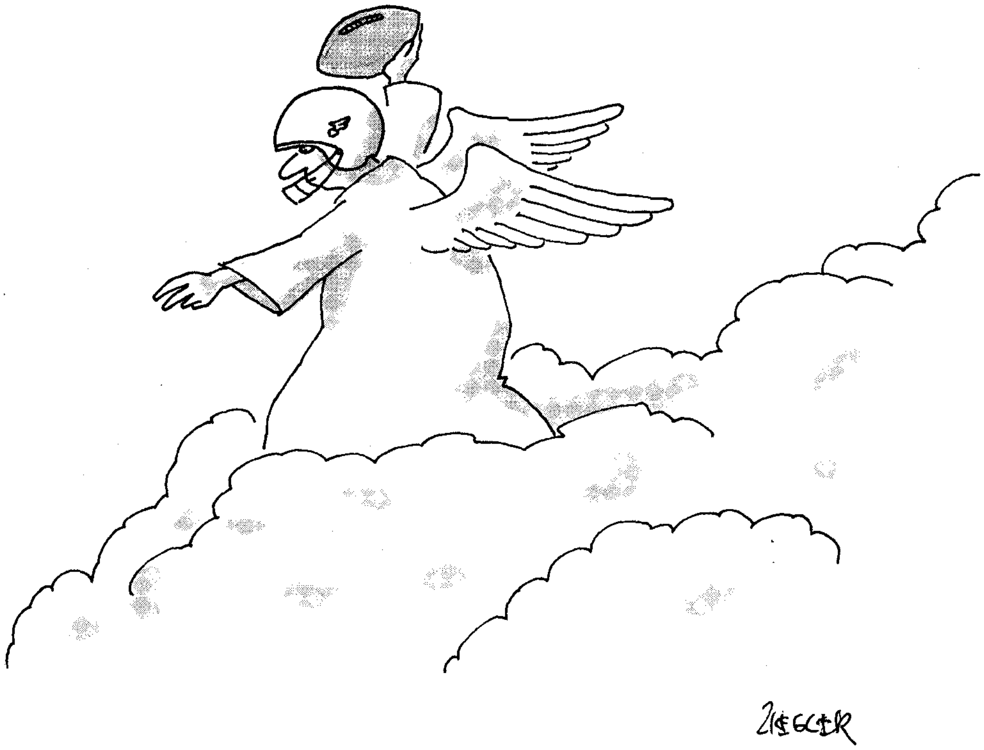
"What did you do?" I asked.

She sighed. "I called his mother from a street corner and left a message on the machine. I don't think I had much choice."

Fifteen minutes later the phone rang. A guy in the kitchen tried to answer it, but Dee took the receiver from him as he picked it up. "Hello?" she said. Then: "He's there?"

The telephone is not supposed to ring at a party: everyone that could call should be there. If a call does come in, a small group of guests all listen in, contradict ("I never said that!"), and relay messages ("Tell her I never said that!"). This may be why I was leaning in the arched doorway beside Dee, listening so unself-consciously to her conversation with the Mask Woman.

Dee was saying, "I wanted to make sure he was all right."



She twisted the flesh-colored cord around her forearm as she listened.

She said, "It was a pretty large mirror, actually."

She said, "I don't . . ."

Then she blanched. When she hung up, after saying something about her guests, her face was a blank, as if her features had been erased. Then she was a whirlwind of sharp, snapping noises: the ice breaking out of the metal tray, the ice cracking against itself in the glass, the ice popping apart when seltzer was poured over it. She took a long drink, then set the glass down with another sharp rap. "What is *wrong* with that woman?" she said finally.

"What on earth did she say?" I took an expectant step, and we were alone in the blue-papered kitchen.

"She thinks I'm upset because I wanted Fred to spend the night," said Dee. "You know, not just spend the night but . . ." She glanced at me. "Oh, it's unbelievable."

So I'd been totally wrong about what was going on between Dee and Fred.

"I suppose she was trying to be interesting," said Dee. "I suppose that's why she said it."

At least, I'd had the sense not to hint at anything to Dee herself. But I should have known better. People don't change that much, or so I have found, over the years (thirty-one).

"I was just trying to make things a little easier for him," she continued. "He's a good kid. I guess you haven't had a chance to see that."

"I'm sure he is," I said. This lie made us both feel better. As Dee relaxed a little, her features returned.

"Why the Mask Woman gets to have a kid, I'll never know," she said. "It's as if you have to be completely horrifying before you can become a parent."

"Look, even I can tell you how to get a kid," I said.

She said, "No, no. Please. There are so many ways to do things wrong and so few ways to do things right."

—JACQUELINE CAREY

•

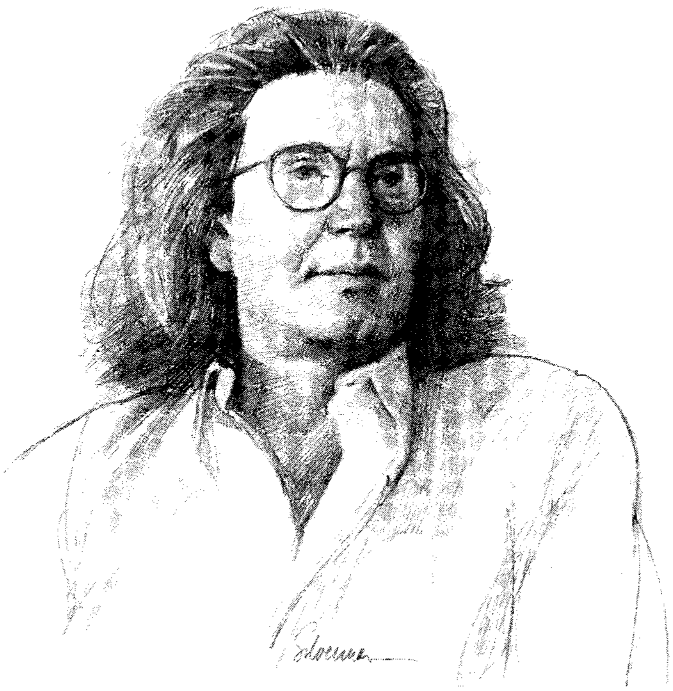
WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Adv. in the Los Angeles Daily Journal*]

Fortune 500 entertainment company seeks attorney with 2-4 years' solid litigation experience. Position will also involve some contract and intellectual poverty work.

PROFILES

BEING EVERYWHERE



Luciano Benetton

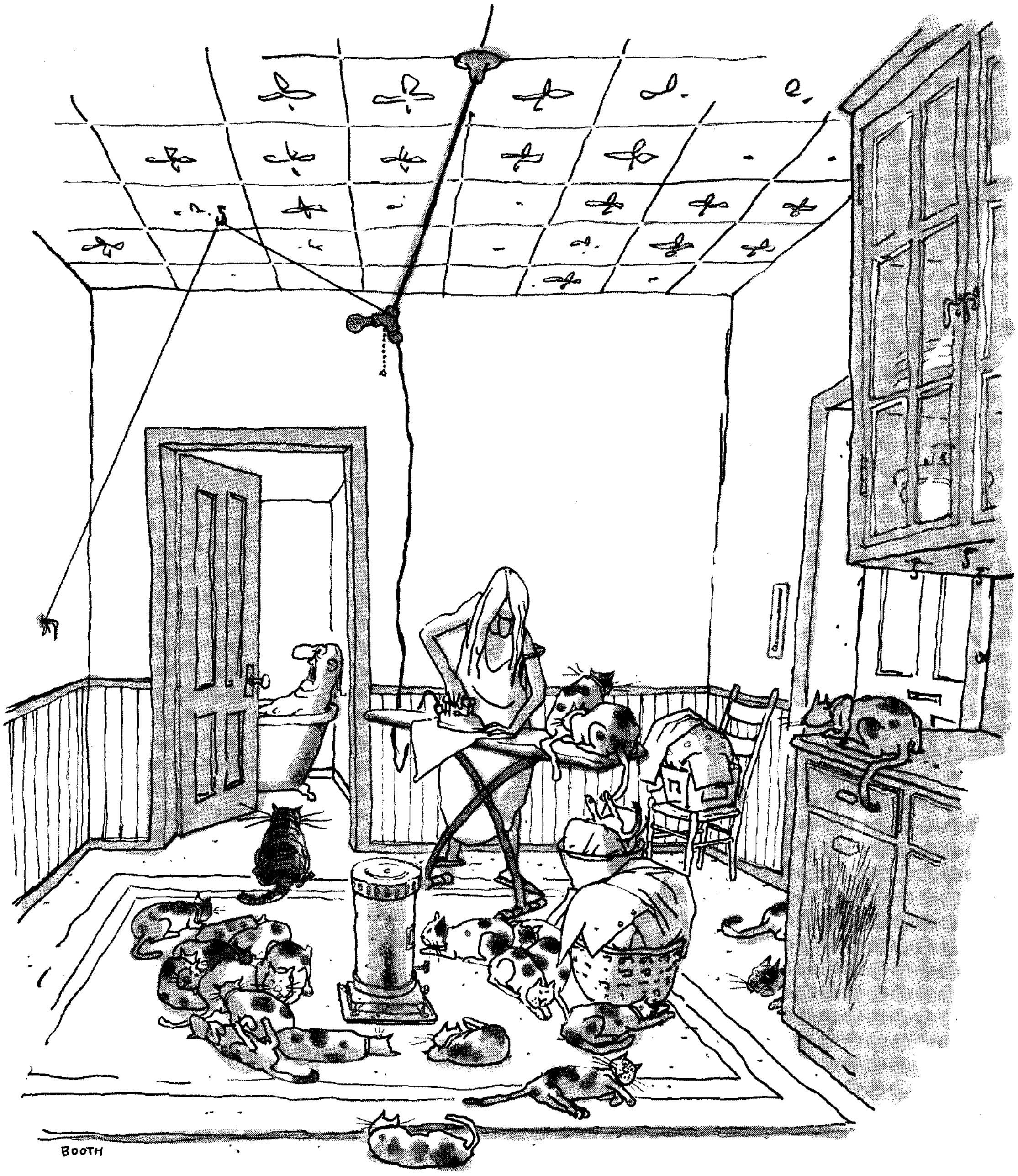
EARLY on a September morning in 1985, five people gathered at the small airport outside the city of Treviso, in northern Italy. They were Luciano Benetton, the head of the international sportswear company that bears his family name and is based in Treviso; Riccardo Weiss, the Benetton area manager in charge of Eastern Europe; Davide Paolini, the public-relations director for Benetton; Renata Sponchiado, an administrative assistant at Benetton who also serves as an Italian-German translator; and I, a writer studying the Benetton corporation. After a few minutes of chatting in the tiny waiting room, empty except for us, we passed through a rudimentary passport control, walked across the airfield, and climbed aboard the Benetton company plane, a Cessna Citation II executive jet. Soon we were flying above the green cornfields and red villages of the Veneto countryside outside Treviso, on a route that would take us north, over Austria and Munich, and into Czechoslovakia.

In the eight-seat cabin, Luciano Benetton drank coffee, leafed through two Treviso newspapers, and listened with a calm, attentive expression as Paolini read him choice news stories from other Italian papers. He chuckled at a gossip column chronicling the supposed extravagance of Jacqueline Onassis, and then settled down to a discussion of racing-car engines and basketball scores. Benetton, whose leonine curling gray-brown hair and horn-rimmed glasses are familiar to millions of Italians from endless photographs in the press, was dressed in his usual assortment of casual clothes: voluminous khaki pants, brown L. L. Bean-style oxfords, a tweed jacket, and a shirt with a button-down collar. He looked absolutely tranquil, although this was one of the occasions that, as he had remarked in an Italian interview not long before, excited him more than anything else in life: the opening of a Benetton store in a "remote, almost unbelievable" part of the world. We were going that morning to attend a Benetton opening in Prague—an event that would mark the début of the first shop for a Western manufacturer in Czechoslovakia since the inauguration of the Communist regime, in 1948.

The Citation II crossed the Alps: wave after wave—at first, green slopes in sunshine, then slanted shelves of bare rock poking through layers of mist. The clouds got thicker as we travelled north, until we were flying in a muffled gray world; there was the through-the-looking-glass feeling that one often has on approaching Eastern Europe. When we landed at the Prague airport, a cold drizzle was falling. Inside the terminal was a welcoming delegation, including the managers of the new store—one of them a beautiful young Czech woman wearing a Benetton outfit of bright wool, which stood out like a beacon in the drab surroundings. We were passed through customs with the relative ease of official visitors. After circumventing a staring blond horde of Czech travellers, we were soon seated in a small, comfortable bus with a discreet Benetton label on the windshield and riding down a highway lined with posters advertising Aeroflot and Czechoslovak Airlines. Wet green hills and muddy potato fields rolled away from us on either side. In the front of the bus, Luciano Benetton chatted through an interpreter with the Czechs, who leaned toward him looking flushed and tense. Among them, with his kindly, rather abstracted look and tweedy clothes, he resembled a professor in a seminar of nervous students. Watching him, I recalled the final directive in an in-house memo that had been addressed to Benetton staff attending the Prague opening: "Since political authorities will be present, it is advisable to avoid any discussion whatsoever of politics."

As if in response to this thought, our line of traffic was stopped at a temporary roadblock for what grew to be an unconscionable amount of time. After a number of apologies from our Czech hosts, they told us that the President of the Czechoslovak Socialist Republic was passing through, in an elaborate motor cortege, which included big, gleaming finned Chaika limousines, like a vision of the nineteen-fifties, and a vast motorcycle escort. The procession brought with it, for an instant, a palpable sense of repression, of the weighty political machinery of the past, which seemed almost a calculated contrast with the spirit of the visiting Italian industrialist, whose company advertising reflects a neo-European style of pacifism, and whose own philosophy, as it's revealed through his work, is a set of inspired variations on simple pragmatism. "What a waste of gas!" Luciano Benetton said softly, looking out the window.

THE store in Prague is one of the most exotic offspring of the Benetton Group, the fast-growing twenty-year-old Italian corporation whose sudden appearance and resounding success have caused a medium-sized



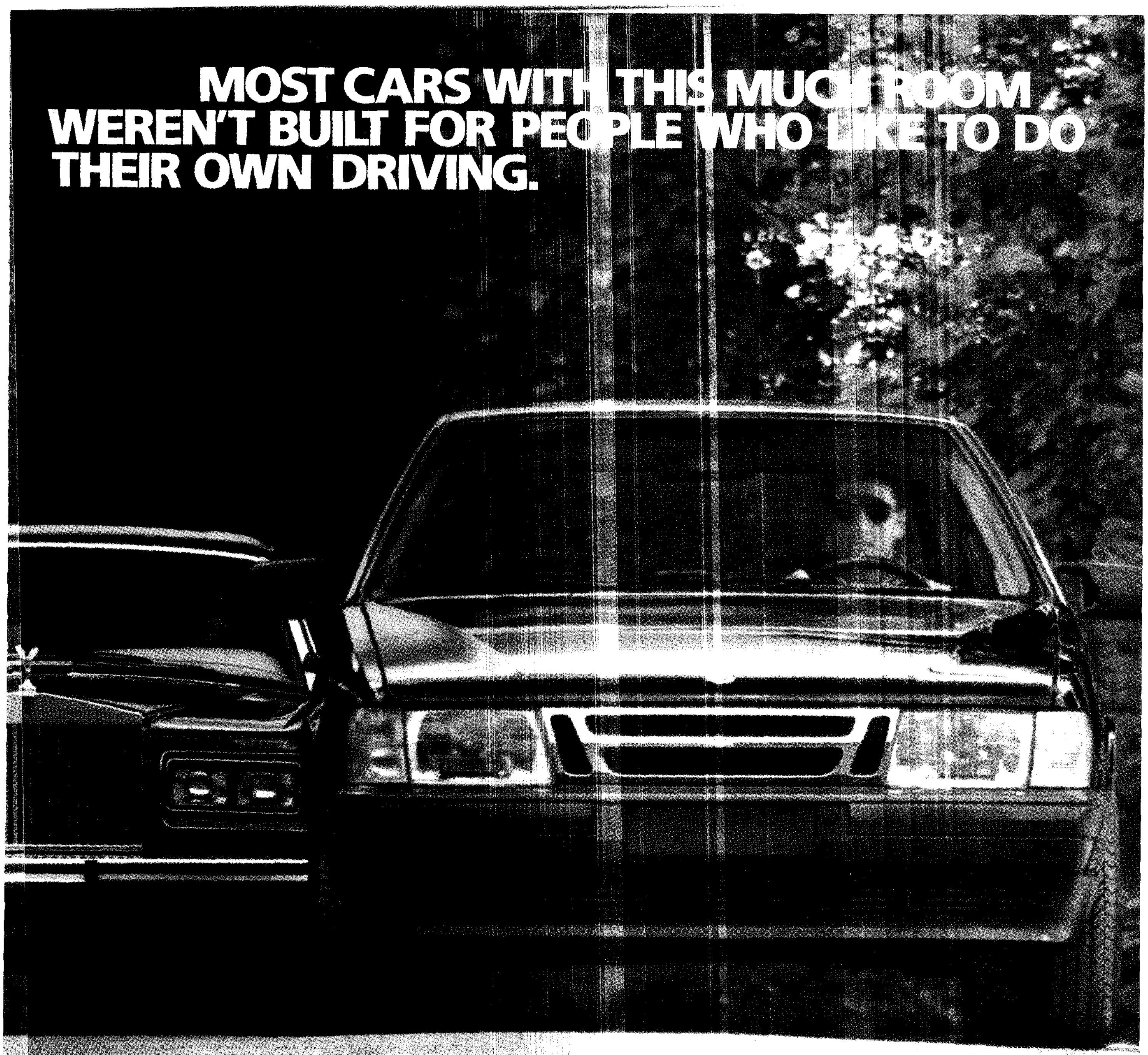
"*Hon, I feel like riding out into big-sky country.*"

• •

sensation in the international clothing industry and have made Benetton the subject of Harvard Business School case studies. The business of the company is creating stylish Italian casual clothing and marketing it through nearly four thousand Benetton outlets in fifty-seven countries worldwide. Since 1979, when Benetton opened its American campaign, over five hundred stores have opened in the United States—and this figure seems likely to double or triple, since the taste for Benetton clothes is apparently developing from a fad into an institution among fashion-conscious young Americans.

Founded in 1965 as a typical small Italian family enterprise, consisting of Luciano Benetton, his sister, Giuliana, and their younger brothers, Gilberto and Carlo, the Benetton Group is now a complex of manufacturing companies (Benetton controls, among others, Fiorucci, Inc., the Scottish cashmere company Hogg of Hawick, and the Italian shoe company Calzaturificio di Varese). It is the world's largest manufacturer of knitwear and the world's largest consumer of virgin wool. Its sales last year totalled four hundred and thirty-seven million dollars, and the growth of the company is such that a new Benetton franchise opens, somewhere, on the average of twice a day. Behind this phenomenal expansion lies an almost universally appealing product: the bright-colored half-classic, half-modish sportswear designed by Giuliana Benetton, who in the mid-nineteen-fifties produced the first Benetton sweaters on a home knitting machine. But the main impetus for the extraordinary development of the company has been the marketing genius of Luciano Benetton, eldest brother, chief shareholder, company spokesman, and inspirational force. The Italian press, with its love of fairy-tale nicknames, has christened the four Benettons the Brothers of the Rainbow—a reference to their newfound fortune, and to the many colors that are Benetton's specialty. In addition, the press calls Luciano Benetton the Wizard of Treviso.

"I have never asked myself why I decided to go into business," Luciano Benetton remarked to an Italian journalist a few years ago. "The one motivation that, in my opinion, is not valid is an economic one. One doesn't go into business simply to make money." The development of Benetton is in fact a classic rags-to-riches entrepreneurial saga, or, as another Italian journalist put it, "*una storia di self-made man.*" Viewed from outside, the motivation seems fairly obvious. Luciano was born in 1935, and spent his childhood in the climate of deprivation, bombs, and partisan fighting which the Second World War brought to northeastern Italy. When the war ended, his family developed its own personal tragedy—the illness and death from nephritis of the father, Leone Benetton. The elder Benetton had owned a modest car- and bicycle-rental business; with his death, in 1945, his wife and four young children began a genteel struggle for survival which left the two eldest determined to begin working in early ado-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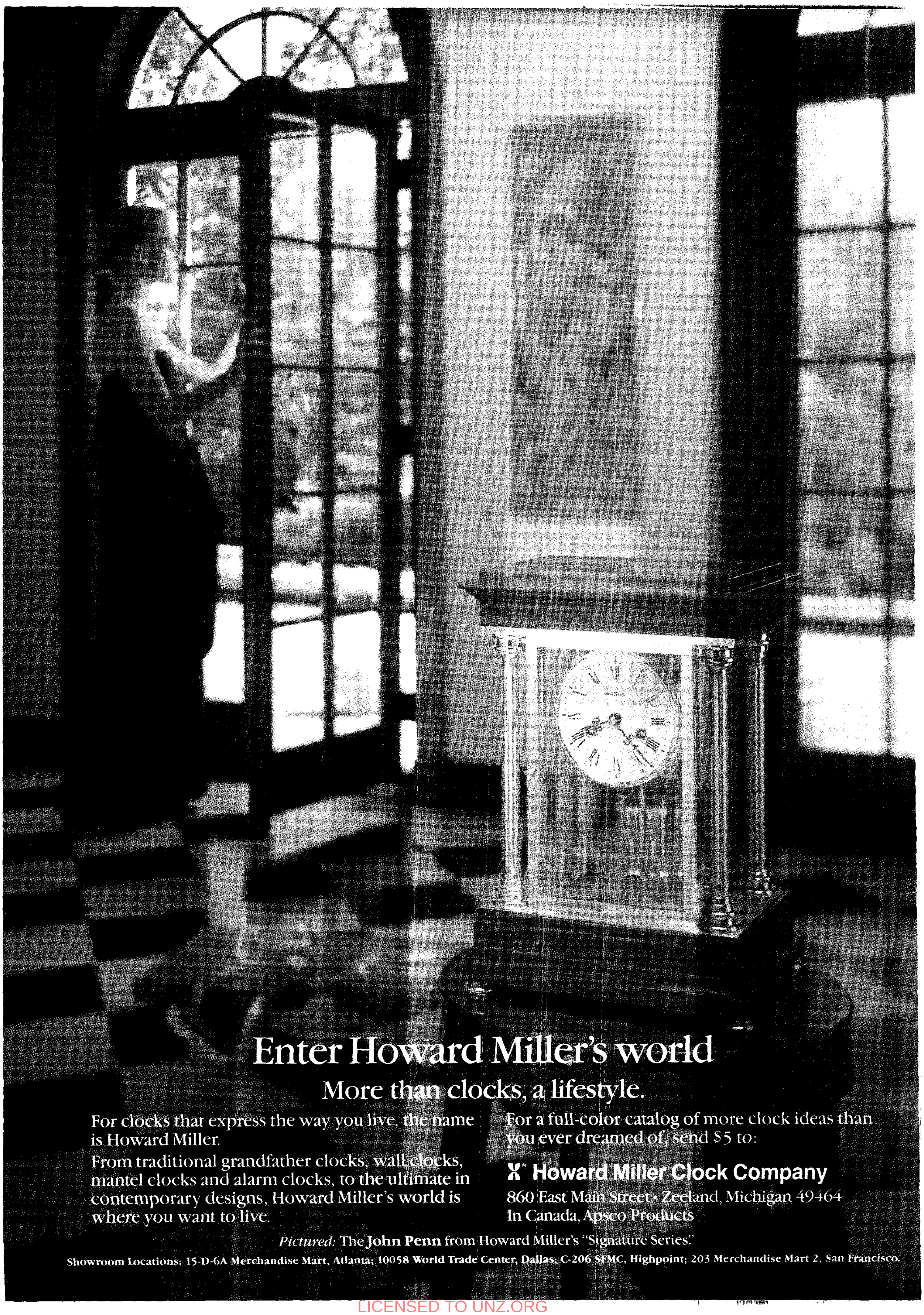

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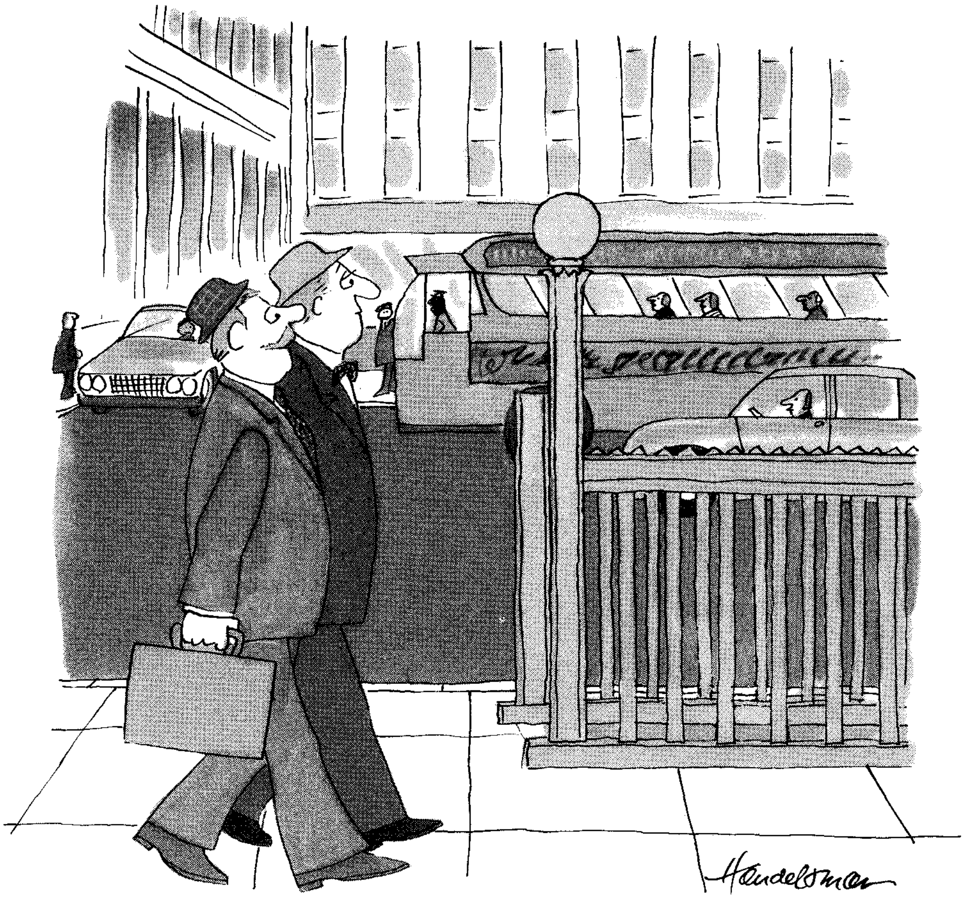
lescence. Luciano left school at the age of fifteen to take a job in a men's clothing store, and Giuliana, who from childhood had knitted striking sweaters for her family and friends, became, at thirteen, a skein winder in one of many small knitting ateliers in Treviso.

In 1955, Luciano, who had just turned twenty, put into operation the first of the simple, daring schemes that were to make his fortune. He told Giuliana he was convinced that he could market the bright-colored original sweaters she had continued to make as a hobby, so why shouldn't they leave their jobs and start a business? "I felt no fear of failure at the beginning," Luciano said later, in interviews. "When you start with nothing, you don't need to fear failure. And, besides, I had been meditating the idea for five or six years—I had a great deal of time for meditation in the shop. Everything was more or less foreseen."

With thirty thousand lire—the proceeds from the sale of Luciano's accordion and Carlo's bicycle—Luciano and Giuliana bought a knitting machine, and soon afterward Giuliana put together a collection of eighteen pieces. Luciano was immediately able to sell them to local stores. Sales increased steadily over the next few years, until Giuliana had a group of young women working for her and Luciano had bought a minibus to carry these employees to and from a small workshop the Benettons had set up near their home. (A local anecdote has it that Luciano Benetton received a loan for this initial workshop from a priest, who said that by putting poor country girls to work the Benettons were preventing them from becoming prostitutes in Milan.)

In the early nineteen-sixties, Luciano Benetton put into practice several innovative but thoroughly practical ideas that helped turn the company from a small enterprise into a giant. Idea No. 1 was to sell only through specialized knitwear stores (as opposed to department stores and boutiques selling a wide range of clothes), whose owners would presumably be more interested in pushing sales of his particular product. This idea, which eventually developed into that of the Benetton retail outlets, was born when Luciano visited Rome for the Olympics of 1960 and there made the acquaintance of a group of closely related Jewish knitwear merchants, the Anticolis and Tagliacozzos. They subsequently began marketing his clothes. Selling wholesale to this group, Luciano made use of another idea unusual at that time and place: to offer retailers a ten-per-cent discount if they paid in cash on delivery of his product. At that point, Benetton sweaters did not bear the family name—appealing to the contemporary fondness for things foreign, they had labels like "Lady Godiva" and "Très Jolie"—but they already displayed the Benetton trademark of medium-high quality and stylish design at a mesmerizingly low price. This attractive combination grew out of two more new ideas—this time, ideas for lowering production costs. The first was a novel technique for making wool soft, like cashmere; it was based on a method Luciano had observed while visiting factories in Scotland, where rudimentary machines with wooden paddles beat raw wool in water. The other idea was to buy up and adapt outmoded hosiery-knitting machines, at a price of five thousand dollars apiece. The machines did their new job perfectly; they are still in use, and are now valued at almost half a million dollars apiece.



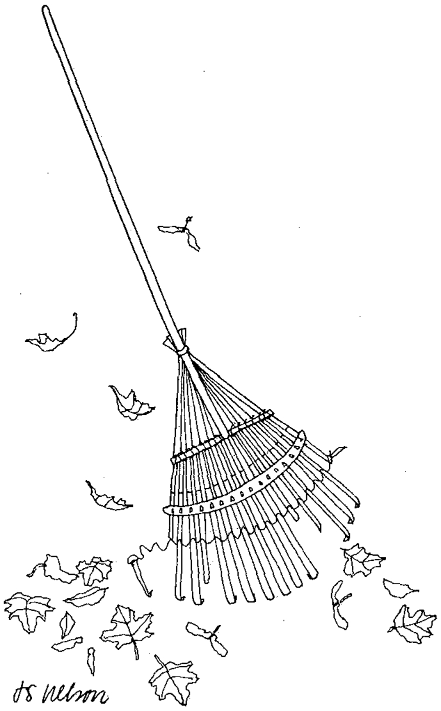
"It's a hell of a town, though, Bill. I never cease to marvel at the fact that the Bronx is up and the Battery's down."

IN 1965, Benetton was formed, as Maglificio di Ponzano Veneto dei Fratelli Benetton. Gilberto Benetton was placed in charge of financial strategy, and the youngest brother, Carlo, headed the production system. In the same year, the first Benetton factory went up, in the village of Ponzano, a few kilometres outside Treviso. The factory, highly modern for that time and place, with company parking lots, stores, and lunchrooms, was designed by the well-known Italian architects and designers Afra and Tobia Scarpa, who are themselves natives of the Veneto. During this collaboration, the Scarpas joined the ranks of deeply loyal friends and associates that the company seems to attract. In 1967, they designed the prototypical Benetton store, and the company's first independent outlet opened the following year in the mountain village of Belluno. With its appealing merchandise and its spare, intimate interior—Benetton stores are deliberately small—illuminated by floor-to-ceiling shelves of vibrantly colored sportswear, the shop was an immediate success. Now that the boutique style has conquered America, and bright, small, sparsely furnished stores are the rule even in the remotest suburban mall, it is difficult to imagine how radical a departure the Benetton shop was for Italy in 1968. "It was conceived on the idea of the specialized store, the desire for an alternative to the department store," Luciano later told an American journalist. "We wanted to compete with the department store on a specific level—sportswear. From the beginning, we wanted to create an image—the right people to open our stores, the décor, the colors. We needed lots of colors, because there had to be more than what already existed."

Benetton window design, also developed by the Scarpa team, has an international reputation for starting new trends. At present, the windows feature two or three colors combined strikingly in complete outfits, which are displayed not on conventional mannequins but on people-shaped metal forms. Displays are set up not by window dressers but by store managers, who are taught by Benetton area representatives how to tie in their look with whatever advertising campaign Benetton is featuring at the moment. The clothes in the window are set closer to the glass than those on display in other stores, and are intended, according to Luciano Benetton, to exert a subtle but cumulative attraction. Company public-relations people quote Benetton as saying, "The first time you pass our windows, you might not notice them. The third time, you go in."

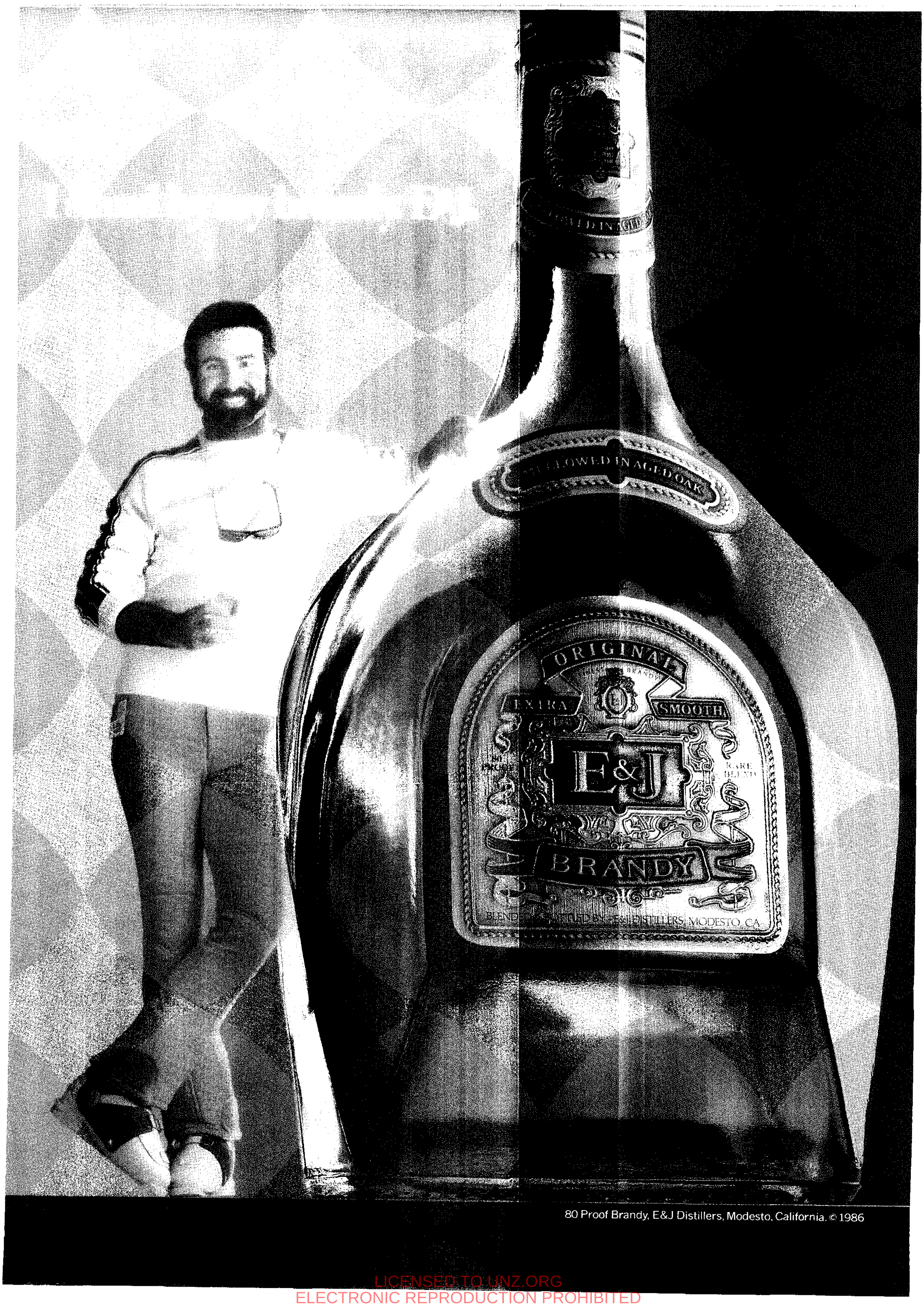
By 1975, the distinctive white-and-green Benetton knitting-stitch logo—designed by the graphic artist Franco Giacometti, who is another longtime Benetton friend and associate—had become the symbol of a phenomenon on the Italian commercial scene. Approximately two hundred Benetton shops had opened in Italy; many of them, but not all, bore the Benetton name. Another of Luciano Benetton's ideas was to have, alongside the classic Benetton shops, variously named stores with differing interiors and differing selections of Benetton clothes, geared to various types of clients. The idea grew out of the intention of avoiding mass flops: if one Benetton store was a failure, others in the same area wouldn't bear the stigma. And today the narrow shopping streets of an Italian provincial town may have, besides a classic Benetton store, a shop of a type called Sisley, which carries higher-priced sportswear; an outlet of the Benetton Tomato chain, which, along with the Benetton Jeans West stores (Benetton entered the jeans market during the denim boom of the mid-seventies), is designed to appeal to teen-agers; and an example of the more refined-looking Merceria chain, intended to appeal to the parents of Jeans West customers. Far from glutting the market, this clustering of stores selling basically similar products turned out to promote a profitable sense of competition among shopkeepers, and so it is now an established Benetton strategy. (It is used in America, although besides several variations on the classic green-and-white shop, only Sisley and a children's store called 012 exist in the United States; in New York, on Fifth Avenue alone there are eight Benetton stores.)

In the early seventies came the development of Benetton's perhaps most widely publicized production technique—one that, like most of Luciano Benetton's ideas, seems completely practical and almost obvious. This was the dyeing of assembled garments rather than yarn. A certain percentage of an item of clothing produced in undyed gray—say, a tabard-front wool sweater—is kept on hand in the dyeing rooms of the Ponzano factory until reports from the stores come in. Then small batches of it are dyed the colors most requested that season. (Benetton became among the first Italian manufacturers to computerize operations—a move facilitating this kind of quick turnaround.) The process is slightly more expensive but has the advantage of allowing production to respond quickly to public demand; Benetton spokesmen claim that they can have requested colors in the stores within ten days. It also allows the company to maintain almost no inventory, and to produce mainly to order, in a European version of the Japanese *kanban* system. In interviews with the Italian press, Luciano Benetton has said he feels that if there is one secret of his company's success it is "the assurance of swift re-selection and stocking." "We try to adjust to the market quickly," he told a journalist for Time-Life in 1984. "In fashion, it's true that one normally tries to impose something to make it easier, but I think the customer has to be respected. He's the one who decides, the arbiter of the situation."



WHAT Benetton was offering clearly appealed to a lot of people. In 1978, the company realized seventy-eight million dollars in sales—almost exclusively in Italy, where opportunities for continued high growth were diminishing. Benetton's solution to that problem was to launch a major export campaign to the rest of Europe, and in the early nineteen-eighties all the young women in the countries of the Common Market seemed to be buying Benetton sportswear—including media darlings like Princess Caroline of Monaco and Diana, Princess of Wales. The latter unintentionally gave Benetton worldwide publicity when a sales clerk who did not recognize her refused to allow her to return a sweater to a Knightsbridge Benetton shop. By 1982, sales had exploded to three hundred and eleven million dollars, and a full-fledged international campaign was launched, raising the number of Benetton stores to its current level.

There are Benetton stores throughout Japan, and in Peru, but the big goal for the company remains the conquest of the United States, where Luciano Benetton would eventually like to see four thousand shops. The marketing organization for America is similar to that for Europe: the country is split into regions, each in the care of an agent, who takes orders for the retail outlets, appoints new shopkeepers, and conveys market information to Benetton headquarters. The small green-and-white Benetton shops springing up in cities and suburban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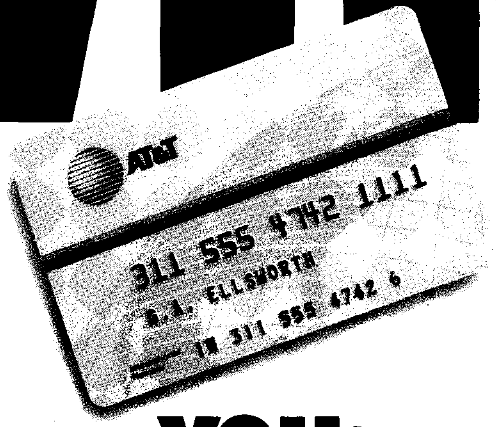

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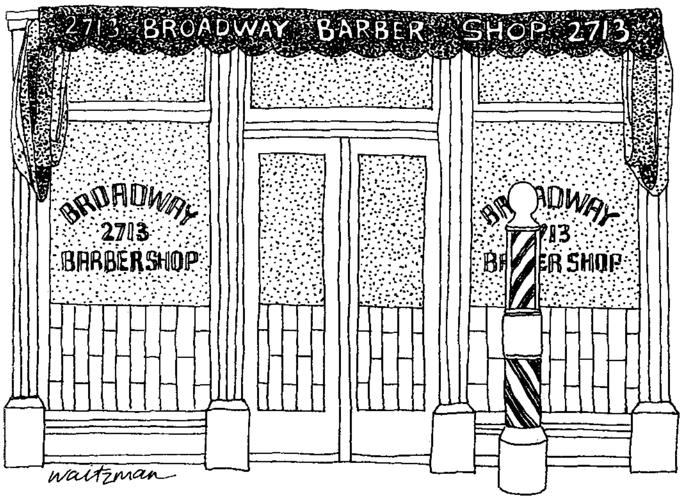
malls are not classic franchises. The retailers who set them up make no formal agreement other than to buy exclusively from Benetton and to conform to a strict set of standards, on everything from merchandising to window display. They do not pay royalties, nor does the parent company invest its own money in the stores. A peculiarly Benetton feature of this system is that store operators are not required to have any merchandising experience—only something that Luciano Benetton has described as "the right spirit" to operate one of his shops.

That spirit might be summed up as youthful, progressive, stylish, but not avant-garde—a collection of qualities that allows the most far-flung of the Benetton shops to reproduce the successful and appealing formula devised by the brains back in Treviso. In an interview with the Italian business magazine *Capital*, Luciano Benetton said, "The classic shopkeeper had to be killed, and we killed him." In his place might be a former hairdresser or florist or philosophy student, carefully chosen for his sympathetic style and attitude by a regional agent reporting directly to Luciano Benetton. "The real strength of our company," Benetton added, "is that of a group that has accepted the same politic of production and sales."

Any company that is marketing fashion keeps a tight control over image, but Benetton seems to do better than most in presenting manufacturer and product as a very attractive whole. The four photogenic Benettons (Luciano, Giuliana, Gilberto, and Carlo have a thick-haired, fresh-faced, perennially youthful kind of good looks, not unlike those of the Kennedy family) have become media favorites in Italy. Although, with the justified paranoia of the Italian rich, they keep their family lives extremely private, there are official photographs of them constantly in circulation; they are shown at sporting events (Benetton sponsors a Treviso basketball team and two Formula One racing cars), in the airy spaces of their Scarpa-designed factories, in a frescoed seventeenth-century country villa that houses the company headquarters. In the United States, the Benettons have sponsored an exhibition of the Scarpas' designs, donated T-shirts to Harlem preschoolers, and collaborated in the USA for Africa effort. Even Italians seem bowled over by their ubiquity in the press, some cynics regarding them, with their air of wholesome good health, the way similar Americans might eye the Osmond family. "Every time I open a magazine, I see the four Benettons grinning and holding hands," a young Florentine remarked at a dinner party recently. "I'm waiting for Luciano Benetton to make the cover of *International Boy Scout*."

Nothing did more to fix the image of Benetton in the eyes of the world than two stunning advertising campaigns conceived and photographed by Oliviero Toscani, another of Benetton's brilliant associates. The first series, run in 1983-84, showed crowds of children of all races and nationalities wearing Benetton clothes. The slogan was "Benetton—All the Colors in the World." The second ad campaign, with the slogan "United Colors of Benetton," appeared in 1985, and showed the same international, interracial crowds of children wearing Benetton clothes, and the flags of various countries (not necessarily the countries that the looks of the children would indicate). The children are tumbled together in large, embracing groups, or in significant pairs, such as U.S.A. with U.S.S.R. Toscani gained notoriety in Italy some years ago for his controversial Jesus Jeans campaign. (The advertisements showed a curvaceous jeans-clad female rear and bore the biblical-sounding quotation "He who loves me follows me.") With the Benetton ads, he launched a minor fad for casually bunched crowds in fashion advertising. The pictures hover close to sentimentality but never cross the line. They are saved by a neo-European post-punk look, recalling the quirky, half-classic, non-garish fashion one sees now in the most recent European rock-and-roll videos. Like many of these music videos, which feature racially mixed groups and cross-cultural music with lyrics that have turned away from the nihilist frettings of a few years back, the Benetton ads convey an offhand, low-key idealism, sprung almost reluctantly from a young generation whose first impulse is to be cynical.



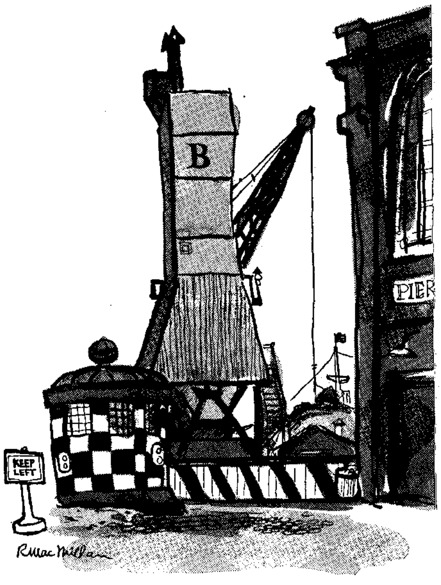
Luciano Benetton travels a lot, and when he travels he spends a lot of time walking the sidewalks of the cities of the world studying the surges and dips of street fashion and trying to detect the buzz in the air that signals the direction of popular trends. The Benetton specialty—quick feedback—goes beyond orders for sweaters: in advertising, the company image is an up-to-the-minute reflection of mass youth culture. It would not be going too far to say that the Toscani ad campaigns strike the exact note of the young mood in Europe in the mid-eighties, in which a kind of survivalist pragmatism—born of the new conservatism, nuclear worries, and ever-increasing unemployment figures—is balanced with a cautious altruism. They reflect as well the eclectic feel of a Europe flooded with non-European races and cultures. The open stress that the company lays on its techniques of mass production—"It's industrial fashion," Luciano Benetton remarks in interview after interview—comes over as a wry, stylish "in" joke to a generation raised with high technology. The sales message—bright, convenient, not exactly classic clothes at a medium price for bright, young, not exactly classic people—has identified and attracted a whole new world of consumers and spawned a host of imitators. On both sides of the globe, sportswear manufacturers like Stefanel (another family business from the Veneto region), New Man, and Esprit (whom Toscani has furnished with a striking series of new-look ads) are tapping the rich Benetton market—selling vivid colors, medium prices, and a vibrant present-tense image to crowds of willing young consumers.

IN the summer of 1985, two months before the first Benetton store opened in Prague, I visited the company headquarters, in the village of Ponzano, outside Treviso, to tour some of the factories and to chat with Luciano Benetton. The Villa Minelli, which houses the headquarters, is an important part of the Benetton image, and can also be seen as a symbol of the relation of the organization to the part of Italian society from which it grew. Built for the patrician Minelli family in the early seventeenth century, the villa belongs to the white-and-gold ranks of Palladian and pre-Palladian summer residences on the Veneto peninsula, where noble Venetians passed a yearly *villeggiatura* away from the suffocating heat of August and September on the Rialto; the sight of it evokes the centuries that the area spent under the efficient bureaucratic domination of the Most Serene Republic of Venice, whose doges and diplomats came and went on the archipelago only seventeen miles away.

When the first Benetton factory was constructed nearby, in 1965, the villa was in a ruinous state after a hundred years of neglect that had seen it housing an array of inelegant tenants: chickens, silkworms, wartime evacuees from Treviso, British commandos. Five years after designing the Ponzano factory and overseeing its construction, the Scarpas undertook the restoration of the villa next door. This they did with an eye to achieving strict authenticity: they used replacement materials from other ruined villas of the Veneto region, and employed seventeenth-century plastering techniques. The villa consists of a main residence, a barn, a small church, and the so-called Feste building, where the Minelli family entertained, and today all four buildings stand handsomely restored: white and airy on the outside, and, on the inside, teeming with lovely frescoes, attributed in part to the seventeenth-century painter Michelangelo Muraro. These frescoes, done largely in mellow ochre-gold and brick-red tints, depict cherubs, floral flourishes, landscapes, and tumbling Titans, and they are crowded so close on walls and ceilings that some rooms have the embroidered look of a Tibetan tent. Entering the main building, which houses the Benetton executive offices, is like walking into a half-Oriental, half-Venetian dream. Below the frescoes, however, computer screens blink, and the rooms, which have Persian rugs on hand-burnished Tavelle-tile floors, hold ultramodern Italian office furniture in sparse groupings that suggest a New York- or Milan-style preference for uncluttered space.

Immediately in front of the villa courtyard is a parking lot with a guardhouse and an electronic gate, and a few hundred yards away is a low, Oz-like metal-towered roofline. This is the roofline of the factory designed by the Scarpas; in the nineteen-eighties, it still surprises. On the summer day I visited the villa, the sun shone on roses and a close-trimmed green lawn in the courtyard, and a number of attractive, earnest-looking young people, wearing loose clothing in bright primary colors, were walking back and forth outdoors between offices in the former barn and the Feste building. The entire scene, with its mixture of elegant rusticity and the appurtenances of high technology, was like a concoction worthy of the *Serenissima Repubblica* itself, whose shrewd merchants, in their heyday, knew best of all how to interweave beauty and big business. The Benetton headquarters, in fact, gives the impression not of a garment manufacturer's headquarters but of a sort of utopian university—an impression that seemed to me to connect, in some not altogether reliable way, with the fact that Luciano Benetton looks more like a scholar than like an entrepreneur.

People who work at intermediate levels of the Benetton organization tend to use the words "new," "fresh," and "clear" in describing the company or the man behind it. For example, a young French area representative who was also visiting the headquarters that day said to me, in explaining why she had left her previous job, in public relations at a French department store, "I was bored where I was. It seemed old, and what Benetton was doing seemed fresh."



Earlier that day, Tobia Scarpa had said when I called him to ask his impressions of the man who has been his friend and associate for nearly twenty years, "Luciano Benetton is one of the few men I know who are able to suspend sentimentality—and we Italians are very sentimental—and achieve absolute clarity of mind."

Talking to Benetton in his office, I saw that clarity immediately. Low-voiced, with the scrupulous politeness of a born introvert who has become a public figure, he answered every question not with the rote precision one might expect from a man who has been interviewed so many times but in a manner that conveyed a quick, almost inspired feeling of real concentration on the subject. Physically, Benetton is a combination of opposite qualities. Over six feet tall, with the bursting mass of thick hair that seems to be a family trait, and the look of superabundant vitality that marks a natural athlete, he has a longilinear face whose slightly ascetic features suggest a tremendous cerebral energy. Behind the horn-rimmed glasses that have become his trademark, his blue eyes seem remote but not cold. When he talks, he seems to be constantly in the process of returning from some interior vision that is ampler and more satisfying than the world around him. Some journalists have said he looks like Gustav Mahler. One gets the feeling that this comparison would embarrass Benetton, whose every social impulse seems to be one of self-effacement. In a 1982 interview in the Italian press, he described himself as "one who prefers to listen and to meditate rather than to talk." Yet when Benetton does talk he asks questions and speaks of sweeping business moves with a matter-of-fact aggressiveness and a dynamic grasp of practical detail that make it clear that his talent is not simply for theory—that his is one of the personalities with the curious knack of bringing big ideas to life.

In Luciano Benetton's office—typically, he has chosen a small, rather plain upstairs room in the villa—there is little decoration. Just a few red-and-ochre putti in a fresco, a photograph of his four handsome children (Benetton and his wife are separated), and two maps of the world. With us when we talked were his eldest son, Mauro, a shy, affable young man with the family look of exuberant good health, and Sally Fischer, a bilingual Benetton press officer, there to smooth out any language difficulties.

I began by asking about the international expansion of the company, which has many people predicting that it will be another McDonald's. Was that in fact what he wanted? For a minute, he looked amused, and then he spoke with his characteristic intense seriousness: "Not McDonald's for the same level of goods, the same consumer, but, yes, for the distribution all over the world. I would like us to be everywhere. Another company we might compare ourselves to might be Coca-Cola or Pepsi-Cola, since we aim our product at young people. The idea behind Benetton—which is basically that of mass-produced, medium-priced fashion that moves with the trends yet maintains something classic—has not changed since our clothing started to become not just a strictly European product but a product for the whole world. In America, in Australia, in Japan—where we envision having two hundred shops—it has been consistently accepted. In all these countries, the prototype client remains the same—young and female. Naturally, there are regional differences. In America, for example, we reach a public a little different from that in Europe—a more sophisticated public, which travels, and might have seen the product first in Europe."

WE began to talk about the Benetton plans for expansion into America, and Luciano said that the organization, which recently raised an international syndicated loan with Citibank for thirty million dollars, expects to be listed on the New York Stock Exchange within two years (since June of this year, it has been an active player on the Milan Borsa). Other Benetton strategy for the United States, he said, included the setting up of a Benetton factory on American soil—a step designed to help circumvent high import taxes that make Benetton more than medium-priced in the New World. (The factory, in North Carolina, was completed earlier this year.) Another move designed uniquely for American shopping customs, Benetton said, was the creation of a series of mail-

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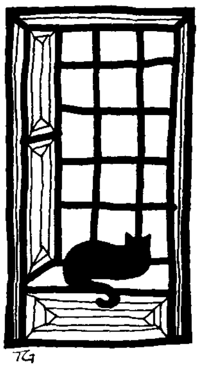
Talk about the catalogue led to talk about the two famous Oliviero Toscani ad campaigns. Benetton smiled. “Several years ago, Oliviero came up with the same image for a photographic feature in the Italian *Vogue*,” he said. “All the colors in the world, the children. Later, it naturally fitted with Benetton. We are definitely interested in peace and a kind of universalism. Our clothes are appealing in very different countries, and people who consume the same product have one more way of understanding each other. We wanted to make it possible for young people who don’t have much money to have the most fashion for the most democratic price, to be able to change styles two or three times a year at low cost. This isn’t just dreaming. It is a practical way to arrange things.”



When Benetton talked about matters like the company image and world peace, he used a calm, grave, interested voice, and he used the same voice when, a bit later, he began talking about his personal role in the company. For him, as for many entrepreneurs, the line between business and personal life is a blurred one. He spends hours in consultation with one or another of his siblings, and the four work so constantly together that they prefer not to see each other much outside the office. Half his time, he is in Treviso, where he spends twelve-hour days at the office; the other half is spent travelling around the world, selecting future store sites, attending openings of the new stores, and checking the progress of existing stores.

The life seems to suit him. When I asked how he would describe himself, he laughed, looked down, and finally said, “Everyone thinks he is unique, very different from everybody else. But I think of myself as a normal person, with a character that is fairly easy to understand. And the reason is, really, that I am a happy person, a satisfied person, because I have done and continue to do work that I like. Because of that, I don’t have any problems. I like people who are stimulating, who have some of my own characteristics—who always look a little bit ahead, who try to see things in perspective, to get a sense of how things happen.”

“Was there anyone in your family, or among your friends, who helped inspire you to do what you’ve done?” I asked.

Benetton put his square hands flat on the table and leaned toward me.

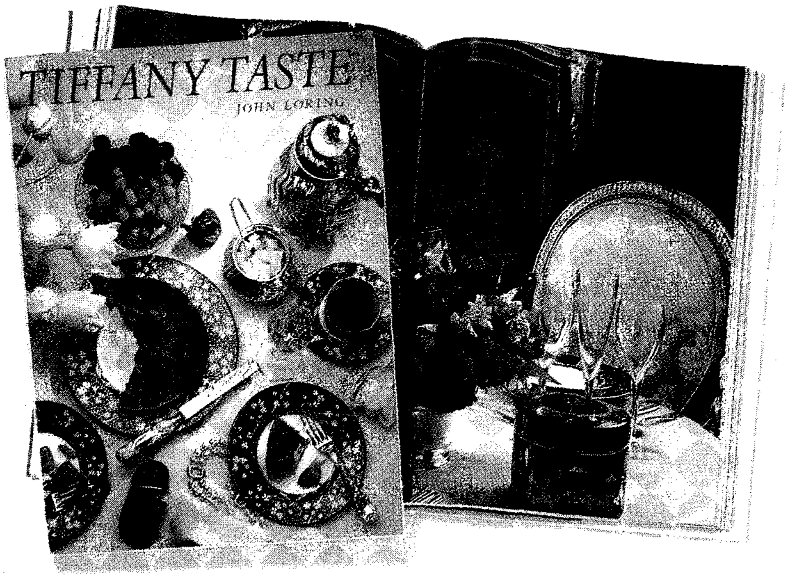
“In our family, there was no one previously who did this kind of work, but, in character, yes, there was someone who inspired me. It would have been our father. He was very creative. Only, he died before achieving what he might have. His story was one that might have been very similar to mine. He was a person rich in capacity, perhaps in fantasy, and in his *volontà*, his willingness and desire. It was at a moment during the war, however, when it was hard to do things, when life was precarious. In business, there has been for us no one real mentor, but it’s certainly true that, thanks to relationships we’ve had, we’ve been enriched, enhanced—that, sure. We’ve had very special acquaintances, encounters, in which we’ve had faith, and they have inspired us, because this type of work, simplified to the minimum level, implies a rapport. It is not a traditional rapport, not one made of written documents, of concessions, of lawyers, and so on. It is really a rapport made of handshakes, of understanding and knowledge on a human level, and also of extreme faith, total faith. Of that kind of person we’ve found many. Let’s say that we work only with people whom we like on a human level. This has never been said before, but we’re not interested in being represented in a city, in being represented at all, if the partner isn’t to our liking. We’re interested only if we find a person who has our philosophy. If not . . .” He waved a hand.

“And Treviso?” I asked. “How would you say that growing up here might have influenced you?”

For a minute, Benetton, for the first time, seemed at a loss for words. “Treviso is . . . a city of ninety thousand people,” he said. “Everybody knows everybody else; one lives here peacefully, without many problems. We came from a family that was unusual, that did have problems—because we had very little money. This fact probably shows up in our work, and in its results. With us, the work somehow took the place of the myth of America—it is a myth, no?—for the young Italian. Well, there is not always a need to emigrate; America can also be here, in this small provincial city, or in Japan, or Australia—America can be anywhere, if only one is willing to evoke it on one's own."

WE were going to have lunch together in a small country restaurant where Benetton eats every day, but first I went for a tour of some of the Benetton factories. At the Ponzano plant, next to the Villa Minelli, I watched workers at computer screens draw colored patterns, which were then transferred to thunderous knitting machines with bright cones of yarn on top. In the dye rooms, reeking of damp wool, mountains of grayish sweaters lay waiting to assume colors on store demand. At a factory in a nearby village called Villorba, a young man wearing horn-rims and collegiate clothes, like Luciano Benetton, showed me how he made changes in computerized designs with an electronic pen to produce a pattern that is eventually used for cutting two hundred layers of fabric at once. Two computer disks can hold the models of, say, all T-shirts produced in the last four years, so that they can be summoned for updating or change. And in the village of Castrette, at the new, twenty-five-million-dollar Benetton warehouse—the pride of the company, and said to be one of the most advanced warehouses in the world—I watched computerized robot arms piling boxes on twenty-metre-tall moving storage shelves, colored bright yellow, green, and red, like huge Tinkertoys. Each of the factories had the pleasant, livable modern design that seems to be a Scarpa specialty, and each fitted comfortably into the countryside near Venice, a landscape that is still largely small-town and rural. Through an open door in the vast, smoothly churning complex at Castrette, I could see part of a green cornfield, one of the brick-red farmhouses of the Veneto, and a road where an old woman in black, wearing a straw hat, was bicycling slowly by.

The heart of this landscape, and of the Benetton phenomenon, is the small city of Treviso. It is hardly possible to take a walk through Treviso and not be aware, at least on a subliminal level, of Benetton. There are nine shops tucked under the arcades of the winding medieval streets or among the apartment houses outside the ancient city walls, and Trevisans speak of the company with an almost familial assumption of intimacy. Treviso



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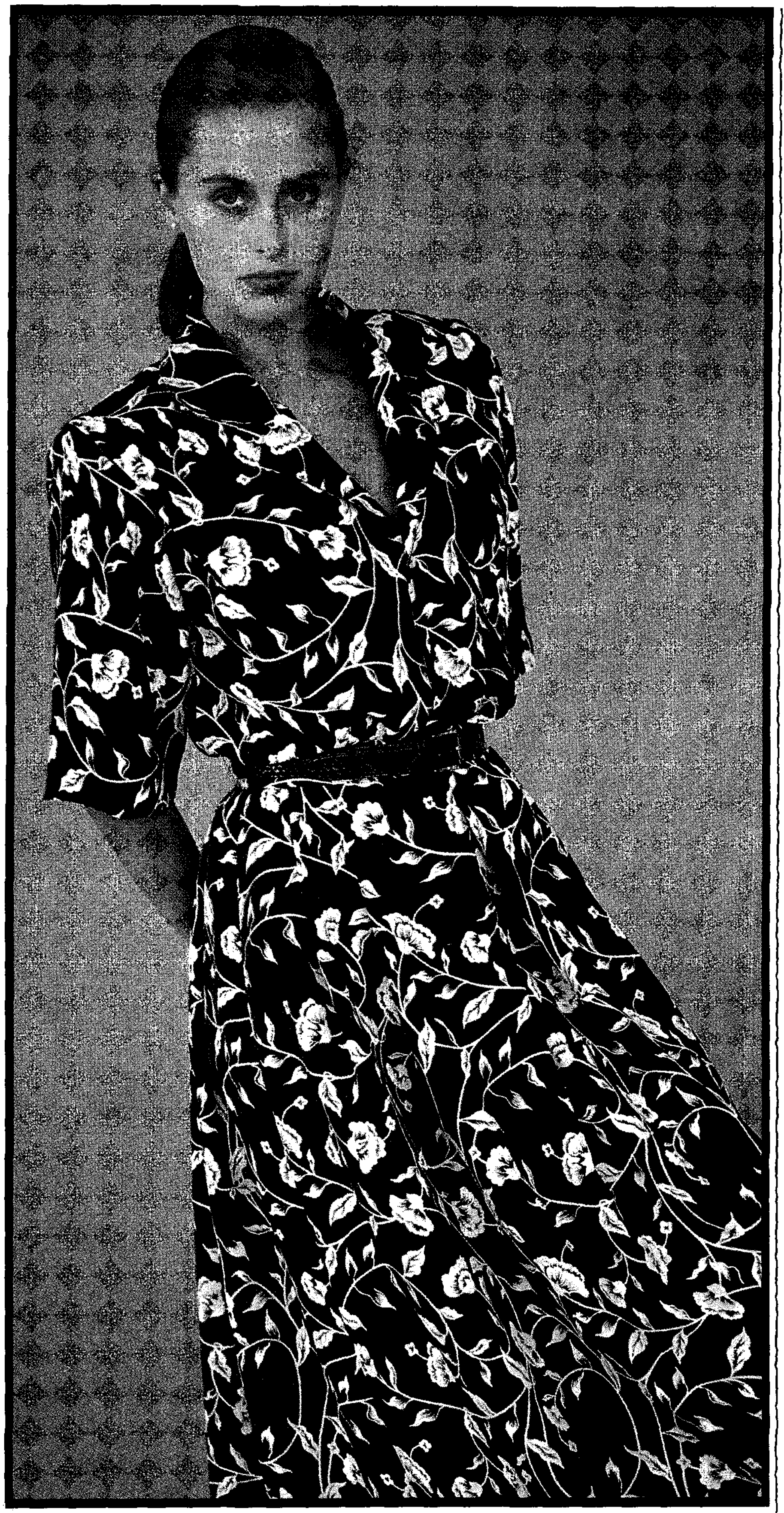
(the name comes from the Latin Tarvisium) is a beautiful old provincial town of Veneto, not overwhelming in its good looks, like Verona or Padua, but with a pleasant, tranquil sense of solidity joining its pastiche of medieval, *settecento*, and modern architecture, and its jumbled history, which leads from misty Aryan-Illyrian beginnings, through long stints under the hand of the Roman Empire and then the hand of the Most Serene Republic of Venice, to bombardment during two world wars.

If one scans a history of the Venetian Empire, one finds Treviso playing the role of an always rather unlucky handmaiden to the opulent neighboring city on the lagoon: various Middle European barbarians sweep down on Treviso; plots to unseat doges are hatched there; foreign dukes and princes test their military strength against its much-battered walls, since Venice itself is unassailable. If Venice was founded by men fleeing the Dark Ages perils of the mainland, Treviso was built, in part, by those who stayed behind: men with the commercial genius and maritime talents of the Venetians, but sturdier, and rooted, too, in agricultural life; able to stand being washed about a bit in the currents of history. The city lies at the juncture of the Sile and the Botteniga Rivers, on the flat, well-watered plain, covered with vines and cornfields (this is *polenta* territory), that runs from the archipelago of Venice to the foothills of the Dolomites. Dante mentions Treviso in "The Divine Comedy," and his son and Petrarch's daughter are buried there. If one walks through the Piazza dei Signori, with its faintly Oriental diapered-stone palace, and along the several streams and canals lined with frescoed houses and brick walls inset with the Lion of St. Mark, one has the impression of calm daily life informed always by richness of design.

The beauty of Treviso, like that of Venice, has always been wedded to an intense practicality. Over the centuries, as part of the efficient bureaucracy of the *Serenissima*, the town grew to be a secondary commercial center for the mainland, and its fields served as the breadbasket for Venice. Nowadays, Treviso and its outlying villages are home to a number of enterprises—Benetton is one of the largest—that have helped to make the modern province of Veneto a vital part of the Third Italy, the newly developed northeastern and central industrial



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zone that since the Second World War has shown the fastest rate of economic growth in the country.

THE development of Benetton is, in fact, only a rather flamboyant example of an interesting process of industrial expansion that has been going on in the villages and towns of previously agricultural regions near Ancona, Florence, Bologna, and Venice. Economists have named this changing area the Third Italy to distinguish it from the older triangle of industry defined by Milan, Turin, and Genoa—the Second Italy. (The First is the agrarian center and the south.) For Italians and foreigners alike, mere mention of the Second Italy conjures up visions of smoky skies and names like Agnelli, Pirelli, and Olivetti. Although Italian economic reporting can be slow and imprecise—annual reports for I.R.I., the huge state company that controls everything from highways to telephones, are sometimes published eighteen months late—it is still possible to see from available information that the industrial emergence of the Third Italy is a major national trend.

The most recent comprehensive overview of Italian industry, a 1981 census of companies compiled by the Istituto Centrale di Statistica—and, typically, published only in July, 1985—makes the point. In the decade 1971-81, Italy, in spite of wobbly governments and rampant inflation, saw a rate of growth faster than that of any of its partners in the Common Market—growth, particularly, in entrepreneurial activity, which led to the foundation of nearly nine hundred thousand new businesses in the period. Most of this phenomenal growth took place in the Third Italy, which in 1981 held a total of a million firms, as opposed to two and a half million for the entire rest of the country.

The industrial expansion in the region is more than fast. It is a different kind of growth, fascinating to both Italian and foreign economists. The enterprises springing up cover the spectrum of contemporary industry, with products ranging from shoes and clothing to automotive parts. They are not clumped together in clearly defined "gray zones" but spread out among villages and small towns, not displacing the native agriculture but coexisting with it. (The image that Italian journalists constantly use to describe the layout is that of a network, or net.) This is possible because most of the new firms are medium-sized or very

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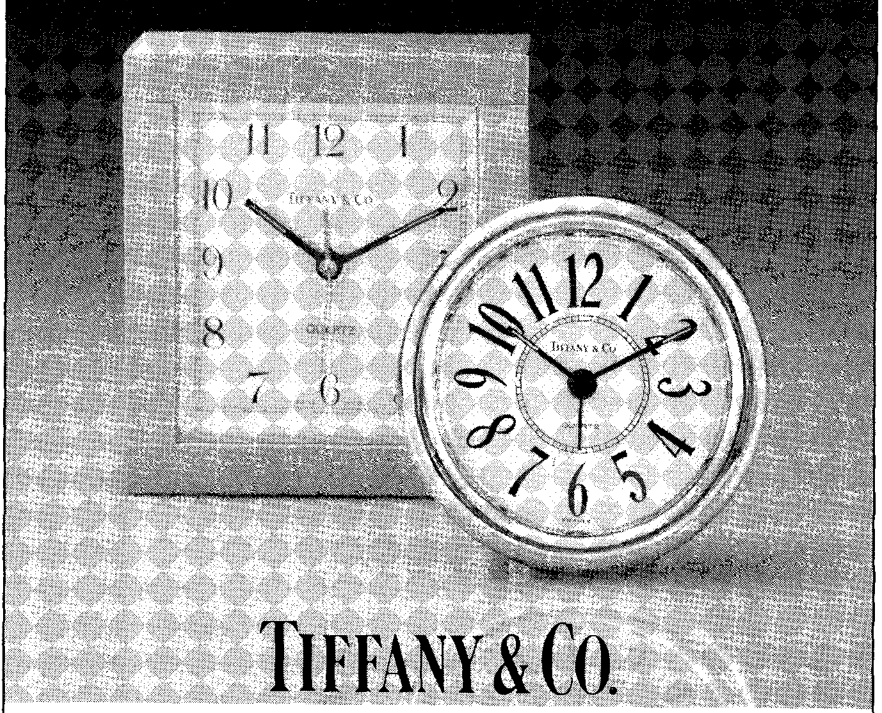

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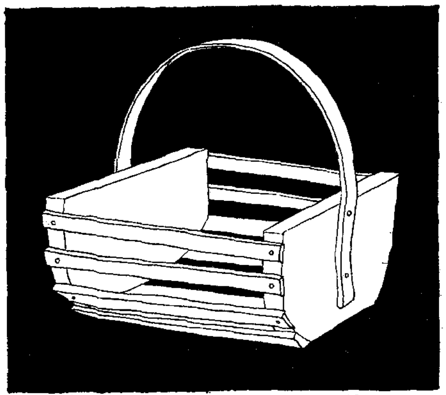
small—many with fewer than ten employees. Yet they are not the artisans' workshops of the past (although many of them are family-run) but technologically advanced collections of workers and equipment, with some of the highest rates of production and earnings in the country.

In a recent study of small businesses in Italy, the economist Michael J. Piore and the political scientist Charles F. Sabel, both of M.I.T., write that this new economic model grew up mainly as an answer to the tough conditions imposed on Italian firms by powerful labor unions in the late nineteen-sixties and early seventies; another factor was the high social-welfare taxes—recently as high as forty-nine per cent of wages—that the Italian government forces employers to pay for each worker employed. Moreover, peculiarities of collective bargaining in Italy made it essentially impossible to lay off workers if market demand should require a decline in production. The only way for a company to raise production temporarily without running the risk of increasing its permanent labor force was to make greater use of nonunion alternatives. In response, big businesses began to rely increasingly on the unofficial work that Italians call *lavoro nero:* subcontracting jobs out to firms employing under fifteen people—the legal limit for the size of a company subject to union and state control. Many of the small units were simply sweatshops, or workshops that provided a flexible labor force for the parent firm, but gradually a collection of independent small companies developed, with their own specialized markets, first at home and then abroad. Unhampered by government or unions—the trade unions first showed a sagacious restraint and then, in true Italian fashion, worked out an unofficial modus vivendi with the newcomers—the young firms boasted a high rate of production, based on increasingly efficient (sometimes miniaturized, sometimes computerized) manufacturing techniques. Today, their working conditions and pay scales usually meet union standards; in fact, as in every other sector of Italian life, an orderly solution to a problem has been found by circumventing the established order. According to Sabel and Piore, the new-style companies are able to respond closely to market trends, manufacturing almost entirely on demand; their profitability as a group reveals itself in their success in foreign markets, and, at home, in rising wage levels, technological development, and investments. Highly adaptable, most of them were able to ride out the Italian economic downturn of 1982-83 and move forward with renewed energy into the mid-nineteen-eighties.

WHAT all this has to do with Benetton comes into focus when one realizes that the company delegates a large percentage of its work to a network of contractors and subcontractors. The company tours don't include small, nonunion workshops clustered around the Benetton plants, but, according to a Harvard Business School study of Benetton, by 1983 payments for contract work equalled nearly six times the labor expense for work performed in the factories. That year, subcontractors performed about forty per cent of the knitting of wool, sixty per cent of the garment assembly, and twenty per cent of the finishing operations. The use of a flexible free-lance labor force puts Benetton in the company of other large firms in the Third Italy that channel their work away from union and government restrictions, and enjoy the advantages of a production staff that moves with market demand. And, with its family management, artisan roots, emphasis on front-line technology, and smooth fit into the surrounding countryside, Benetton is an example on a grand scale of the new kind of industry growing up among the fields and small towns of northern Italy.

Some proud Venetians claim that their province led the way in what the Italian press calls the miracle of the Third Italy. They say that the new-style economic model was anticipated by *il modello Veneto*. Whatever the case, the postwar growth—intensified during the nineteen-seventies, as in other parts of central and northeastern Italy—that increased industrial employment in the Veneto by two hundred and thirty-five per cent between 1951 and 1981 was unquestionably rooted in certain enduring traits of the Venetian character and landscape. When, before visiting the Benetton headquarters, I spoke with an Italian banker who specializes in relations with banks in the Veneto region (he prefers that I not mention his name), he emphasized the peasant, agricultural background of the new Venetian businesses. "With the exception of Venice and the port of Marghera, the Veneto was primarily an agricultural area until the Second World War," he said. "It had no industrial tradition, no experience of syndicalism, little real trade-union strength compared with other areas in Italy. When it made the jump into the modern industrial age, the businesses that sprang up had a peasant, agricultural structure—usually a paterfamilias and a family work force. Then, there is the incredible creativity of the Venetians. Every little locality specializes in one product or another. A Venetian peasant might find a broken-down refrigerator and, from a starting point as small as that, build up a huge volume of business selling cheap appliances that he has rebuilt."


JEANNE

In a report on Veneto in the Italian business daily *Il Sole-24 Ore*, the journalist Dante Ferrari writes that the industrial explosion in the region was encouraged by a strong artisan tradition, by an abundance of labor left from a shrinking agriculture, by hydraulic energy provided by the many rivers and springs, and by a long history of polycentrism—Veneto is evenly dotted with solid, medium-sized towns like Treviso—which helped construct the diffused network of industrial units characteristic of the Third Italy. Ferrari also discusses the Venetian character, which he and other Italians describe in terms that Americans might use for New Englanders, or the British might use for Scots: close-lipped, religious, clannish, hardworking, politically conservative, but with odd flashes of radical idealism. Added to these traits are an instinctive distrust of pomp, chatter, and servility, a talent for driving a hard bargain, and an ingrained veneration for thrift. "The towns of the Veneto have this peculiarity," Ferrari writes. "Savings-and-loan banks in the countryside, as with small regional banks, exert . . . moral influence and guidance under the shadow of the church towers. The idea of saving is not only a goal of many people but also a sign of distinction and of nobility, an aspiration felt by everyone, both rich and poor."

Ferrari could have expanded the discussion by mentioning the psychological legacy of the Most Serene Republic of Venice, the nation that perhaps more than any other, before or since, identified itself with commerce, and whose inhabitants seemed to carry in their bloodstream a curiously commingled fascination with profit and with travel. Although it would be romantic rather than illuminating to portray present-day businessmen of the Veneto mainland as heirs to Marco Polo or as modern variations on Shakespeare's Antonio, it is still useful to be aware of the weight of a tradition that gave rise to literature and legend. The phenomenal receptiveness of these small-town businesses to sophisticated marketing and manufacturing techniques and their ability to envision themselves in terms of international markets become more comprehensible if one invokes the memory of past governors for whom, even through the medieval hurly-burly of war and intrigue, world trade was as essential as military action. "One of the secrets of Venice's rise to power lay in the fact that she never saw the twin necessities of defense and commerce as altogether separate," John Julius Norwich writes, in "A History of Venice." "Her war captains . . . were never averse to trading on the side. . . . In feudal Europe, where the fighting nobility remained haughtily aloof from trade, such a system would have been unthinkable, but in Venice there was no separate military caste; the nobles were merchants, the merchants noble, and the interests of both were identical."

Once one begins to look at the region around Benetton, the structure and growth of the firm seem logical, inevitable, making up a fabric as authentically Venetian, as Third Italian, as a Benetton sweater. (Appropriately, many economic descriptions of the area make use of the homely metaphor of knitting.) What has made Benetton bigger and faster than the others is, at least in part, that the imagination of Luciano Benetton has been bigger and worked faster; and this very identification of a company with a personality is part of the classic design. It is also at the base of one pressing question facing Benetton and similar young Italian giants: that of growth and succession. Dante Ferrari puts it very well. "In Veneto," he writes, "the person who gives the orders is the owner, and not simply the manager . . . and the problem that presents itself now is that of the passage between generations. The proprietors of today's big firms were, twenty years ago, employees, or artisans, or, more likely, small-scale producers or dealers . . . people, in short, who were used to being completely in charge of management, with simple but solid rules. Today, the members of this generation are beginning to have gray hair, and govern in general small- or medium-sized businesses with great productivity—but they give orders in the name of a credibility more closely linked to an individual person than to the firm itself. Who will take over the leadership of these companies?" Ferrari's answer is a sentimental invocation of the strength of tradition and family ties for the Venetian: "No region of Italy has succeeded in keeping father and son united as has the Veneto."

For the future of a company like Benetton, the real answer probably involves a strong continued family direction combined with a public offering of shares. A Milanese banker whom I

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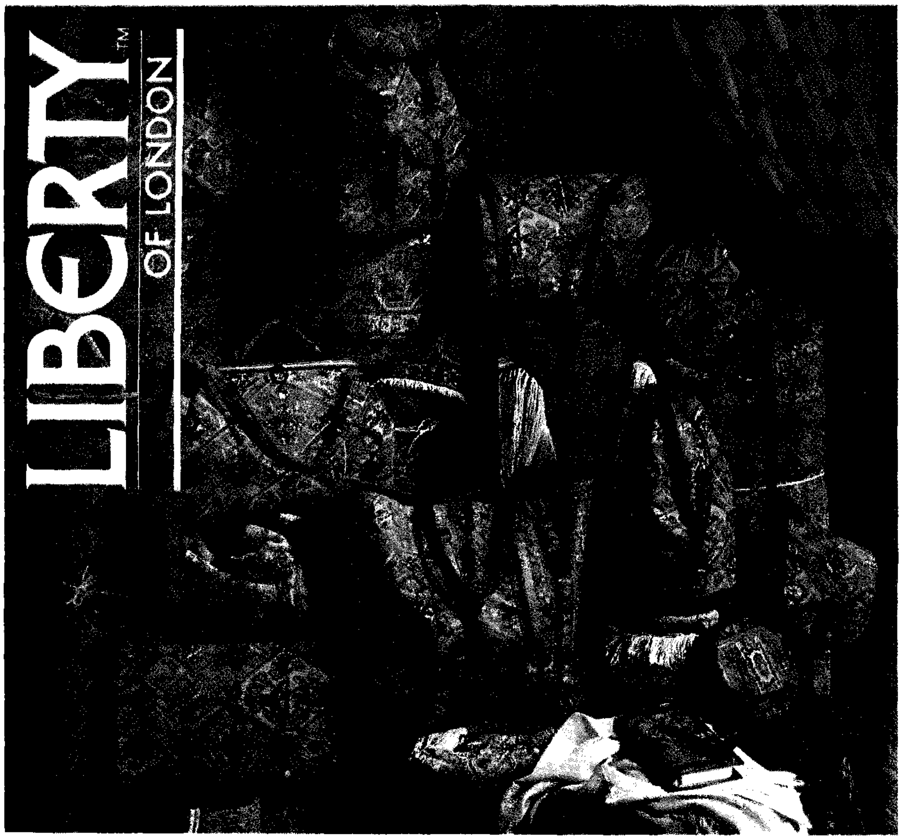

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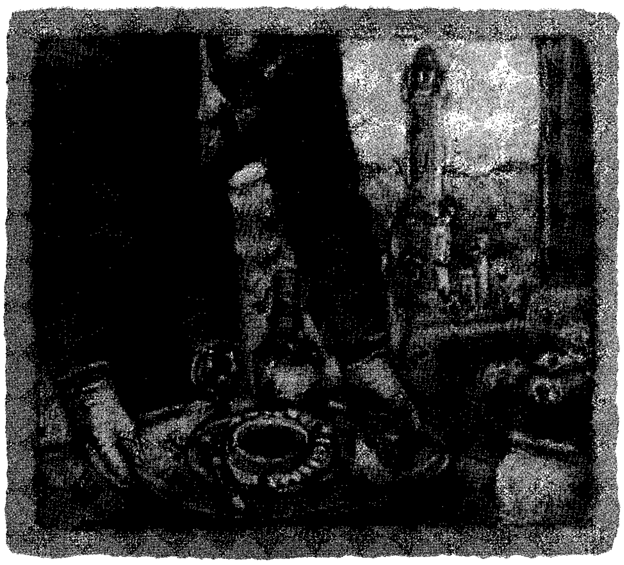

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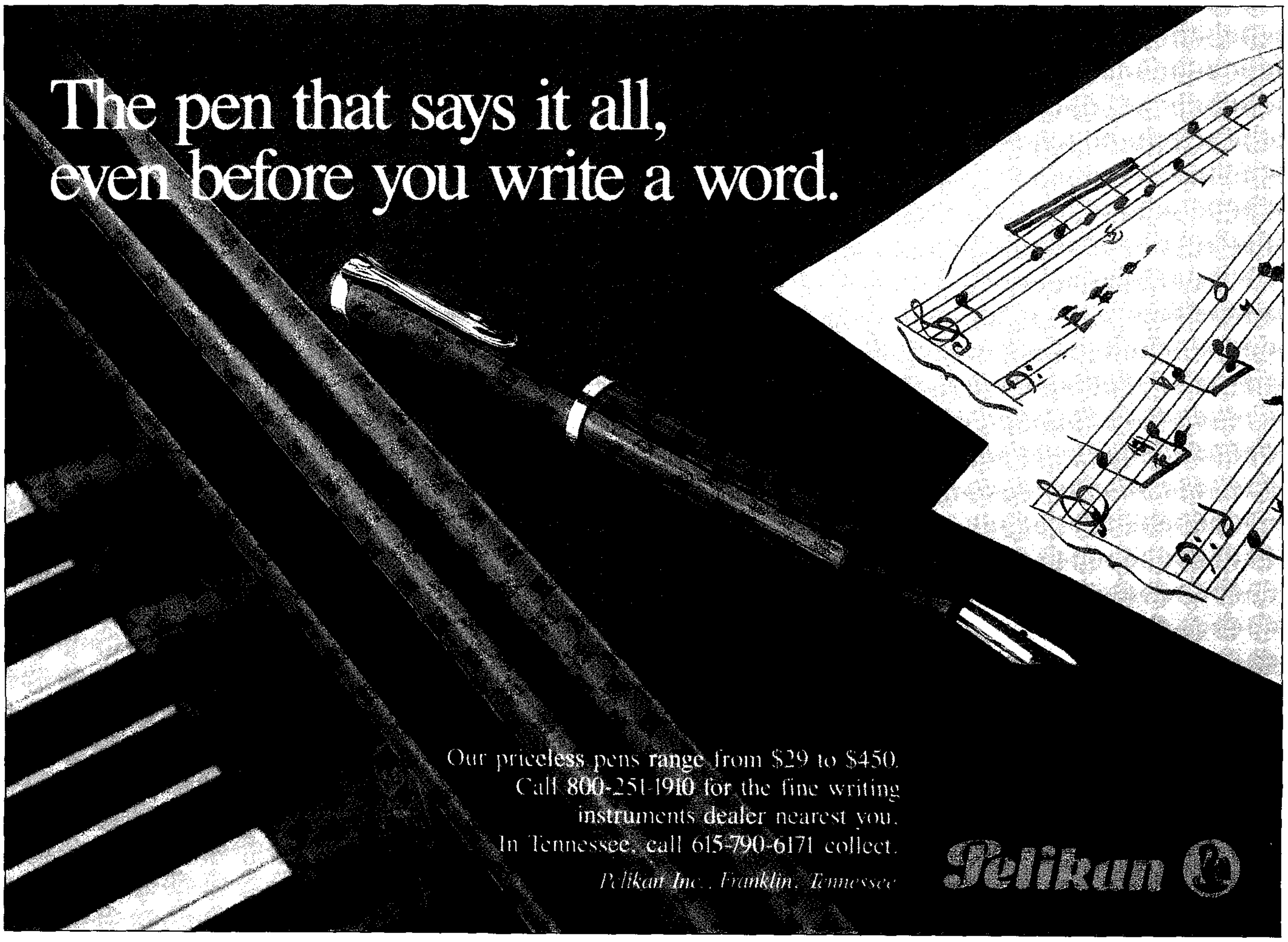
telephoned after my trip to Treviso told me that he expects to see a shift toward greater regionalization of Benetton management and production as the company grows bigger; perhaps, given the strength of the Benetton information systems, it will be possible to have an international firm with the feeling of a small business. When, during our drive to lunch, I asked Luciano Benetton whether the family members expected their children to go into the business, he said that he was exerting no pressure in that direction. "In the second generation, there are fifteen," he said. "I think it's better that each one express his own personality. Later, there might be a possibility of some of them entering the firm, and, if so, we'll be fortunate." Some younger Benettons are already intimately involved with the business, as might be expected: Luciano's son Mauro, whom I had just met, is a production manager for Benetton's Sisley division; and two of Giuliana's daughters attended the summer program at the Fashion Institute of Technology this year.

THE car in which Luciano Benetton drove me to lunch was an unobtrusive Alfa Romeo sedan, but it was armored, and moved along like a tank. He has been the subject of a kidnapping attempt, and three years ago he was held hostage at gunpoint in his house—an experience that forced him to move from the country into a small, easily guarded house in the very center of Treviso. It struck me as incongruous to be thinking of brigands and bulletproof glass while driving between flat Veneto cornfields that suggest nothing so much as North Carolina, but the sight of smallish modern factories at every crossroads reminded me of the tremendous concentration of new wealth in the area. Lunch was at Da Sergio, a tiny restaurant that forms yet another Benetton-family-style circle: it is owned and staffed, Luciano told me, by a husband and wife and their two sons, and at lunchtime, when it is nearly all filled with Benetton staff, it has the clubby, intimate feel of a neighborhood hangout.

As we entered the simply furnished, low-ceilinged room, there occurred among the people eating lunch not exactly a hush—as a boss, Luciano Benetton seems so resolutely democratic that one feels he would be unhappy if a hush were to fall—but a transformation in the set of eyes, of shoulders, which implied that the most crucial person had entered. "*Buon giorno, Signor Luciano,*" said the adolescent waiter, coming up to us with a quick, deferential smile. Like all of Benetton's employees and many of his local acquaintances, the waiter addressed him with the "Signor" plus first name—a style that in Italian suggests a formalized and respectful intimacy, often with someone of higher rank. It is a legitimate way of addressing an especially accessible *padrone*, and carries strong patriarchal overtones. Benetton sat down at a side table and ordered a frugal lunch of *pomodoro con riso* and a plate of zucchini and green beans. We began to talk about the Treviso basketball team that Benetton sponsors—on the flat Venetian plain, as in the American Midwest, basketball is a big sport. All three of the Benetton brothers play, and Luciano, as he often tells reporters, was never the best player but was always the captain of the team. Then Benetton talked about the company plans for Eastern Europe. "It's taken a lot of time and planning," he said. "But now we have stores in Belgrade and Budapest. Success for us would obviously not be to fill the Eastern block with stores on a Western scale. It would be to have perhaps twenty stores, in the major cities—yes, even in Moscow. The Yugoslavian and Hungarian openings have broken the ice: they were both successes, and they created perhaps not a potential market but at least a rapport. Moscow has already made the initial overtures. The rapport with them can be a bit strange, though, because the people in charge of fashion sometimes turn out to be engineers."

Benetton was interested to learn that I had spent time in Russia, which is one of the few countries he has never visited, and as he ate his lunch and drank a single glass of wine he questioned me closely about life there. The questions he asked were practical and to the point. What was a typical Russian evening with friends? What did they eat? What did they wear? Was it true, as he had been told, that there were no displays in store windows—that most clothing stores were on the second floor, and not at street level? His face as he accepted or rejected each piece of information as useful was animated, even illuminated, by an almost sportive intellectual enjoyment—the kind a bright young student might unwittingly display, revelling in his power to grasp new facts. It was clear that this gathering of information for meditation and eventual use was a great pleasure to him, and was linked to a bigger vision, which gave him a tremendous sense of excitement and well-being. He forgot about me for a minute and went off into his own thoughts, and as I watched him I felt closer than at any time previously to the wide range of imagination, the clarity of thought that people who know him well always mention, at one point or another, in descriptions of him. He touched his glasses, pushed back his plate of beans and zucchini, and stared down at his hands, which he cupped on the table—it was as though all Russia, all Eastern Europe, were a problematical small contraption that he was holding. He said slowly, still looking down, "It would be fascinating to open up that closed box."

THE first Benetton store to open in Czechoslovakia was not in the main shopping area of Prague but on Rezniká Street, a side street in a rather quiet neighborhood that held a few innovative shops. (An Italian-style *gelateria* was one of them.) As I flew in



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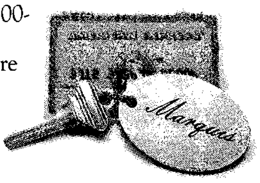

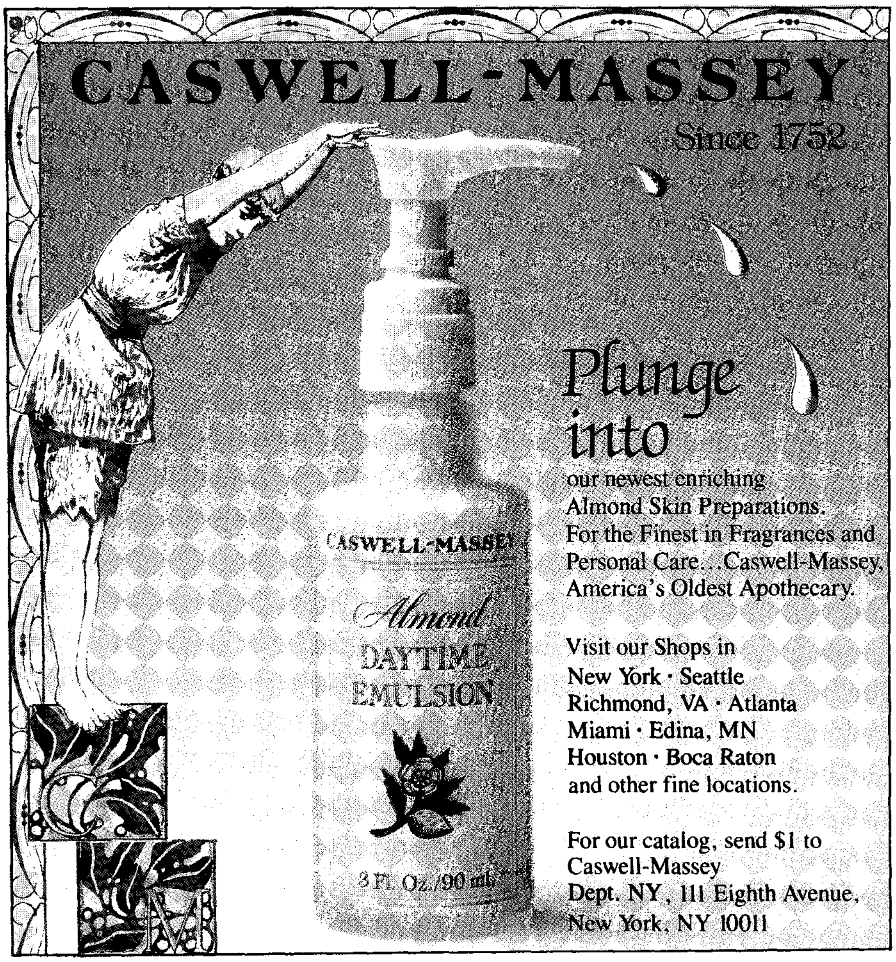

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with the Benetton delegation from Italy—Luciano Benetton, Riccardo Weiss, Davide Paolini, and Renata Sponchiado—I learned that the Czech government had initially not wanted the store within the city limits at all. It had first planned to allot space only in a suburb; had then, after more negotiation, agreed to open the shop in an outlying area of the city; and, finally, had located the outlet in this central but not heavily commercial area. Our bus ride from the airport that morning took us across the Vltava and into the lovely tangle of spires and peaked roofs which is the old city. Riding through the rainy streets filled with traffic and fair-haired pedestrians, I experienced the sense of otherworldliness I always feel in Eastern Europe.

It was strange, in those urban surroundings where advertising and commercial display are restricted to an almost nineteenth-century sobriety, to catch sight of the familiar green-and-white exterior of a Benetton store. Above the front door hung a small sign that read "TUZEX," the word that denotes hard-currency stores in Czechoslovakia. (As in certain types of *Beriozka* stores in the Soviet Union, where scarce goods are available only for foreign money, customers who shop in Tuzex stores in Czechoslovakia must pay with coupons that show they have received and exchanged a certain amount of Western currency. This generally limits the customers to those Czechs who have permission to travel in the West or are in some way connected with companies outside the Soviet bloc. There are a number of Tuzex stores in Prague, selling clothing, shoes, housewares, and other items. They are not hidden from the general public, like some hard-currency stores in the Soviet Union, but seem to be regarded in the same light as any snobbish high-priced store in the West.)

As our bus came to a halt near the new shop, I saw that a knot of curious observers had gathered by the door, even though the public opening was not to take place until later that afternoon. Inside was a typical colorful, intimate interior, in the prefabricated Scarpa design that the company calls Benetton; inconspicuously placed along the shelves holding variegated stacks of clothing were several very small, almost postcard-size reproductions of Benetton's "United Colors" ads. All in all, it was a standard Benetton shop—the kind that, both in America and in Italy, is generally filled with seventeen-year-old girls chattering back and forth between dressing booths. It was curious, therefore, to see—as we did when we entered—surroundings geared to such an insouciant, well-heeled young clientele filled instead with a generally sombre, generally elderly mass of ministers and other officials of the Czech government. They had the indestructible dark suits and passive bland faces of powerful men in any Eastern European country, and they looked slightly suspicious and confused as they contemplated this capitalist-style paradise for female youth. With them was an entourage of even blander-looking young men, whose impressive physiques suggested a career in preventing security mishaps.

Present there, I found out from reading a program, was J. Kapek, General Secretary of the Prague Committee of the Czechoslovakian Communist Party. As Luciano Benetton came through the shop door, cameras flashed, and there was applause. Toasts were drunk in sweet champagne, and an array of pretty, nervous-looking Czech girls wearing Benetton T-shirts, tight pants, and high heels offered hors d'oeuvres made of half a grape and a tiny piece of cheese. An official gave a short welcoming speech in Czech, and more pictures were taken, including one of Luciano Benetton surrounded by the blushing salesgirls—a pose he managed without looking the least bit ridiculous. Meanwhile, the twenty or thirty people crowded inside the shop jostled one another and chatted in Czech, Italian, and German.

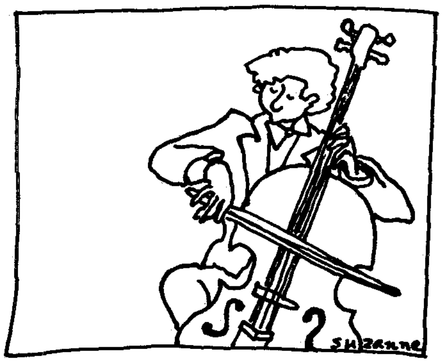
"Oh, this will be a big success, very big," said a stylishly dressed black-haired woman, a photographer, who said she worked for Czech news services. "Only, I wonder why the store is so small. I thought an Italian store would be larger, more elegant."

"What they really need to be selling is shoes," said a pale young man, an East German journalist with an almost unbearably cynical smile. "The Czechs already dress like Westerners; the only thing that gives them away is their bad shoes."

I talked with a young Yugoslavian man who heads one of two Benetton shops in Belgrade. He explained to me a complicated hard-currency system for purchases made in the Yugoslavian Benetton; for example, a young woman with Western currency who wants to buy a sweater selects the sweater, fills out a pro-forma voucher for the exact cost, takes the voucher to the bank, where she exchanges it for hard currency from her account, and, finally, brings the currency back to the store to exchange for her sweater. "In this part of the world, shopping is a real adventure," he added, unnecessarily.

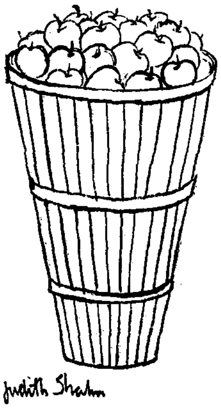
When it was time for the Benetton delegation to move on to a luncheon at the Intercontinental Hotel, Luciano Benetton, who had maintained his kind, abstracted smile through the whole festivity, made one of his swift, immediately acted-on decisions: to go from the store to the hotel on foot rather than in the bus, so as to get a good look at the life of the city. With his guide, he at once set off at a purposeful pace, leaving his companions to straggle along behind, confused and a little irritated. "Signor Luciano walks *very* fast," one of the Benetton executives remarked, darkly. An enterprising Czech news reporter took out a movie camera and scuttled along crab-fashion, filming Benetton's walk; Luciano maintained an Olympian calm.

We passed through staring noonday crowds and entered the Old Town Square, with its lovely baroque churches and Copernican clock. The entire way, Benetton peered into shopwindows, studied what people were wearing, and asked his typical barrage of questions, listening carefully to the answers. How old was this church? What did Czechs eat, not just for a fancy official lunch but for an average meal? What do Czechs do on weekends? For vacations? If they travelled to East Germany or Hungary, how did they do it—what was the most economical way? As I hurried behind him, I again had the impression, as I had had at lunch a month earlier, of an energetic visionary whose whole basis for planning and action comes, in a typically Venetian style, from a concentrated diet of practical information. "Do you think Czech women are individualistic about clothes?" I heard him ask his guide. "For instance, would you buy a dress if you knew that one of your friends had one like it?"



At the Intercontinental Hotel, in one of the luxurious, slightly oppressive banqueting rooms one finds in modern Eastern European hotels, Luciano Benetton gave a simultaneously translated speech to the group of officials and journalists who had been at the store reception. In his pleasant, uningratiating voice, he said that this was a day filled with emotion for him, that the opening of the store was also the début of a new type of dialogue between East and West, that the company hoped to open a second Czech store in the following year, and that he wished them all *felicità*. At the elaborate lunch following, I ate excellent Czech ham and drank pilsner beer at a small table with the Italian Ambassador to Czechoslovakia, his young attaché, and the Italian trade representative. It was not the head table, where Luciano Benetton sat chatting with Czech officials, and I had the impression that the representatives of the Italian government were feeling a bit left out. It was an impression that I later connected with the knowledge that many young Italian firms like Benetton owe some of their vitality to an ability to circumvent the official bureaucracy. The courtly old Roman Ambassador seemed suavely dismissive of the energetic northern businessman, and when I asked the trade representative whether he had worked on the Benetton project he said, "They didn't ask us. They have their own contacts."

After lunch and a brief tour of the city (chief impressions: Luciano Benetton peering into bookstores, into subway entrances, absorbing the answers to a mile-long string of questions as he strode cheerfully through the drizzle between the black baroque statues on the bridge of Charles IV), our bus took us back to the shop for its official opening to the public. As the bus turned the corner, we saw a long line of customers waiting patiently to enter—the salesgirls were letting in eight at a time. Success! A smile ran across Luciano's face, and the rest of us broke into applause. It really was impressive, I reflected, if one considered the fact that except for an inconspicuous Benetton sign set amid other low-key foreign advertising in the Slavia Stadium there had been absolutely no publicity for the store in Prague. Earlier that afternoon, I had chatted with the head of the Tuzex organization, a small, sprightly man, and he had told me that if the store was a success (and success in Czechoslovakia means the same thing it means anywhere: lots of sales) then there would be another Prague store. If things continued at this rate, the second store looked like a sure thing.



Inside the shop, the salesgirls were rushing around displaying and refolding sweaters for a clientele that wouldn't have looked out of place in a Midwestern American suburb: mostly blond, prosperous-looking young women in their late teens or early twenties, already dressed in Western clothing. Their expressions, excited or self-consciously deadpan, gave away the fact that this was not just another Thursday afternoon—that what they were buying was something special and hitherto unavailable. Some of them bought five or six items at once, and walked out into the drizzly gray street laden with shopping bags, and beaming. Luciano Benetton stood by with an intensely involved, slightly searching expression on his face, like a chemist watching the emerging results of an experiment he has set up. He took the store managers aside and, in his calm, painstaking way, reminded them to make the window displays more eye-catching as winter approached, and to turn in sales figures the following Monday. Then he scanned the shelves of colorful clothing, picked up a sweater that was folded wrong, refolded it, and replaced it.

THE return flight to Treviso took us out of the mist and rain of Eastern Europe into a sunny late afternoon over the Alps and northern Italy. A relaxed atmosphere prevailed on the Citation II, with Benetton, Paolini, and Weiss discussing soccer and teasing the co-pilot about some Czech dolls he had bought for his children. I talked to Renata Sponchiado, the pretty administrative assistant, who had done much of the translation work all day. "Oh, Signor Luciano is very pleased with this new store," she said, in a joyful voice. "And I am happy. It took two years of long, hard work. We had tremendous difficulty with the bureaucracy at first, and in the end things worked out mainly because of one of our German associates. He had a friend who was a Hungarian minister, and that friend knew a Czech minister—it was all through connections and friends."

When we landed at the Treviso airport, I said goodbye to the others and took the armored Alfa back into town with Luciano Benetton. He was on his way home, and I was to go on in the car with a driver to catch a flight to Rome from Marco Polo Airport, in Venice. It was about six-thirty in the evening, and the sunny streets around and inside the small city were filled with people walking, bicycling, or driving home. It seemed dimensions away from the melancholy gray beauty of Prague and the controlled frenzy of our race from official function to function.

Although Luciano Benetton never looks weary or frazzled—an inexhaustible vitality and an unflappable serenity seem to be two of the secrets of running a worldwide business—in some way, perhaps through a sort of broadening and relaxing of all his molecules, I could sense his absolute comfort in returning to his own small town, which seemed to fit him like one of his well-worn tweed jackets. He told me he was happy with the Prague shop, although the location was not ideal. "The response was good—it was a miracle, when you come to think of it, how many people came. It was on a side street, there was no advertising, everything took place through word of mouth." He adjusted his glasses and thought for a minute as we passed through one of the gates in the ancient city wall of Treviso. "That location might, strangely, turn out to be an advantage," he went on. "It might become chic to go to a place a bit out of the way, where not everyone goes."

He talked earnestly, reflectively, about Czechoslovakia, setting forth, with his usual relish for new facts, some of the information he had gleaned from his indefatigable questioning. I asked him which country he was going to visit next, and he told me that the next day he was leaving for one of his frequent visits to America. He would stop in New York and in Madison, Wisconsin. "And Oshkosh," he added, with a delighted laugh suggesting that he looked forward to enlarging his knowledge of the world by one more exotic corner. "I've never been to Oshkosh. I like that name."

After the driver let him out at the corner of a cobblestoned street, he said goodbye and, with his swift, direct stride, walked away. Near that corner was a bar I had visited—one of the small, oddly festive bars of Treviso, where pink-cheeked barmen who know everyone serve an excellent Bellini or grappa or beer. Before we drove away, I saw a man come out of the bar and heard him say as he passed Luciano Benetton, "*Buona sera, Signor Luciano.*"

As the Benetton driver took me down a two-lane road that led through the green cornfields and vineyards and a scattering of small factories toward Venice and the airport, he asked me if I wanted to listen to some taped music. Looking through the glove compartment, I found a number of cassettes, holding music from all over the world: a few samba tapes, some jazz, Peruvian panpipe music, a few low-key rock vocalists from the United States.

"Whose are these?" I asked.

"They belong to Signor Luciano," the driver said.

It seemed logical: they were all music appropriate for a solitary dreamer—one who, without abandoning a base fixed firmly in the small world of his family and region, seeks out many styles and cultures. I put on a panpipe tape, and as the thin music filled the car with the remote harmonies of the Andes we rode down the highway through the cornfields to Venice.

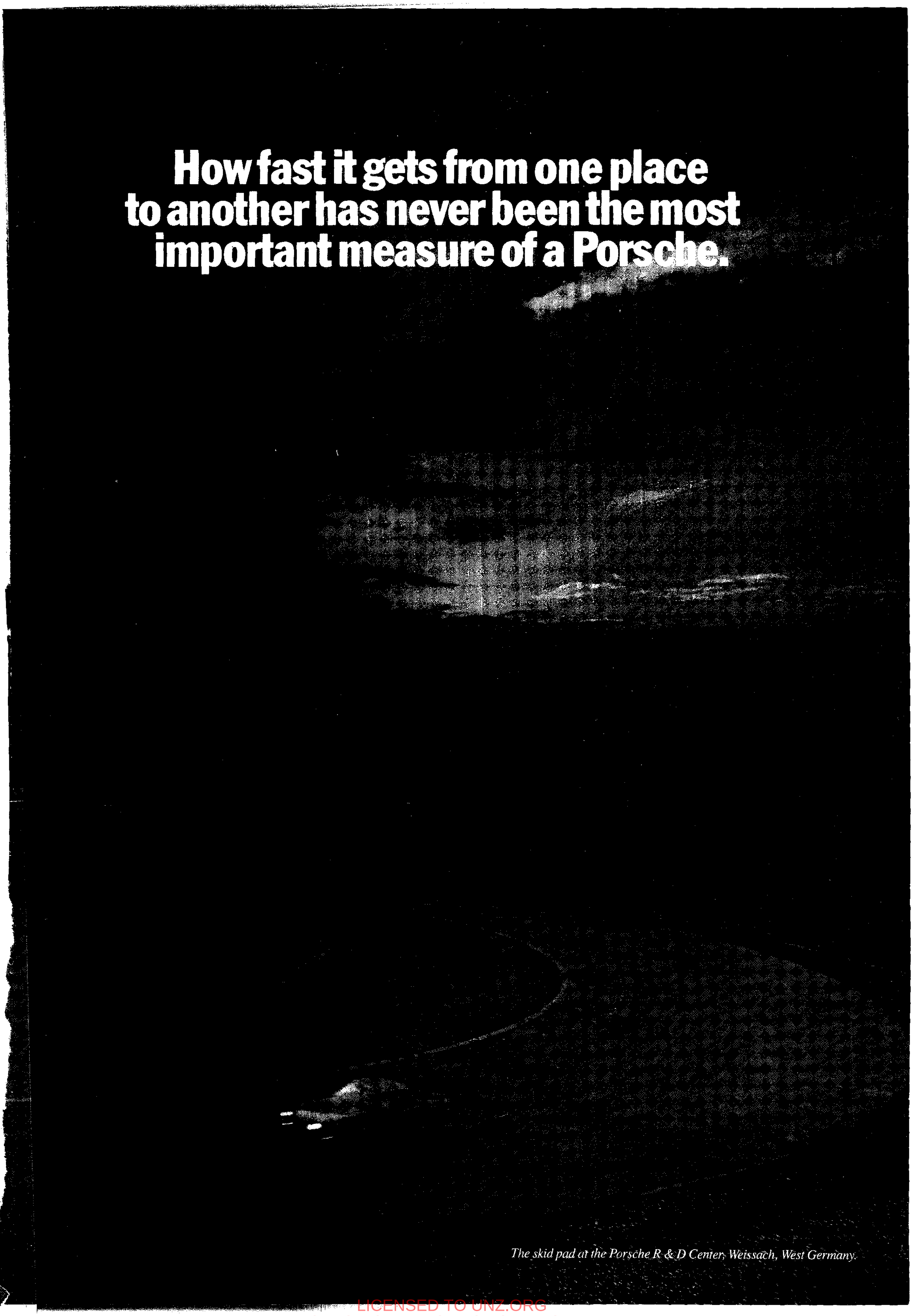
—ANDREA LEE

•

Q If golf is supposed to be fun, how come many golfers take the game so seriously?

A Golf should be fun and you should be able to laugh at some of the things that happen during your game. Recently, a friend hit his tee shot deep into the woods. Seconds later we heard a loud bang. I instructed him to hit a second shot. Again he drove it deep into the woods and again there was a loud bang. We ran to the direction where the balls had gone and came upon a family barbecue. We apologized and asked if there was any damage. They told us the first ball hit a butter dish with butter splattering those close by. The second ball hit an open bulkhead leading to the cellar and was found in front of the television. We were able to laugh because there had been no injuries or damage. Just embarrassment. Remember, golf is a recreational activity that can be beneficial both physically and mentally. So relax, have fun and laugh on the course.—*Chris Harney in "Ask the Experts," a sports column in the Boston Globe.*

Ho, ho, ho.


How fast it gets from one place to another has never been the most important measure of a Porsche.

The skid pad at the Porsche R & D Center, Weissach, West Germany.

It took us five years to get from here...

At Porsche, we're in the business of building high-performance sports cars.

It's what our customers expect.

It's what we expect of ourselves.

And, after 39 years, it's still one thing that very clearly sets Porsches apart from the majority of cars in this world.

But not the only thing.

Just as 0-60 times and top-end speeds are important, so too is the slow and measured pace at which, year after year, we take every new Porsche another step closer to perfection.

Consider the Porsche 944. A car which, in its first year of existence, was declared one of the Ten Best in America by Car and Driver magazine.

The average engineer might well have viewed such praise as an invitation to kick back and relax for awhile. Our engineers saw it as a challenge. To make a great car even better.

1983 944 *4-cylinder, in-line, single overhead camshaft, liquid-cooled front engine, 2479cc, 143 hp, transaxle design. Weight: 2778 lbs. Top speed: 130 mph.*

to here.

Which may serve to explain why he 944 has appeared on the Ten Best ist every year since.

To the casual eye, the '83 944 and 7 944S pictured below could be two hotographs of the same car.

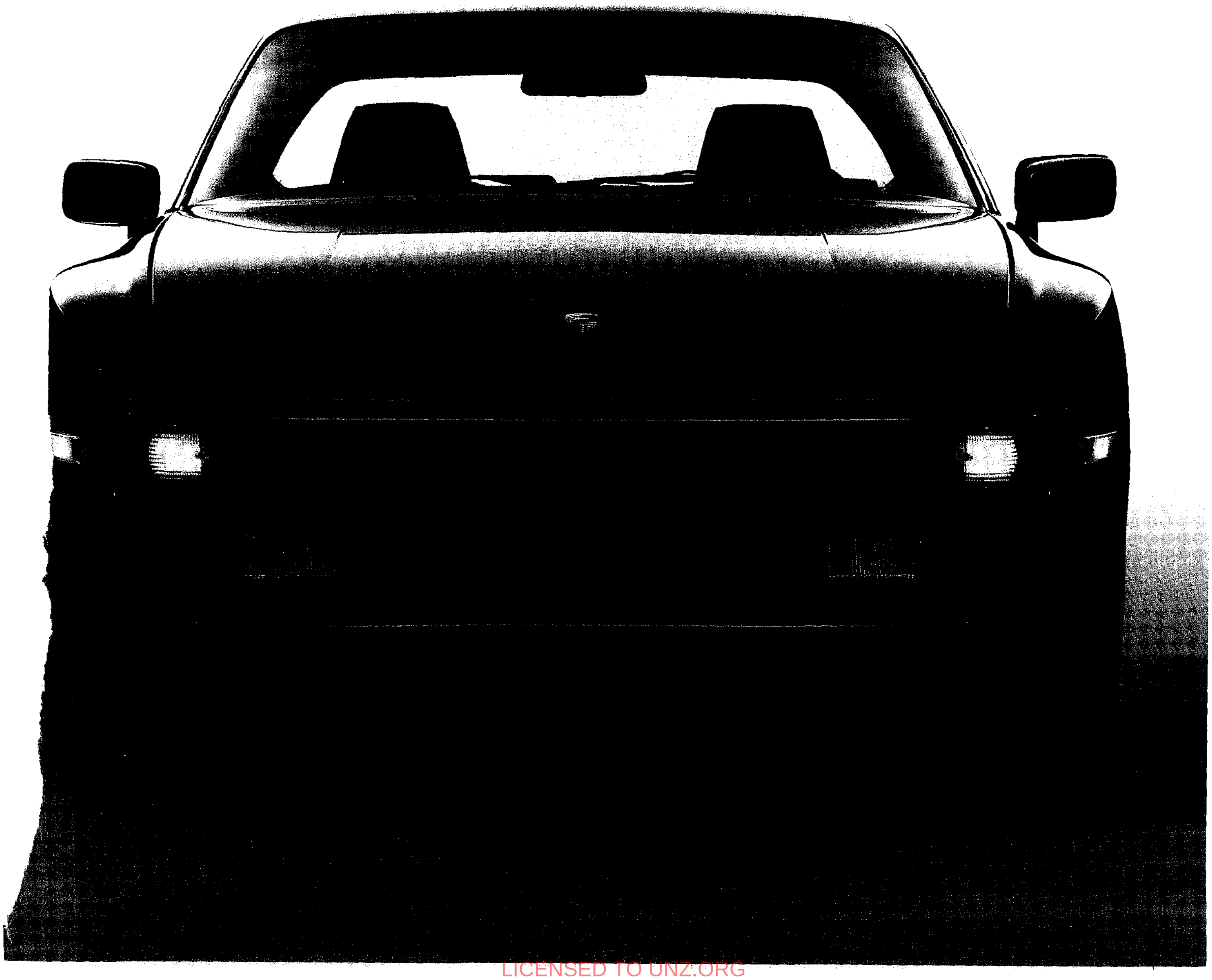
But, beneath the familiar counte-ance, the new 16-valve 944S—like this ear's standard 944—reflects five years f meticulous refinements that have imroved everything from performance, handling and mileage to seating position and music appreciation.

Thanks to the new four-valve head design, horsepower is up considerably. As is top speed. And 0-60 time is a significant 6/10ths of a second faster.

All the natural result of a process that began when the very first Porsche emerged from a converted sawmill in Gmünd, Austria, in 1948.

A process that will end only when the very last Porsche is built.

1987 944S *4-cylinder, in-line, 16 valves, double overhead camshafts, liquid-cooled front engine, 2479cc, 188 hp, transaxle design. Weight: 2866 lbs. Top speed: 142 mph.*



What it takes to turbocharge a Porsche, including the turbocharger.

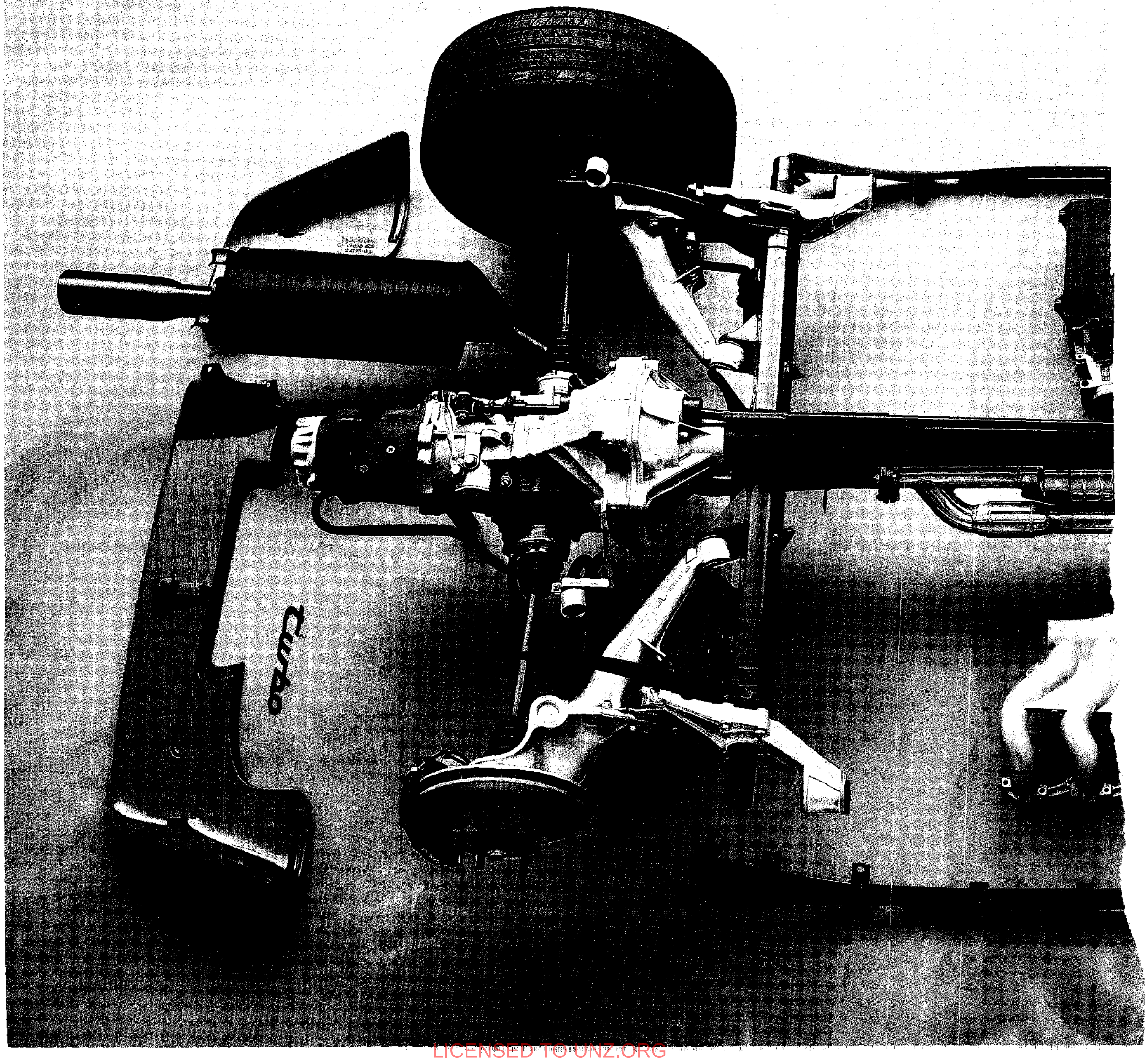
The theory that a whole is greater than the sum of its parts did not originate with Professor Porsche.

But he, for one, wholeheartedly subscribes to it.

Because if he's learned anything in four decades of building cars, it's that a change in one component can profoundly affect the performance of the others. And ultimately, the performance of the whole ca

Nowhere is this truth more evident than in the area of turbocharging.

Porsche pioneered this technology for production cars back in 1975. And realized right from the start that simply bolting on a turbocharger, tweaking the



ngine a little and re-naming the car was he wrong way to go about it.

The right way is revealed below.

Every component shown here was eemed necessary to transform a normally spirated 944 into a turbocharged 944.

Major engine components, more han 30 in all, to compensate for increased nternal loads and heat.

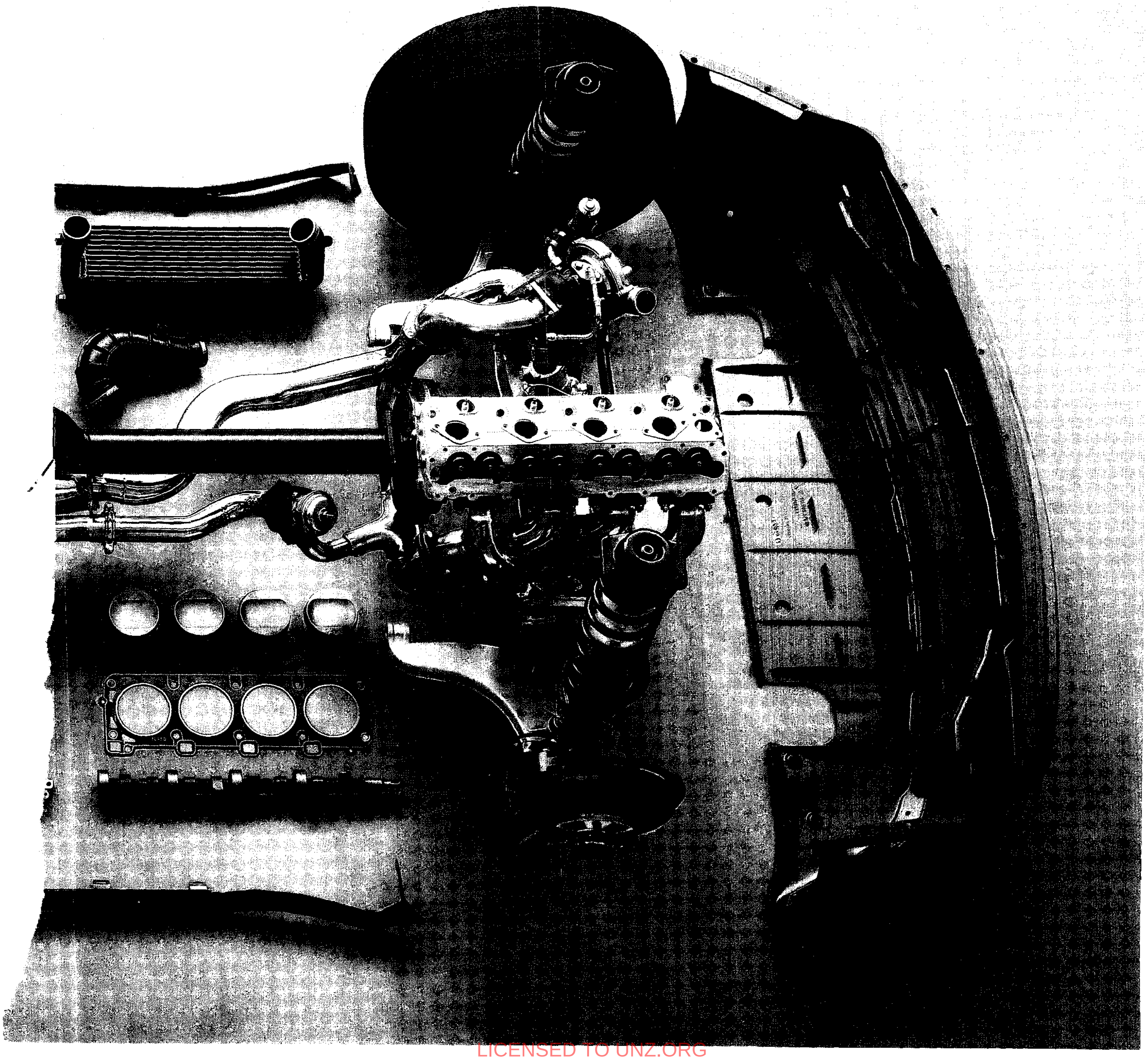
Chassis components, from shock bsorbers and brakes to wheels and tires, o meet higher performance demands.

Front and rear body components, to improve wind resistance at higher speeds, while controlling lift and drag.

To say nothing of the turbocharger itself which, among other innovative bits of technology, includes two water cooling systems to protect turbine bearings, even after the engine is turned off.

Of course, if we hadn't gone to such lengths with the 944, we could still have built a turbo.

We just couldn't have built a Porsche.



How fast it gets from one place to another has always been an important measure of a Porsche.

If you were so inclined, you could go out right now and buy yourself a new Porsche 944 or 944 Turbo, roll it out of the showroom, gas it up, enter it in a certified Showroom Stock event and do with it exactly what nature intended.

Race it.

Of course, you'd have to go to racing school and get your license first.

You'd have to add the necessary safety equipment and number decals to the car.

And you'd have to have a certain amount of talent.

But you could race it.

Fresh off the showroom floor.

Depending on the event, you might be required to run your Porsche completely stock, including the equipment

ormally sold with the car—things like ir conditioning and a stereo. And you ould win. As our 944's do.

Or you might opt for an event that llows minor wheel and suspension odifications. And you'd be out there olding your own against cars with ngines more than twice as big as yours. s our 944 Turbos do.

The point being that Porsche's repu- ation for performance isn't built solely n the exotic, highly modified, one-of-a- ind cars we produce for the likes of Monte Carlo, Nürburgring, Daytona and LeMans.

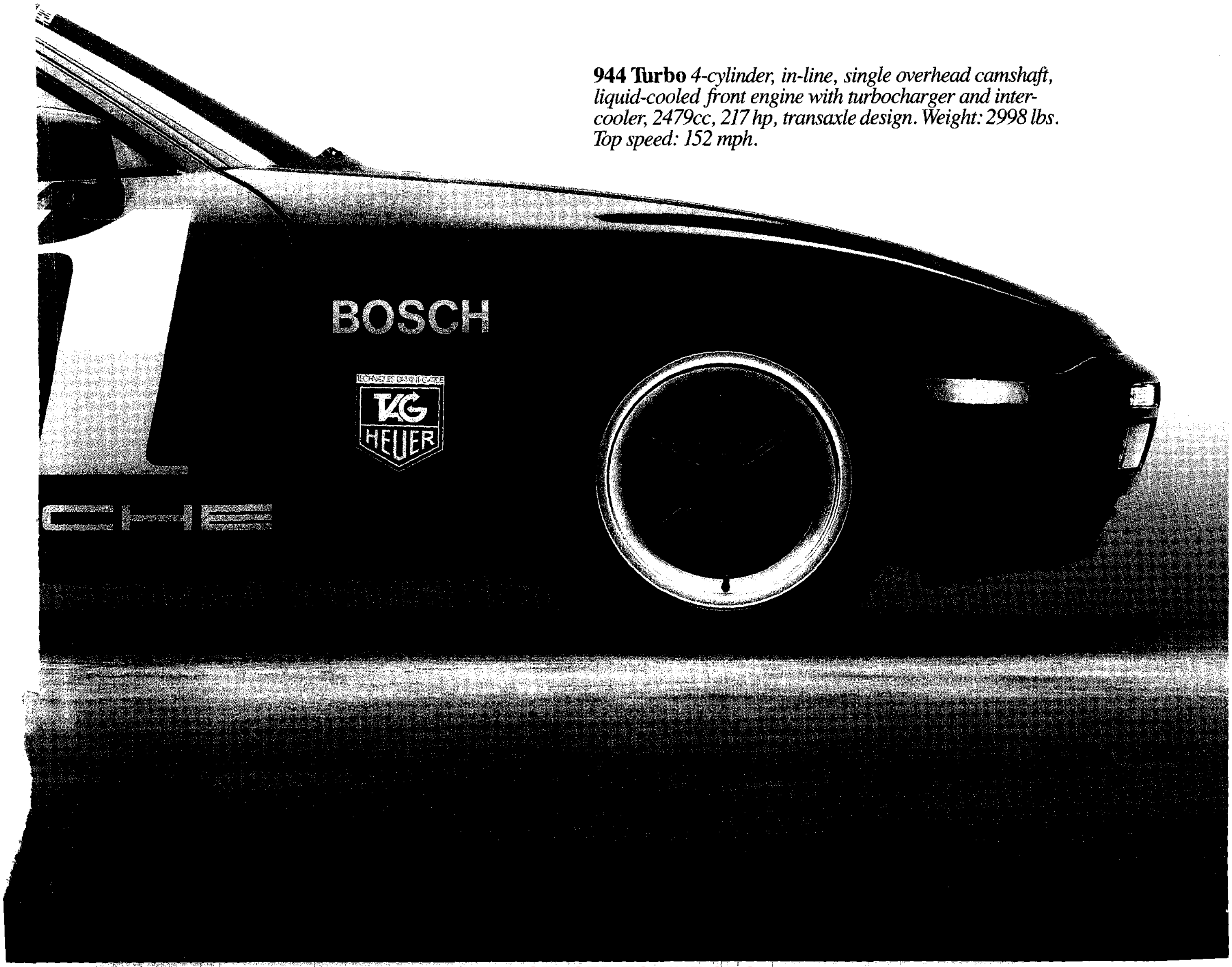
It's built just as much on the cars we've been selling to people like you for almost 40 years.

People for whom driving a car is much more than simply a means of getting to a destination.

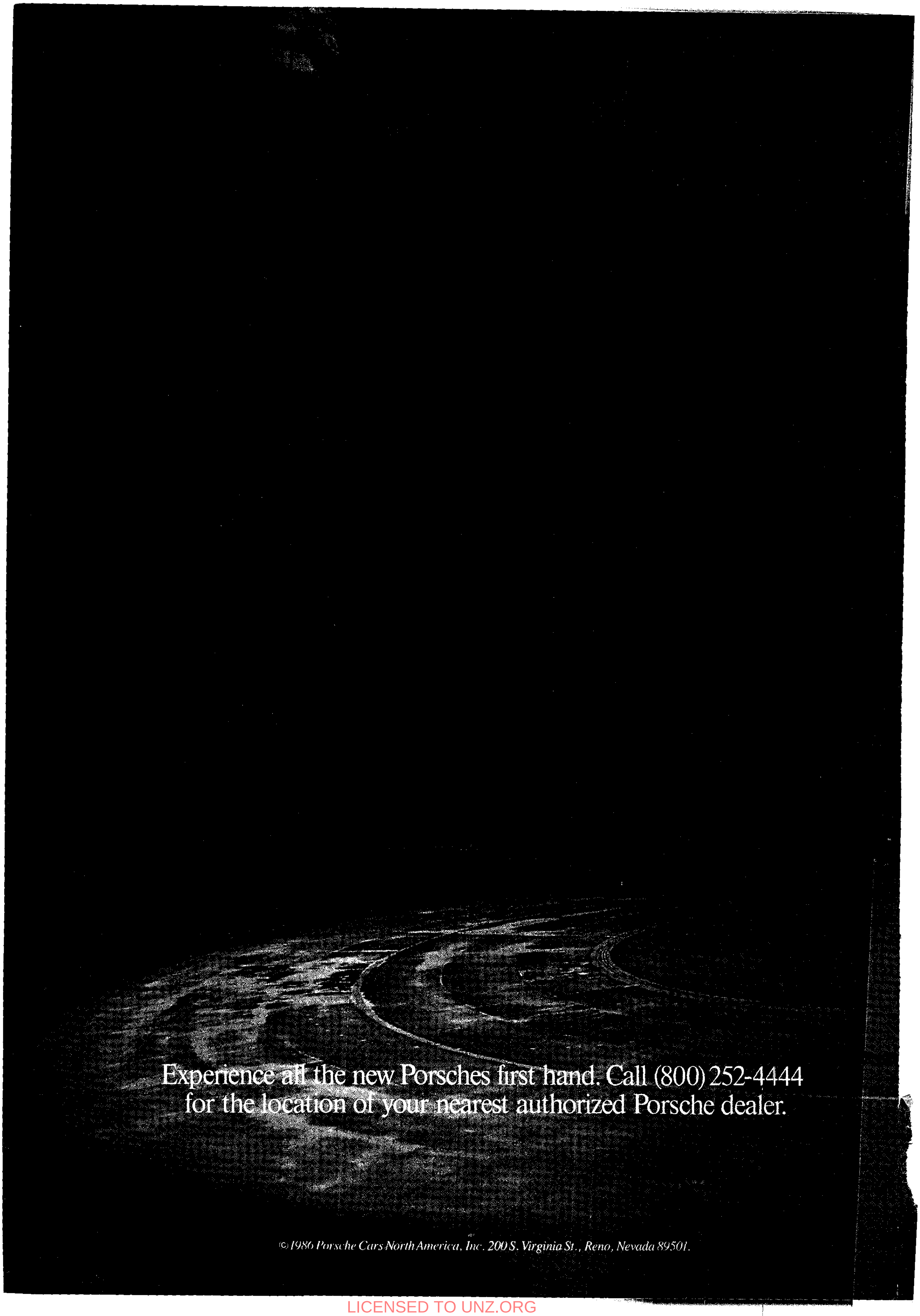
People who may never take their Porsche to its limits.

But who take joy in the knowledge that they could.

PORSCHE®



944 Turbo *4-cylinder, in-line, single overhead camshaft, liquid-cooled front engine with turbocharger and intercooler, 2479cc, 217 hp, transaxle design. Weight: 2998 lbs. Top speed: 152 mph.*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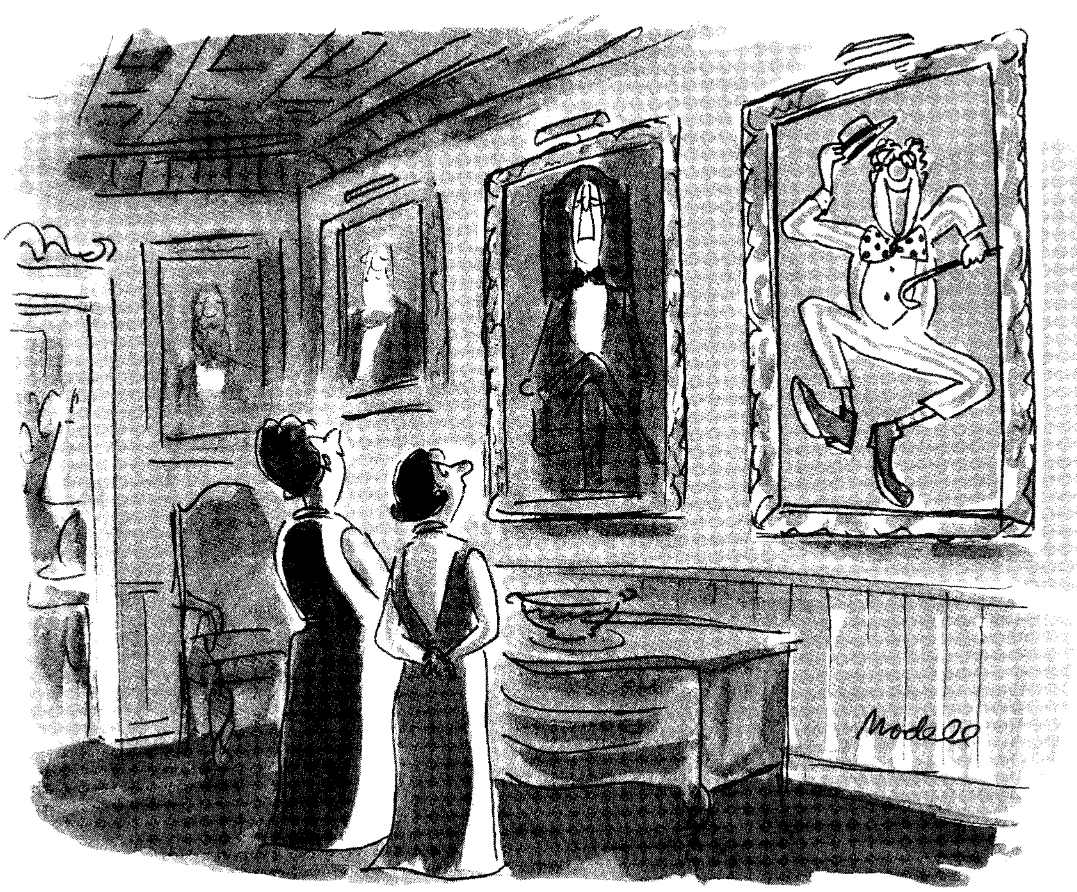
LETTER FROM THE SPACE CENTER

OCTOBER 31

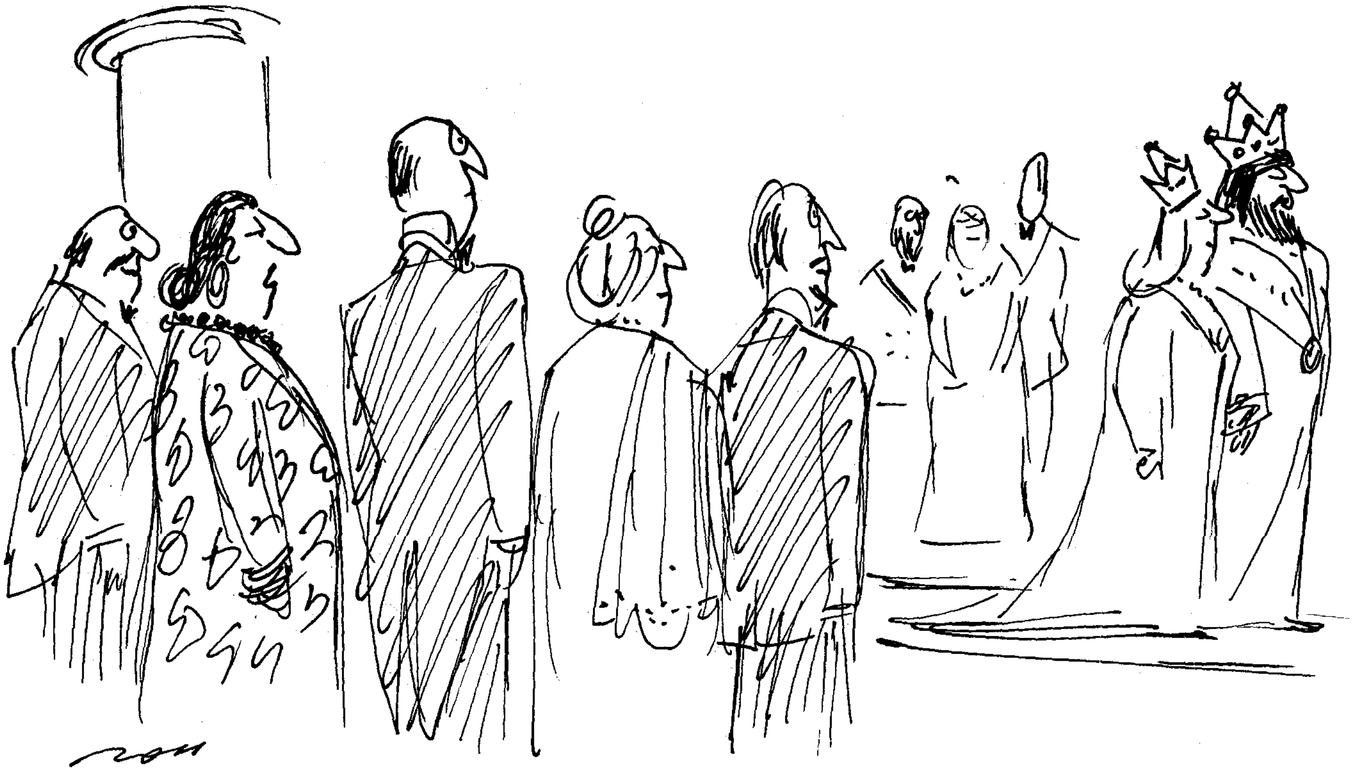
WITH the space shuttle out of action until at least February of 1988 as a result of the Challenger disaster last January, the news from the National Aeronautics and Space Administration these days is mostly literary. The spring saw the issuance of two government publications: "Report of the Presidential Commission on the Space Shuttle Challenger Accident," which is a lucid, understated, tightly written, and altogether engrossing account of the January 28th explosion, published in a dignified blue cover with the Presidential seal in the upper left-hand corner; and "Pioneering the Space Frontier," a report of the National Commission on Space, which claims to be "An Exciting Vision of Our Next Fifty Years in Space." The latter, issued after a yearlong study, proposes a sequence of projects, from earth-orbiting space stations to lunar bases to a base on Mars, and lists their attendant hardware; its cover depicts an exotic pinkish Marsscape, with NASA astronauts standing on a hillside overlooking a NASA base and reacting joyfully to the launch of a rocket, presumably homeward bound for Earth. The timing of the two publications—the reality versus the dream—was at once unfortunate and exhilarating: unfortunate because of the contrast between the present disarray of the space program and the high hopes for the future, and exhilarating because the proposals are technically possible. NASA is probably in better shape today than it was after the 1967 fire that destroyed the first Apollo spacecraft on the launchpad and killed its three-man crew. At the time of the Apollo fire—which, like the Challenger accident, was symptomatic of fundamental weaknesses in the space agency—the Apollo spacecraft had never flown, and no one knew whether it would work as advertised, but everyone knows that the shuttle, with a string of twenty-four successful flights before its tragic failure, worked well and can be made to work well again. Conceivably—assuming a reasonable degree of commitment on the part of the American people—the present period will come to be seen as a time of reassessment and redirection in a basically successful program. For any nation planning a major presence in space, a reusable spacecraft is a logical step; the Soviet Union, the European Space Agency, and Japan are all planning their own versions of the space shuttle. The American vehicle is the pioneer, and pioneering vehicles almost always have severe problems.

AT the Johnson Space Center, outside Houston, which I visited this summer, the only visible sign of the accident was in the museum, behind the auditorium in Building 2; its final exhibit, just before the exit, was a wall of photographs of astronauts who died on active duty, including, in addition to the Challenger's seven, the three who died in the Apollo fire and several who died in airplane or automobile crashes. Otherwise, the museum was much the same as it had been for years: the space suit that Michael Collins wore on the way to the moon was neatly folded in a glass case, some moon rocks were displayed in a glass box, and there was a life-size mockup of the shuttle's cargo bay. The museum is a reassuring place, and these days the sense of achievement it imparts may be particularly important to people at the Space Center, which is the operational base of the shuttle. The number of visitors has increased since the accident; a security officer told me that this year has been the worst ever for complaints from employees that strangers are parking in their reserved parking places.

There were, however, plenty of invisible signs of the Challenger tragedy. Although I had come to the Space Center to find out how people there were recovering and moving ahead now that the investigation of the Presidential Commission and its resulting report were behind them, I found that before I had talked to them very long they were recollecting the accident itself and how they had first heard the news. It was a little like the way people, years afterward, remember where they were when they heard of the as-



"His brother, on the other hand, didn't have a serious bone in his body."



"I understand they met at a peasant uprising."

• •

sassination of President Kennedy. The Space Center physically resembles a good-sized college—there are about eleven thousand people working there—and it is a cohesive place, where everyone has easy access to everyone else. This is particularly true of Building 4, a plain, rectangular three-story structure of concrete and glass, which stands on the southeast corner of the central lawn: the eighty-odd astronauts have their offices on the top floor, their hundred-odd instructors occupy the second floor, and a variety of mission planners and crew-systems engineers are on the ground floor. In this close environment, the effect of the accident was shattering. "For the first couple of months, we couldn't think of anything else," Ted Browder, an instructor who had trained several of the Challenger crew for earlier flights, told me. Steven Hamm, another instructor, said, "The astronauts aren't just people we watch on television. They're people we have drinks with, go out for dinner with."

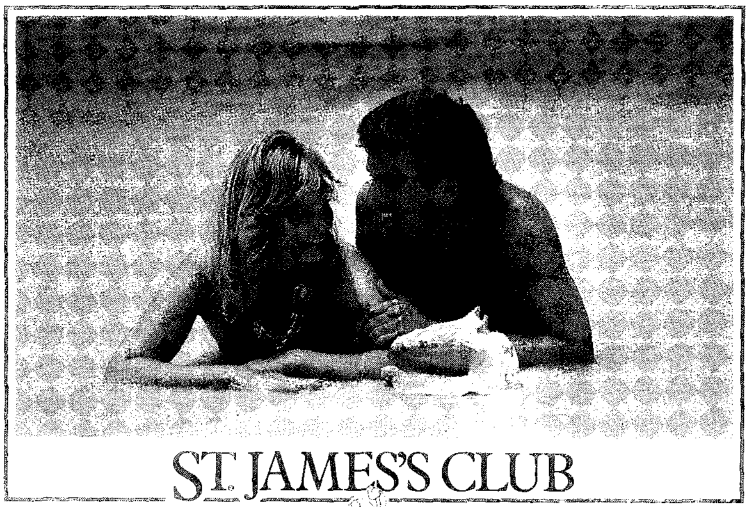
Story Musgrave, an astronaut who had flown aboard the Challenger twice, watched the launch last January in the office of John Young, the chief of the astronaut corps, with a group that included several other astronauts and their wives. "First, there was the fiery cloud—and a moment of disbelief," he recalled. "Then there was the contrail, and we saw the two horns of the solid-rocket boosters coming out of the cloud by themselves—and I knew that was it. I was the first in the room to say anything, and all I could say was 'That's bad, very bad.' You know darn well it has happened, but you don't want to believe it. The television image was clear, of course, but at the same time I was listening to the flight controllers' loop, and their information was a little slower. First, they reported a loss of data. You know that's pretty final, but you keep hoping that maybe they will get the data back—that the spacecraft will somehow emerge intact from the cloud. But then we heard the flight-dynamics officer in Mission Control say, 'The range safety officer has reported that the shuttle has exploded.' That was the moment when there was no longer any way to believe anything else. Most astronauts—especially those who have been in the military—are more aware than other people of vulnerability and death. Many of us have seen friends die in war or in aircraft accidents. And we are close to the hardware. We are close to the state of the art. We have experienced the thrust, heard the noise, felt the vibration. All of us know that if something goes wrong someone is going to get hurt. And we accept the inevitable. But that doesn't mean we don't grieve."

After the accident, almost everyone at the Center was in a state of shock. "For the first week or so, there was a sort of paralysis," Musgrave said. "We were like zombies—no one saying much to anyone. You were there, in the office, but you were just sitting in a chair looking out the window. First, there was the grief of losing close friends. And then there was the loss of the Challenger. I flew on the Challenger's first mission—April, 1983—and I flew on it again in July of 1985. You know that it's only tiles and metal, but it gave you that kind of ride to that kind of place. You identify with it. So I had to go through losing the Challenger, too. After *that*, you worry about NASA and the space program. And then you begin picking up the pieces. And, finally, you begin thinking about your personal life." Ten astronauts have left the corps since the accident—though some of these had planned beforehand to do so.

One instructor I talked to had become exceedingly dispirited after the accident, and had remained that way for several months. He was unable to sleep, and when he did manage to doze off he awoke suddenly from vivid dreams that were replays of the accident. This situation was so common at the Space Center in those days that

NASA and some of its contractors supplied counselling. That spring, the instructor was thinking of availing himself of this help when he saw one of the astronauts showing a couple of visitors around a simulator where he was working—astronauts occasionally do V.I.P. escort duty. The instructor introduced himself to the group and learned that the V.I.P.s were the mother of Judith Resnik and an aunt of Ellison Onizuka, two of the astronauts who died in the accident. "It was as if someone had opened a door," he told me. "I let it all pour out—I told them how much their children had meant to me, to all of us, to the entire program. I told them how much we were going to miss them. They said they understood, and they thanked me. I felt that the whole world had been lifted off my shoulders. No counsellor, no member of my family could have understood the depth of my feelings as they had. It was just Providence that I met them. My sadness went away, and I felt I could pick up and get on with my work, the way the crew would have wanted me to."

BECAUSE the people at the Johnson Space Center had almost nothing to do with the shuttle's rocketry and everything to do with flying shuttle missions, they, of all NASA's employees, were in a sense the chief survivors of the accident, and I was interested in their reaction to the Presidential Commission's findings. In particular, I wanted to know how they felt about the faulty thinking that led to the decision to launch. The astronauts, instructors, and flight controllers at Johnson have always prided themselves—justifiably—on their clarity of thought and on their penchant for calling a spade a spade, aware that on such directness of mind and speech the fate of a mission might well hang. The same clear thinking prevailed in NASA as a whole throughout the Mercury, Gemini, Apollo, and Skylab years. At NASA, self-deception had always been regarded not just as sloppy thinking but also as a form of betrayal. Men in danger, and men working with men in danger, have got to trust the information they give each other, and to have confidence that they themselves will be given all the facts they need to make a decision. Yet, as is apparent from a reading of the commission's report, officials of NASA's Marshall Space Flight Center, in Huntsville, Alabama, and its contractor Morton Thiokol, in Ogden, Utah,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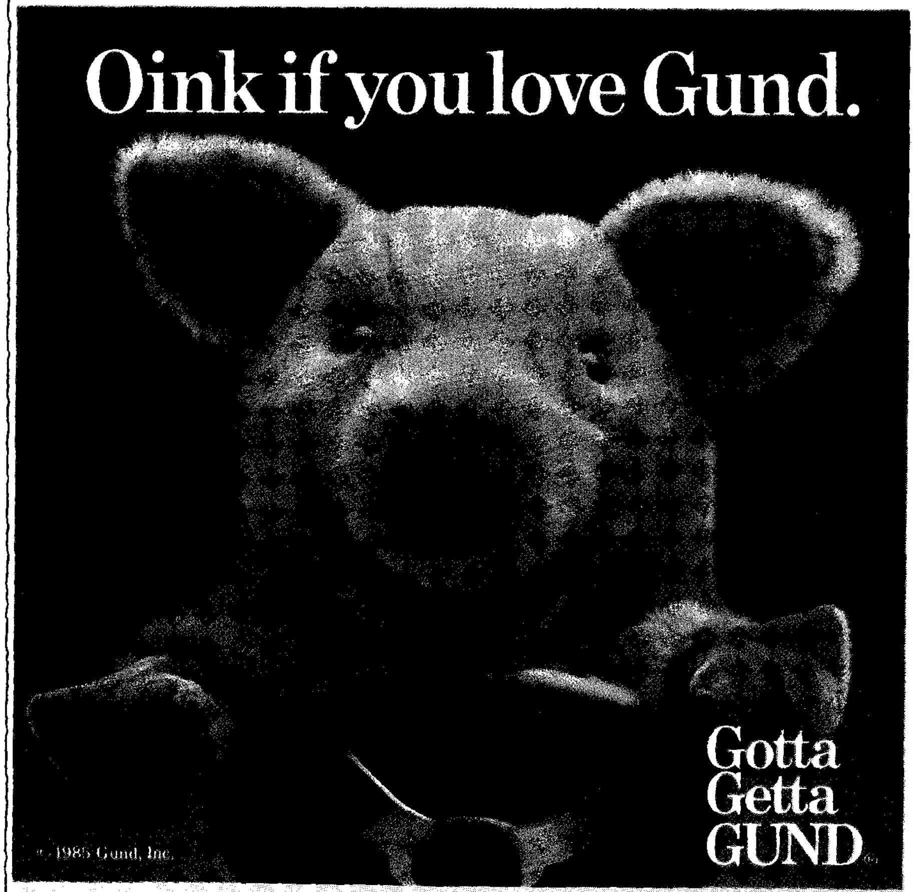

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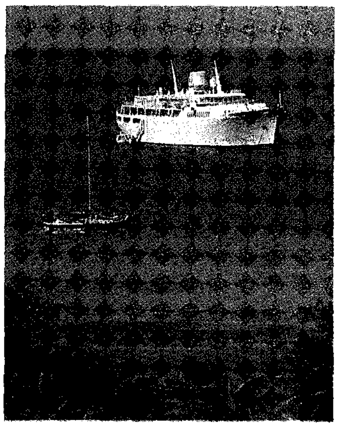

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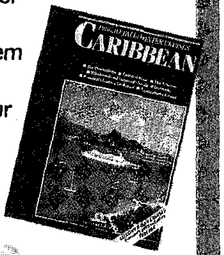
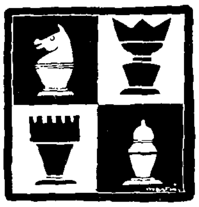


failed to pass on to those making the decisions—and so, ultimately, to those whose lives were at risk—essential information. These officials argued on many occasions with great sincerity that black was white. Frequently, the commission members appear to have been dumbfounded at the convoluted logic they employed. In a corporate or bureaucratic environment, of course, words have a way of taking on different meanings, but until the Challenger investigation NASA seemed to have avoided this organizational pitfall. As the investigation unfolded, month after month, disturbing revelations succeeded one another at a pace reminiscent of the Watergate investigation—though in this case the sins appear to have been ones of omission rather than commission.



It might be useful to follow the winding trail once more, keeping an eye out for backward reasoning and reverse logic. In 1977, in test firings of the solid-rocket booster, Thiokol engineers found that the rocket's casing—specifically, the four major segments of its midsection, which can be disassembled for refuelling—expanded at ignition to such a degree that the so-called field joints, where the rim of one segment fits into a groove of the segment below, were opening slightly, instead of tightening as they had been designed to do. Thiokol managed to convince NASA that this situation was "not desirable, but is acceptable." This was the first in a series of reversals of logic: something that did the exact opposite of what it was supposed to was approved. There was a pair of rubbery O-rings—a primary and a backup—at each joint which, like the O-rings on mason jars, had been installed to prevent leaks, and a layer of insulating putty lining the joint on the inside was expected both to supply protection and to exert pressure on the O-rings so that they would be forced into the gap between the segments. However, the backup O-ring often became unseated; hence, the redundancy that it was meant to provide was lost.

There were engineers at Marshall and elsewhere who were not pleased with the design of the joints, and although they could not do much about the existing booster they could try to influence the design of future ones. By April, 1981, the time of the first shuttle flight, NASA was planning two new, lightweight versions of the boosters—one of steel and the other, even lighter, of a carbon filament—in order to permit the spacecraft to carry heavier payloads. The new steel casing would simply be the original casing pared down, and little change could be made in its joints; the filament booster, however, would be built from scratch, and it could have totally new joints. An engineer at Hercules, Inc.—another Utah manufacturer of rocketry, which wanted the contract for the filament boosters—proposed adding a lip, called a capture feature, to the rim of the joint. His design was basically a simple improvement of the original joint: the capture feature, which would have its own O-ring, amounted to a second, redundant rim-and-groove. (This information, which provides a sort of subplot to the main story, was not in the commission's report; instead, it was buried in the report's voluminous appendixes, from which it was unearthed in September by an enterprising reporter for the *Times*, William J. Broad.) Thiokol and Hercules submitted rival bids to NASA for the filament boosters; Hercules' joints had the capture feature and Thiokol's did not. Thiokol resisted the new design, possibly because—in the words of the *Times* story—it "could be viewed as an indictment of the old one." In May, 1982, NASA awarded the contract to Hercules. (The filament boosters were scheduled to be flight-tested this August; the accident has put them on hold.)

NASA was at this point still flying the original, heavyweight steel boosters. On the second mission, in November of 1981, there occurred what NASA calls "erosion" of one of the six primary field-joint O-rings. The scorch (to use a more descriptive term) was in the aft field joint of the right-hand booster—the same joint that was later involved in the Challenger explosion. Not until December of 1982 did NASA sensibly but somewhat tardily reclassify the joints: their criticality rating of 1R—a classification given to a vital component whose failure could cause loss of the crew and the spacecraft, and which was therefore composed of redundant elements—was changed to Criticality 1, meaning that there was no redundancy and that the failure of a primary O-ring alone could mean catastrophic loss.

NASA may have been impelled to make this change in rating partly because five months later—on the sixth flight, in April, 1983—the new, thinner-walled steel boosters, with the same old joints, would be going into service. (They were used on all remaining flights.) According to the *Times*, some Marshall engineers wanted to adapt the new capture feature to the joints in the thinner-steel boosters; being thinner, the segments would expand even more at ignition than the original ones had. Each midsection segment of the Thiokol boosters was itself composed of two halves joined securely at the factory; these joints, not made to be disassembled, were known as factory joints—as opposed to the field joints, which were put together "in the field." It would be relatively easy to divide the two halves of each segment and replace one half with a new one outfitted with the capture feature. The result would be to double the number of boosters, but eventually they would all be used. This proposal, however, was shelved, and the old joints continued to fly.

To make sure that the O-rings and the putty formed a tight seal, NASA conducted a test of the booster rockets before each flight: on each field joint, air under pressure was blown into the space between the two rings through apertures—made for the purpose—in the rocket casing. Just before the tenth mission, which was launched in February, 1984, the testing pressure was doubled—from one hundred pounds per square inch to two hundred. Aside from the scorch that occurred during the second mission, there had been no particular problem with the rings on the first nine flights of the shuttle, but on the tenth mission there was again a scorch—about an inch long, a tenth of an inch wide, and between three-hundredths and five-hundredths of an inch deep—on one of the primary O-rings. "Remedial action—none required," the Marshall Space Center's "Problem Assessment System Report" read, despite the fact that Marshall engineers had declared the joints to be Criticality 1 items. It would not be the only time that NASA managers would act as though there were redundancy where none existed. This relaxed attitude was all the more remarkable, according to one witness before the commission, because it is axiomatic among rocket engineers that O-rings should never be exposed to the full heat of the boosters. Nevertheless, just as the gapping of the booster joints had become acceptable, so now did the scorching of a primary O-ring. In an appendix to the commission's report entitled "Per-

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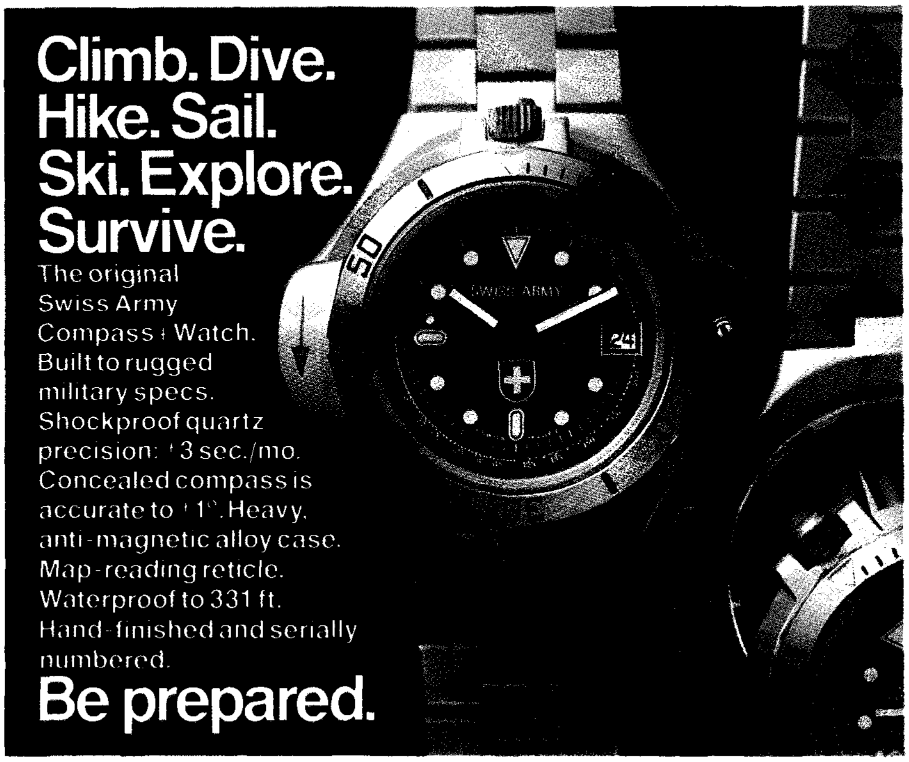

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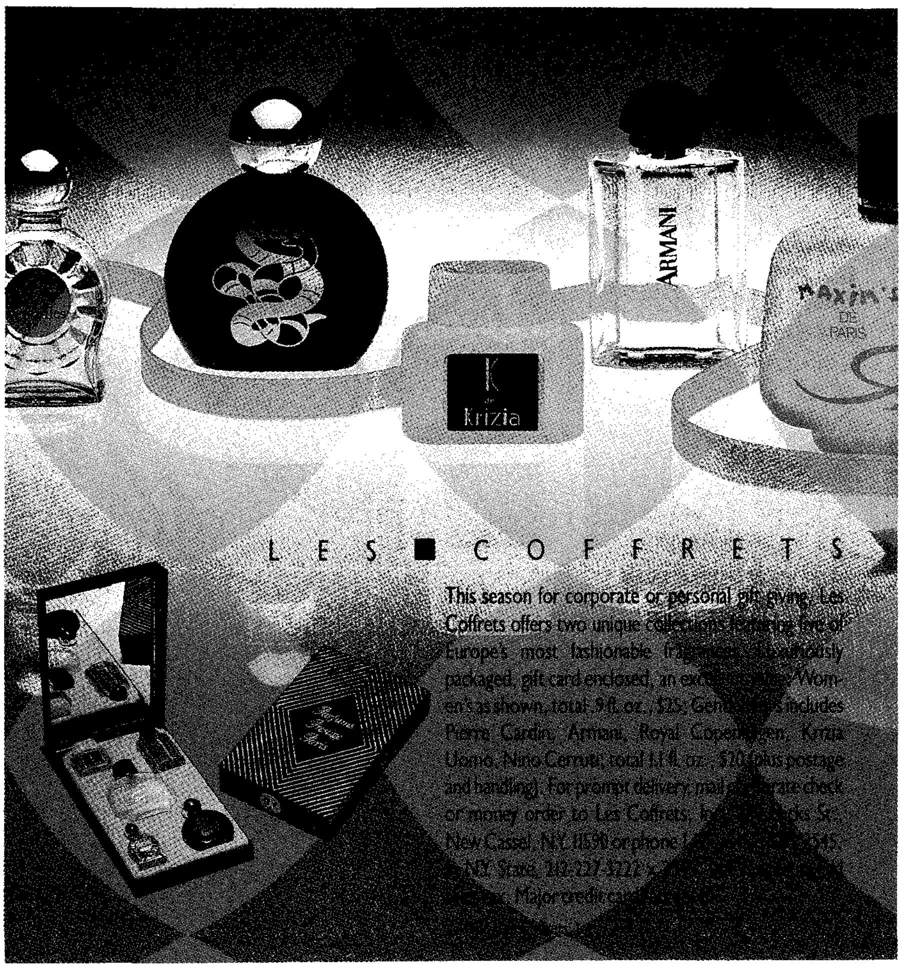

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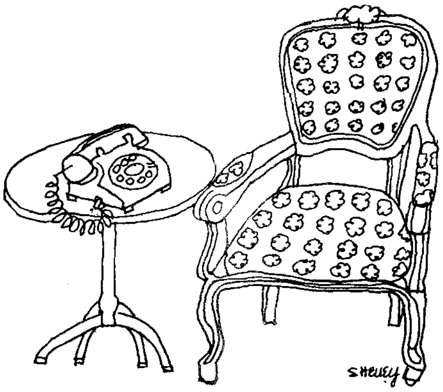
sonal Observations on Reliability of Shuttle," Richard P. Feynman, a physicist at the California Institute of Technology and a Nobel laureate, who was the commission's most outspoken member, wrote of this aspect of NASA's decision-making process, "The argument that the same risk was flown before without failure is often accepted as an argument for the safety of accepting it again. Because of this, obvious weaknesses are accepted again and again, sometimes without a sufficiently serious attempt to remedy them, or to delay a flight because of their continued presence."

The engineers apparently did not notice the coincidence of the scorching with the increase of pressure in the tests to two hundred pounds per square inch. They knew, however, that the extra pressure was breaching the primary O-rings and making pinholes in the insulating putty, because they could see tiny blisters on the interior surface of the putty. Far from being alarmed, though, they considered this—in one of the most striking reversals of logic—to be evidence that the pressure tests were working and the seals were sound. They determined to use the increased pressure in tests before all subsequent missions, believing that it would help seat the O-rings all the more firmly in place. However, the little pinholes in the putty acted as channels for the almost six-thousand-degree heat inside the rocket, funnelling the flames in blowtorch fashion onto the O-rings—the smaller the pinholes, the greater the scorching. From the tenth mission on, both the incidence of scorching and the size of the scorch marks increased. On the very next flight, in April of 1984, a new and more ominous phenomenon, called blowby, appeared: one of the primary O-rings was breached altogether. That was acceptable, too. Even after this mission, no one marked the coincidence of the increased test pressure with the increased scorching and blowbys. They occurred on ten of the fourteen remaining flights. The worst case of blowby came on the fifteenth mission, which was launched on January 24, 1985, a year before the accident: there were cases of blowby on four of the booster joints. The weather at launch had been the coldest to date—51 degrees Fahrenheit, with 53 degrees at the joints themselves—but no one paid sufficient attention to that coincidence, either. There should have been suspicions, because engineers always pay attention to what happens when conditions are pushed to a new extreme. But no one at Marshall saw any reason to bother the managers at the top of NASA's chain of command—the normal procedure in the face of disturbing new evidence. As the flights continued successfully, and the scorch marks increased in size and number, the degree of damage which Marshall found acceptable had clearly increased as well.

On the seventeenth mission, in April of 1985, the primary O-ring in the nozzle joint, where the lowest segment is attached to the booster's nozzle, didn't seal at all—there was scorching all the way around it—and the secondary O-ring was severely scorched as well. As a result, in July—after another flight, which had three cases of blowby—Lawrence Mulloy, the solid-rocket-booster project manager at Marshall, placed what NASA calls a launch constraint on the entire shuttle system. This meant that a launch could not take place if there was an unresolved question about a Criticality 1 item—unless there was reason to think that the problem it posed would not occur in flight. In that event, a waiver could be granted. Mulloy, having imposed the constraint with one hand, proceeded to grant waivers with the other thereafter. Since higher management had not been told that there was a constraint in the first place, the waivers were never queried. At Flight Readiness Review meetings—there are a series of these for each flight, the last one occurring within a week or two of the launch—the problem with the booster joints was disposed of on the basis of the two-hundred-pound-per-square-inch pressure test's having been extended to cover the nozzle joints as well as the field joints.

Marshall and Thiokol did one more thing in July of 1985—something that is not mentioned in the Presidential Commission's report (although it appears in transcripts of a closed com-



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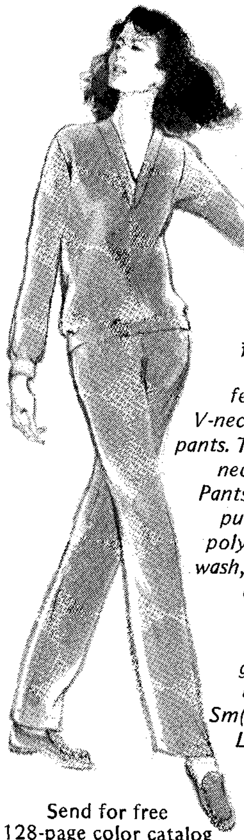
mission hearing and in other documents in the report's appendixes, where it was discovered by the *Times*). They ordered seventy-two of the new steel casing segments with the capture feature—a move that engineers at Marshall had urged two and a half years earlier, just before the thinner-steel casings went into use. Then, at a meeting in Washington on August 19th, Marshall and Thiokol engineers discussed the blowbys and the scorching of the O-rings with the top NASA management. They also discussed the seventy-two new casing segments, reporting that they were on order but would not be ready for three more years—that is, until August of 1988. At the closed hearing, Neil Armstrong, one of the commission members, suggested that for NASA to have gone on with the flights while ordering seventy-two new field joints might be construed as a reversal of logic. Although the commission's report makes no mention of the order for the new casings, it nonetheless states of the August meeting that "the O-ring erosion history presented was sufficiently detailed to require corrective action prior to the next flight." One person who was supposed to be at the August 19th meeting but was not was Jesse W. Moore, NASA's associate administrator for space flight, who was the chief officer of the space-shuttle program. He later told the House Committee on Science and Technology, which was investigating the accident, that he had not been adequately briefed about the faulty joints. (A month after the accident, Moore took over as director of the Johnson Space Center—a change that had been planned the preceding fall. Gerald Griffin, the previous director, had retired on January 15th, and the Space Center was without a director at the time of the accident and for some time afterward—a situation that added to the post-accident sense of paralysis there. This fall, a little over a week after the *Times* published its account of NASA's order for the new casings with the capture feature, Moore resigned. Whether or not he had known what happened at the August 19th meeting, there was a feeling at Johnson that if he hadn't known about it he should have. The Space Center must have been an unhappy place for him to be.)

There were, of course, engineers both at Thiokol and at Marshall who were worried about the blowby problem, among them Roger Boisjoly, of Thiokol, who, in a memo of July 31,



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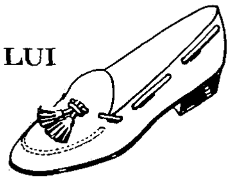

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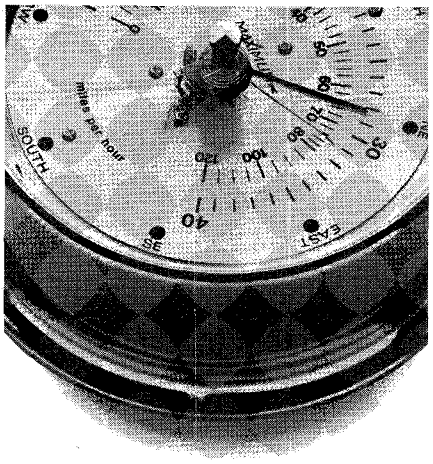

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1985, about the severely burned secondary ring in the nozzle joint, said, "If the same scenario should occur in a field joint (and it could), then it is a jump ball" whether the joint would hold. He concluded, "The result would be a catastrophe of the highest order—loss of human life." After the August 19th meeting, Thiokol submitted plans for forty-three possible improvements to the joints.

As the waivers continued on flight after flight, it undoubtedly became clear that the pre-flight review procedures would be much easier if the problem could be made to go away—something that could be done by officially closing it out. On December 10th, Allan McDonald, the director of the solid-rocket-motor project at Thiokol, who later became a chief whistle-blower, wrote a memorandum to NASA urging the closeout, on the ground that the new designs that he and others were working on to resolve the O-ring problem would not be ready for some time. (It now seems likely that he was aware of, and referring to, the seventy-two new casing segments with the capture feature, along with the other fixes.) The term "closeout" means that a problem has been solved and effectively disposed of; by definition, a problem is not closed out if it is still in the process of being solved, and particularly if the solution is a long way off. Nonetheless, on January 23, 1986—five days before the accident—the entry "Problem is considered closed" was placed on a NASA document called the Marshall Problem Reports. Later, in testimony before the commission, Mulloy said that the closeout was an error; but it is by no means clear that the error would have been discovered and reversed for later missions if there had not been an accident, which, of course, rendered the whole matter academic.

There was one chance left to save the Challenger. On January 27th, the day before the launch, it was probable that the overnight temperature would fall into the twenties and the temperature at launch time would therefore be some fifteen degrees colder than the previous coldest launch, a year before, when the rings had suffered by far the worst scorching and blowbys. (In fact, the temperature at launch time was 36° F., having risen from a low of 24° F.) As is now well known, Allan McDonald, who was serving at the time as Thiokol's chief engineer at the Kennedy Space Center, and had evidently undergone a change of heart

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since he applied for the closeout, did everything in his power to stop the launch—an effort in which he was aided by Roger Boisjoly, in Utah.

Not much, but enough, was known about the effects of temperature: after the January, 1985, mission, Thiokol conducted tests to study the effects of temperature on the O-rings, and engineers there learned that at 100° F. the rings maintained their ability to seal at an approximation of launch pressures, at 75° they lost it for 2.4 seconds, and at 50° they lost it for ten minutes or more. Cold weather made the O-rings and the putty less resilient, and therefore slower to fill the gap—a gap that was bigger than the one they had been designed to fill in the first place. That knowledge should have stopped the launch, but it did not. All previous flights launched at a temperature below 66° F. had had scorches or blowbys; to launch at the lowest temperature yet was to invite certain trouble. There is a further argument that, by itself, should have stopped the launch: no data were available on a launch below 51° F., and engineers have a rule about not proceeding outside what they call their data base. Given the entire history of the problem since 1977, that rule should have been absolute, but it was not. The fact that it was contravened, and that the launch was allowed to go ahead despite so many warnings, is the result of perhaps the greatest reversal of logic of all: At NASA, where decisions have always been made in the most conservative manner, the burden of proof has been on the engineers and contractors to persuade NASA management that it is safe to launch. During the night of January 27th, apparently for the first time, engineers were put in the position of having to demonstrate that it was *not* safe to launch—a proposition that, of course, was virtually impossible to prove. In this ultimate reversal, NASA's fundamental rule was stood on its head.

THE most frightening aspect of all this—especially to people at the Johnson Space Center who fly in the shuttle or work directly with those who do—is that the tendency toward reverse logic had spread so far among those who designed the spacecraft and were most intimately involved with the decision to launch. People at Johnson compare the Challenger accident adversely with the Apollo 13 accident, in 1970, when an oxygen tank ruptured in a spacecraft on the way to the moon. Those astronauts were brought safely back to earth after a dicey trip. "Before the launch of Apollo 13, there was a series of errors," Story Musgrave told me. "But nothing and nobody is perfect, and we all had the feeling that the fuel-tank rupture was an unfortunate incident in which good people had given it their best shot but missed something. With the Challenger, though, the trail goes on and on, and it turns out that the trouble is endemic to a major part of the organization."

The Challenger disaster violates the new wisdom about high-technology accidents, which is that there is rarely any one person or group of people to blame—that these accidents are the result of a series of errors, no one of them necessarily critical, all of which have to be present to cause the disaster. Such was the case with Apollo 13, for example. Despite the high tech of the space shuttle, the Challenger accident was decidedly low tech—the result of the sort of human misjudgment that might crop up any day in a company that manufactured, say, washing machines. Such circumstances are a great deal more disturbing to the astronauts than the more conventional high-tech accident, which at least seems to occur at the caprice of the gods.

Accordingly, when I was at the Space Center I asked several astronauts and instructors whether they felt in any way betrayed. Most of them obviously did, though at the same time they preferred not to use the word; what remained in the wake of the commission's report was a sort of controlled anger. Sherwood Spring, an astronaut who flew on a mission last November, told me he felt that "betrayal" was too strong a word, because there was "no intent to deceive." This was restraint indeed, considering that his mission (the penultimate one before the accident) had suffered two scorches and a blowby—a fact that Spring and his fellow-astronauts knew nothing about until the investigation. While it might be argued that if there was any deception on the part of engineers or managers it was self-deception, there comes a point where self-deception of this magnitude almost crosses the borderline. However, the real betrayal was more one of standards. Story Musgrave, whose mission in the summer of 1985 suffered some scorching of an O-ring—a fact that he, too, learned only after the accident—would not go so far as to say that he felt betrayed, either, but he came closer

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to it than Spring had. "Normally, there is an intellectual honesty around here," he said. "I will say that part of NASA let the rest down. Yes, I'm disappointed that part of NASA did not do its job."

As Musgrave saw it, part of the problem was with the NASA officials who had not encouraged people to bring bad news to them, and part was with the people at a lower level who possessed the information and had a duty to stand up and make themselves heard—as McDonald and Boisjoly had done, albeit in vain. There was a belief at Johnson that the lack of communication among people at NASA stemmed from a drifting apart that had set in as the flights became more and more routine. This tendency, it was felt, was due in some measure to the fact that the older generation of managers who were present during the Mercury, Gemini, and Apollo programs and (as NASA people like to say) "had their hands on the hardware" had largely retired. "The Center directors and other NASA managers in the old days—Robert Gilruth, Rocco Petrone, John Yardley, and Chris Kraft among them—were highly technical people, who knew the spacecraft from the ground up, and they were all very conservative," John Young told me. "They were a different bunch. So if an order to launch came down from on high, they wouldn't do it without first giving everybody the bottom line." According to Eugene Kranz, who is the current director of mission operations at the Space Center, the reason there was no communication problem in those days was that the people who made the decisions and the people who flew were of the same mind. "At the time of the first shuttle mission, all the people involved—those who were exposed to the risks and those who were making the decisions—were very close," he said. "But as time goes on, and the older people, who know what it's all about, retire, the communication between those close to the risk and those further away begins to break down. As the program succeeds, and you're into the twenty-fourth mission, and you keep meeting your objectives, it's hard to convince those further from the risk that you still need the same quality and the same high-calibre people."

Joseph Allen, an astronaut who left NASA a year ago to become executive vice-president of a Houston aerospace company called Space Industries—and says he is like a loyal alumnus one year

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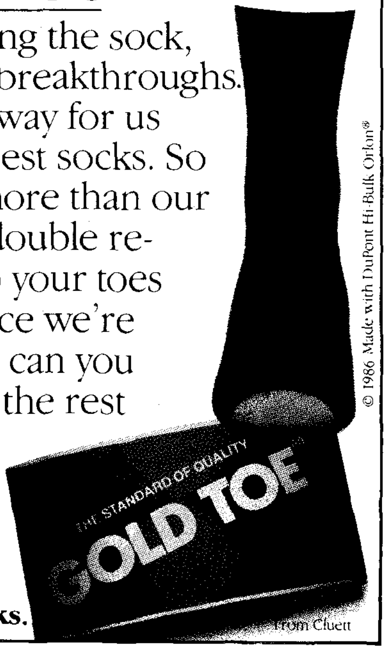

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out who still thinks more like an undergraduate—told me essentially the same thing. "The people in the old days were wonderfully good," he said. "I don't know if some of that art has been lost. I don't believe that the accident would have happened if they had been here. In those days, the designers were shoulder to shoulder with the people flying. Somehow, those responsible for design have taken a different path from those operating the shuttle. I am sure, from my early days at NASA, that there has to be free-flowing communication from designers to operators and back. And this works well. Let me give you an illustration drawn from the aircraft industry. Let's say that an inspector for Boeing finds cracks in the door hinge of a 747 jumbo jet that now belongs to an airline. Under Federal Aviation Administration regulations, he will report the discovery to the designers. The Boeing engineers will then communicate with all operators of 747s. They will send out a memo saying 'Don't let any 747 off the ground until you have checked the doors.' They will add, 'Then you must check the doors every twenty-five hours, instead of every hundred hours, as it says in the book.' Finally, the company will provide all operators with a kit to fix any crack. But it will first send around another memo, saying that the kit will be ready in, say, four months. Through all this, the operation of the jets has not been impaired. But the research-and-development people have communicated with the operations people. They have said, in effect, 'Treat the doors with a little more tender loving care—a fix is on the way.' That didn't happen here. Marshall or Thiokol should have sent out a memo explaining the situation and saying, 'A fix is on the way, but until it arrives do not launch at less than ten degrees above the lowest previous launch temperature.' That would have been done in the old days. If the people running the system had remembered the lessons of earlier years, the accident would never have happened."

A good example of the Old Guard who knows the risks is Eugene Kranz himself. Sixteen years ago, he was the lead flight director for the Apollo 13 mission, and the man primarily responsible for bringing those astronauts home. At the time of the Challenger accident, he was again at a console in the Space Center's Control Room—a console reserved for management. "During the early days of the pro-

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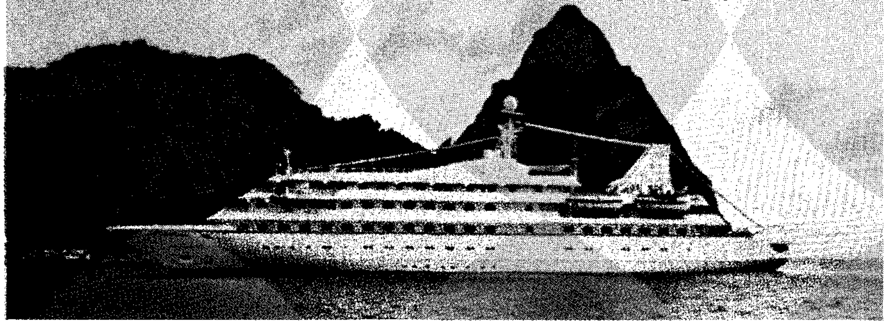

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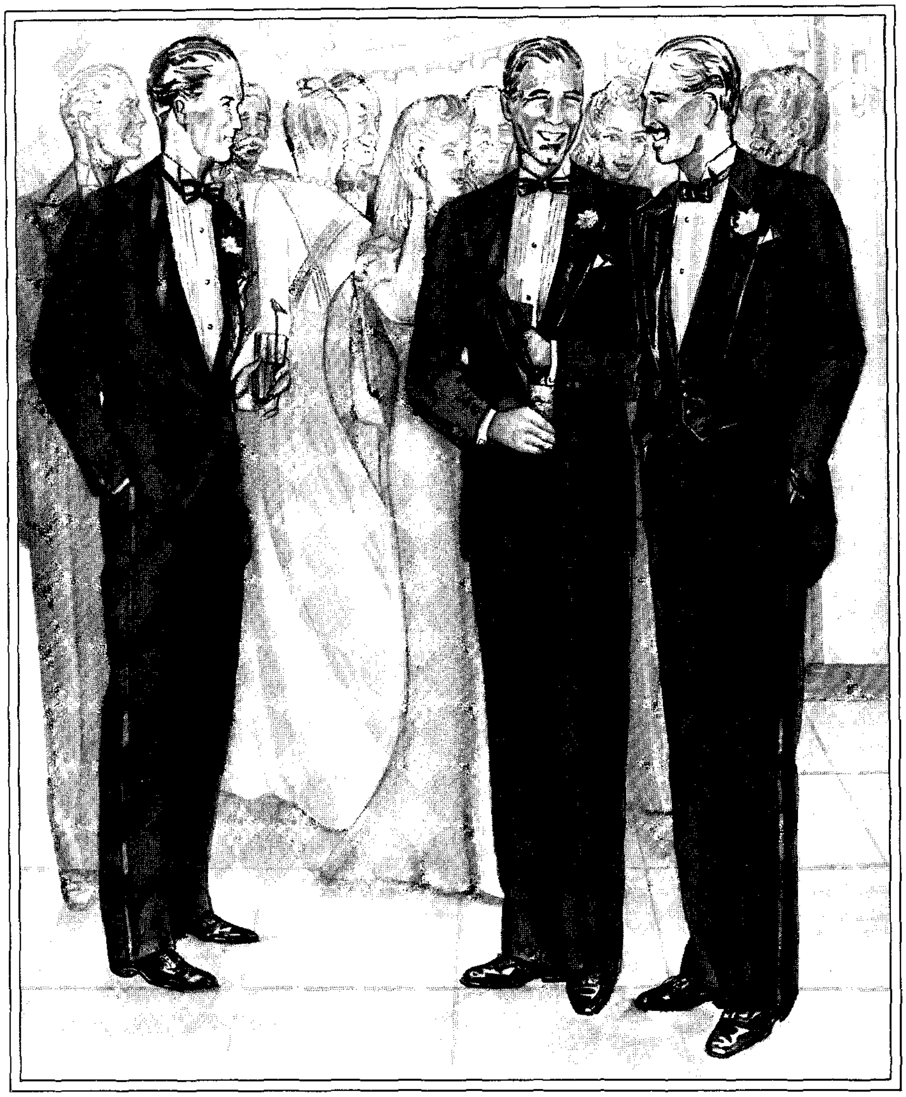
gram, I saw several unmanned vehicles self-destruct, and once you've seen one of those guys break up you never forget it," he told me. "I could only hope that somehow the Challenger would emerge from the fireball." There was, of course, nothing that anyone in the Control Room could do. The flight controllers had had no warning; the flight was over almost before it started. "Our tradition is 'Give us a few seconds and we'll ace it,' " Kranz said. "But this time we had no chance."

Because of his ability to ace it in tough spots, Kranz, an ex-Air Force officer with a flattop crewcut, is generally regarded around NASA as the epitome of the no-nonsense decision-maker. He was not involved in the decision to launch on January 28th, but I found him inclined to be charitable to those who were. "All I can do is relate their situation to mine," he said. "The shoe could easily have been on my foot. Consider their position. There is enormous pressure to launch. You can see how they might say, 'We have set up elaborate mission rules, which we try to satisfy. We try to satisfy weather conditions here, and at Edwards Air Force Base, and at the various abort sites. There is in fact no mission rule preventing a launch at low temperatures. We have the entire system ready to go. Also, we have slipped this mission several times already, and if we slip it again all the crews—the launch crew, the flight controllers, the astronauts—will be more tired. Every time we offload and reload the fuel, we run risks. And if we delay again we will be passing scheduling and cargo problems on to future missions.' So I can see an argument for launching. A launch decision is one of the most complex management decisions in the whole world." He paused, and then said, "It's harder for me to put myself in the booster guys' shoes. To this day, I cannot figure out what went wrong with their reasoning."

David Leestma, one of the younger astronauts, told me he had the feeling that some NASA managers had lost sight of the fact that "there were flesh-and-blood people up there"—the ultimate communication gap. Leestma, a cheerful sort with curly reddish hair, had flown aboard a mission in October, 1984—his first flight—whose booster joints had been unscathed. However, at the time of the accident he had been in training for the next mission, which would have carried

P A R T VIII

WHY THE NEW YORK SUIT ISN'T LIKE ANY OTHER SUIT



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sensors for studying Halley's comet. "We had been scheduled for a midnight launch on March 5th," he told me. "That night, I was so disappointed that I couldn't sleep. So I called down to the Cape at midnight to find out what the weather was. It was forty-seven degrees. So it could have been us."

Because of the failure of communication and the apparent lack of understanding of what was at stake, the Presidential Commission recommended personnel changes, particularly at Marshall, and many of these have been accomplished. In particular, the commission recommended using more astronauts and retired astronauts as managers; filling management ranks with people who had flown in space, it was thought, would go a long way toward improving communications. Astronauts are guaranteed to be aware of the risks. Over the years, they have been listened to at NASA with varying degrees of attention—and as the shuttle missions became more routine their influence apparently dwindled. "I think we'll be back to the Apollo days—the astronauts wielded a mean hammer back then," Ted Browder, who had been part of a flight-control team at that time, told me. "My hunch is that they will be doing that again."

JUST how a lack of straight thinking came to pervade the space agency—and particularly the Marshall Space Flight Center—was a subject that kept coming up at Johnson. The Marshall Center, which has always been in charge of design for the shuttle's propulsion systems, has long tended to regard itself as an independent satrapy within NASA—at least in the opinion of people at other NASA centers—and this tendency may have been reinforced by its relative isolation in northern Alabama. David Leestma, who spent some months at Marshall as an investigator for NASA's own study of the accident, felt that Marshall's insularity had aggravated the problem of the booster joints. "They had flight after flight after flight with the same problem, which they kept waiving because it had worked out before," he said. "They didn't have the right mechanism in place to detect and stop things. They never moved forward." He believes that this sort of repetitive mistake might not have happened in a more open environment. Jack James, an instructor, was a little more blunt: "Here at Johnson, we in operations go to a variety of meetings, and we talk—and if anyone here tried to say that something like charred O-rings was all right ten people would jump on him and say that was hogwash. If you have too closed a shop, you get ingrown and convoluted."

Ever since the Mercury and Gemini programs, there has been a strong sense of rivalry between Johnson and Marshall, and there are many at NASA who feel that the rivalry was a factor in Marshall's playing down of the O-ring problem. "Nothing was ever allowed to leave Marshall that would suggest that Marshall was not doing its job," a Johnson official told me. "Everything coming out of that center had to have 'performance' writ large all over it." The competition between the two centers is fiercest in those areas where they overlap, one of these being the design of spacecraft; people at Johnson were particularly angry this summer over the announcement that the task of designing the habitability module of the proposed space station was going to be transferred from Johnson to Marshall. There were some who hinted darkly that Marshall engineers had been apt to see the scorches and the blowbys of the O-rings in the least damaging light because for a long time Marshall had had its eye on a large piece of the space station. They were incredulous that after Marshall's performance with regard to the boosters it should be rewarded in this way. However, one of the main recommendations of the Presidential Commission was that Marshall should be brought more into the mainstream; giving it a piece of the space station which would require interaction with Johnson—as the habitability module would—was one way to do that. Whatever the case, the decision was rescinded this month, after intense objections by Texas congressmen, and Johnson will retain control of the module.

There are, of course, more fundamental reasons for the flawed decision-making that permeated NASA. One of them, underscored by the commission, was the increased flight rate: there were nine missions in 1985, and there were supposed to be fifteen in 1986. Twenty-four were projected for 1990. The pressure to fly was felt both at Marshall, where it contributed to a tendency to fudge problems that might interfere with the schedule, and at Johnson, where the flight rate threatened to overload the training facili-

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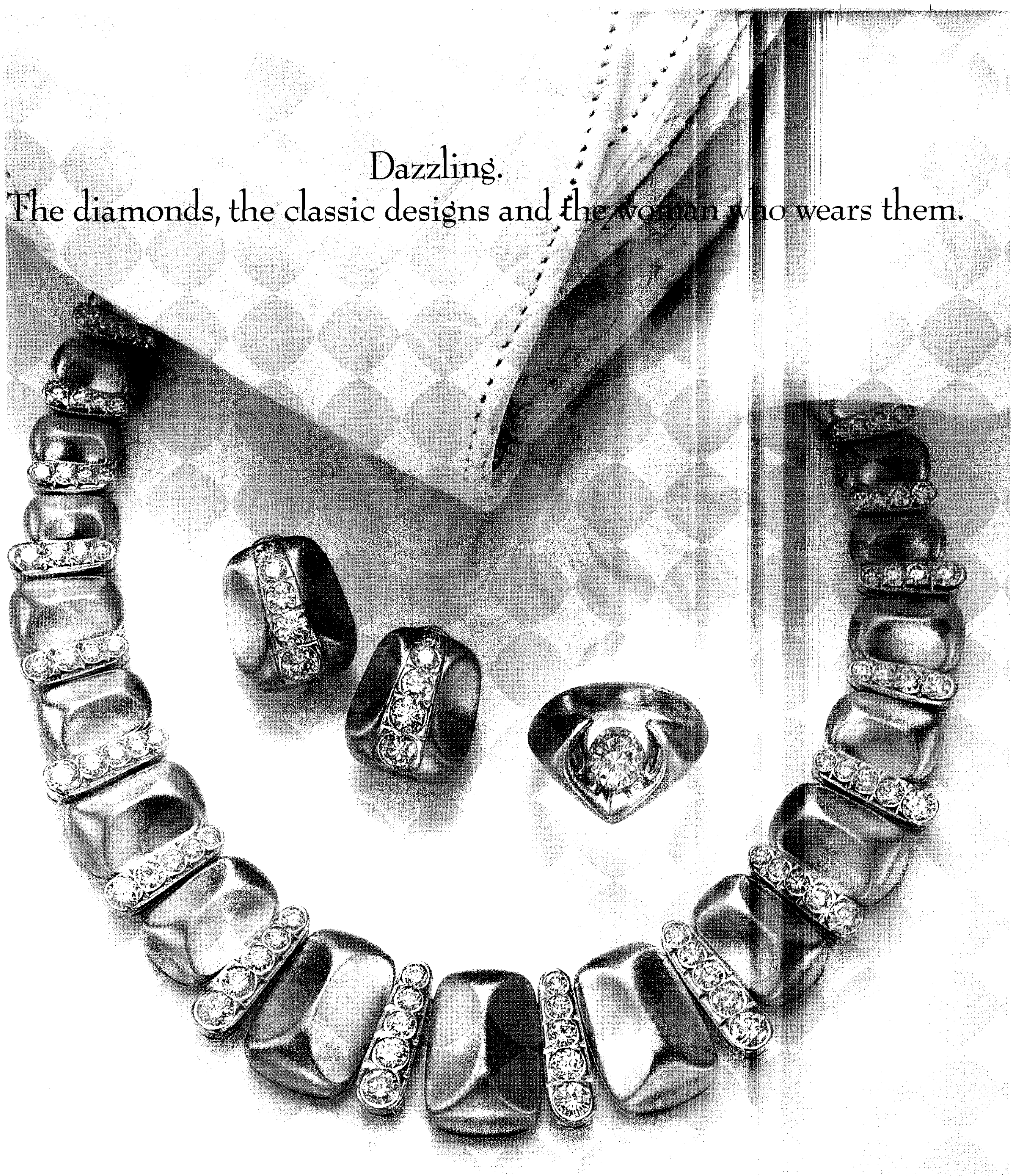

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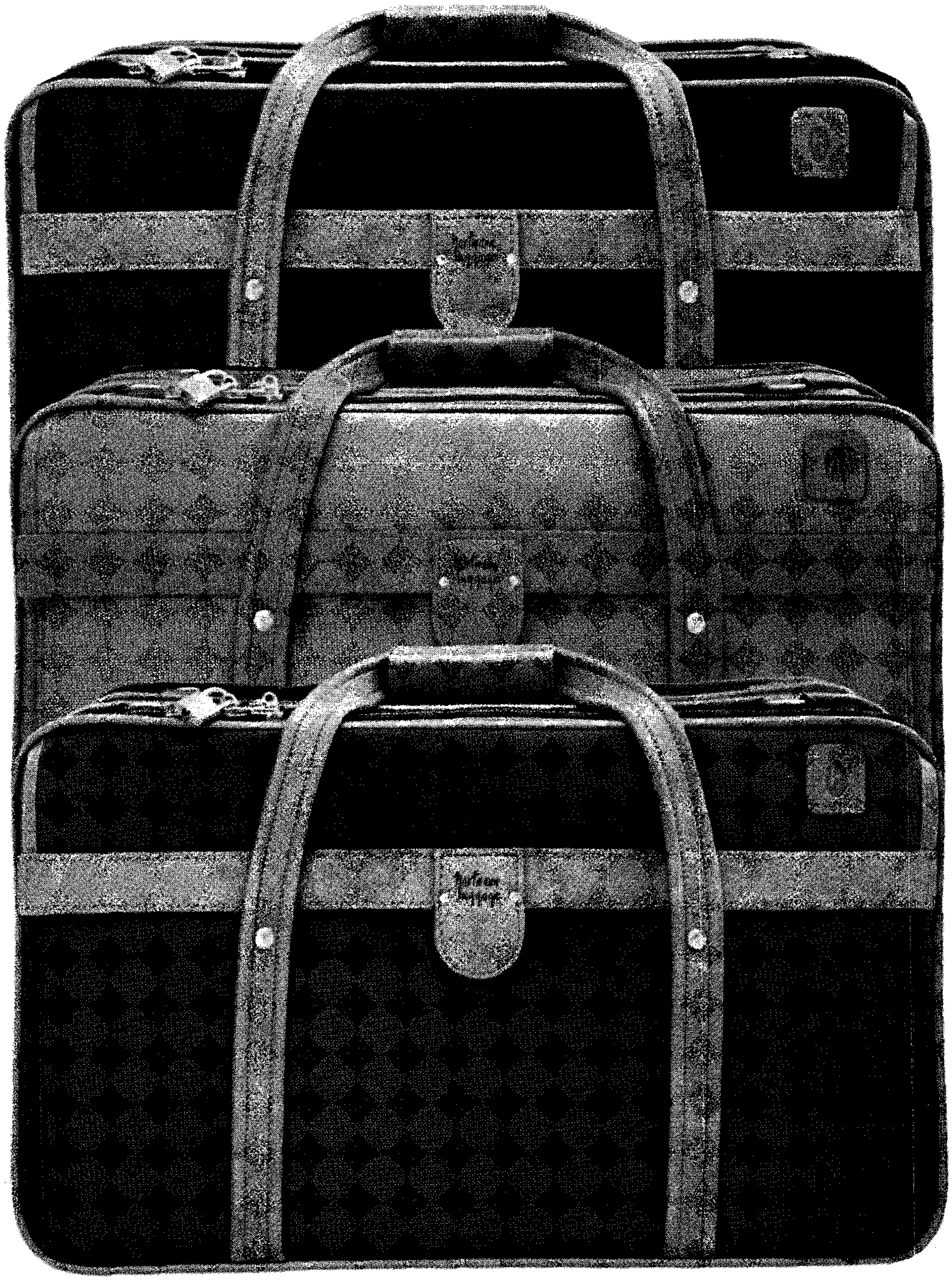

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ties. In 1985, the two shuttle-mission simulators were each operating up to a hundred and sixty hours a week. "In establishing the schedule, NASA had not provided adequate resources for its attainment," the commission's report states. It quotes Henry Hartsfield, a senior astronaut, as saying, "Had we not had the accident, we were going to be up against a wall. . . . For the first time, somebody was going to have to stand up and say 'We have got to slip the launch, because we are not going to have the crew trained.' " The purpose of the simulators is to train not only the crew but also the flight controllers who will be supporting them, and—just as important—to weld the two groups into a unit. "The flight controllers and the astronauts need to develop rapport," Steve Hamm, who trains both groups in the workings of the shuttle computers, told me. "Each one has to learn what the others mean by a given phrase. It takes time. And we were getting to the point where there were insufficient hours in the week to do all that." (Virtually the only criticism the commission's report makes of Johnson—if it is a criticism—is that the people there are so eager to accept a challenge that they will respond regardless of the "drain on resources." The report urges a flight rate consistent with NASA's manpower and facilities, and this provision was met at Johnson with a sigh of relief.)

The pressure to fly, in turn, was caused by President Reagan's announcement back in July of 1982, after the fourth mission, that "the first priority of the [shuttle] program is to make the system fully operational." According to Hamm (and many other people), "the error was to call it operational when it wasn't." This

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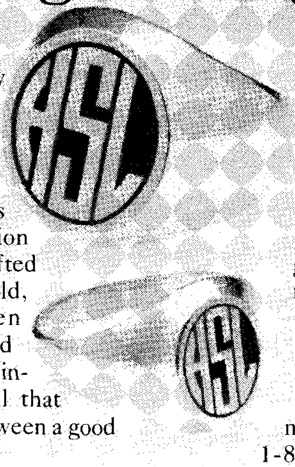

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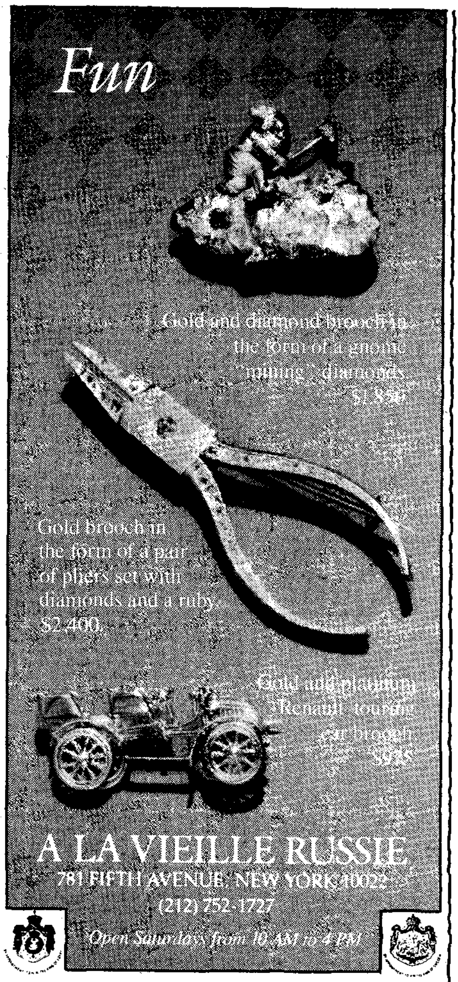
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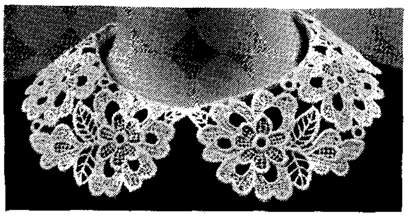

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was a form of doublethink prevalent throughout NASA, though there were always people at Johnson who had their doubts. One of them was John Young. In a conversation I had with him two years ago, he pointed out that high-performance aircraft are given hundreds of test flights before they become operational, whereas the shuttle, which is the highest-performance aircraft of all, had had only four test flights before it began carrying commercial and government cargo and increasingly large crews. On the ninth mission, it carried two non-astronaut scientists—one selected by NASA and one by the European Space Agency. On the twelfth mission, it carried a technician for the McDonnell Douglas company, who operated an experiment concerned with the manufacture of drugs in space. Richard Feynman wrote in his "Personal Observations" that treating the shuttle as an operational vehicle "has had very unfortunate consequences, the most serious of which is to encourage ordinary citizens to fly in such a dangerous machine, as if it had attained the safety of an ordinary airliner." By the twenty-fifth mission, the shuttle had carried the McDonnell Douglas technician three times and had also flown a Canadian astronaut, a Mexican engineer, an Arab prince, two American congressmen, and, finally, a schoolteacher. It may be impossible to test-fly a spacecraft six hundred or seven hundred times, as if it were a jet fighter; nevertheless, Young feels, it should not be treated as operational or routine at twenty-five flights, let alone at five. "The shuttle may be operational when it's in orbit—though even in orbit there are times when it's still in a testing stage," he told me when I saw him this summer. "But surely going up and coming down is still research and development, and the accident proves it."

The view that the shuttle was operational and the pressure for a higher flight rate both stemmed from an early misconception that the shuttle was a business and, as such, ought to pay for itself. During the preparation and training for a mission, much of the pressure came from last-minute changes to accommodate business clients who wanted their payloads put on another flight or inserted late into the manifest. NASA found itself adopting the business principle that the client is always right. Even the astronauts' joking references to the shuttle as the Ace Moving Company ("We pick up and

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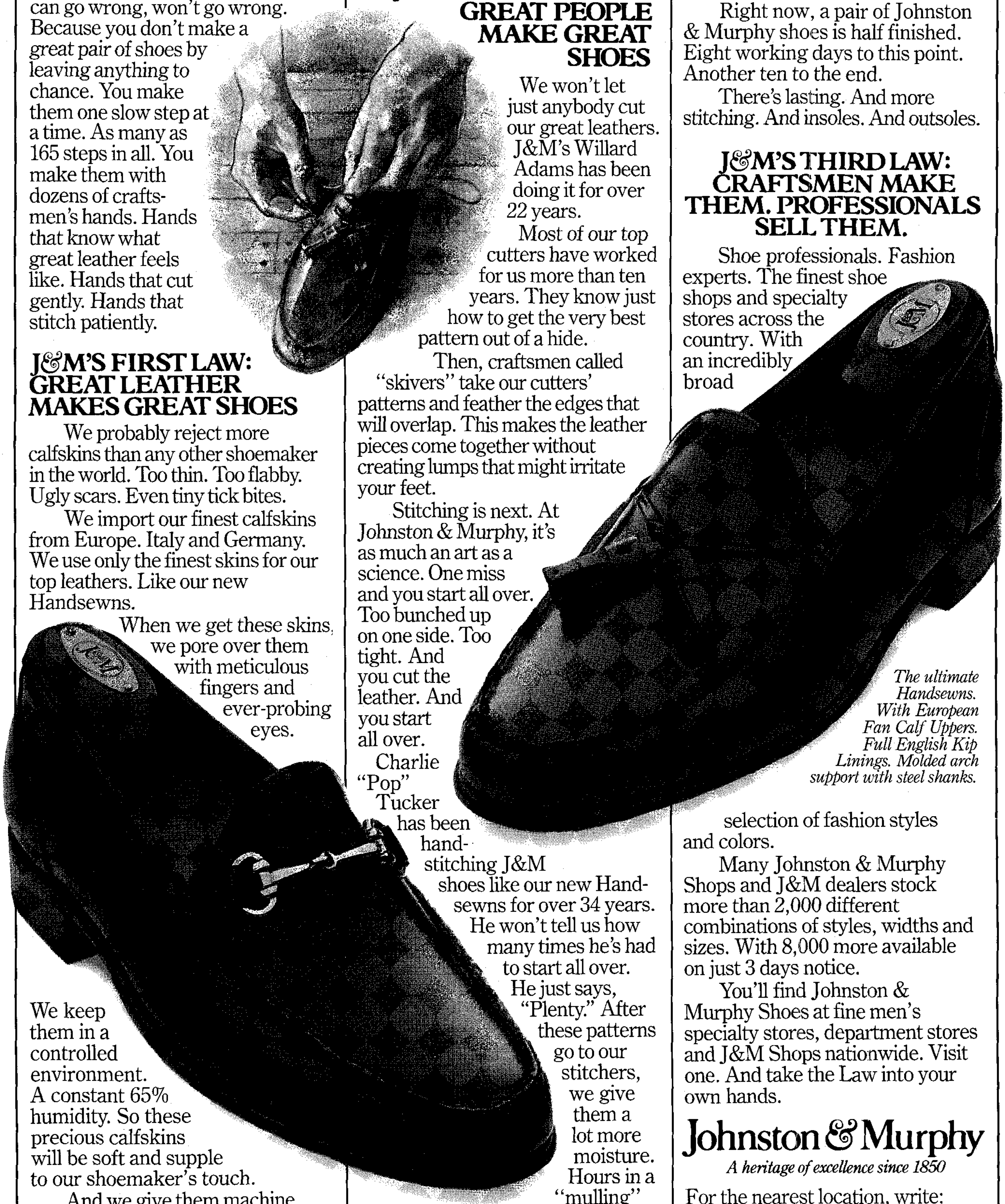

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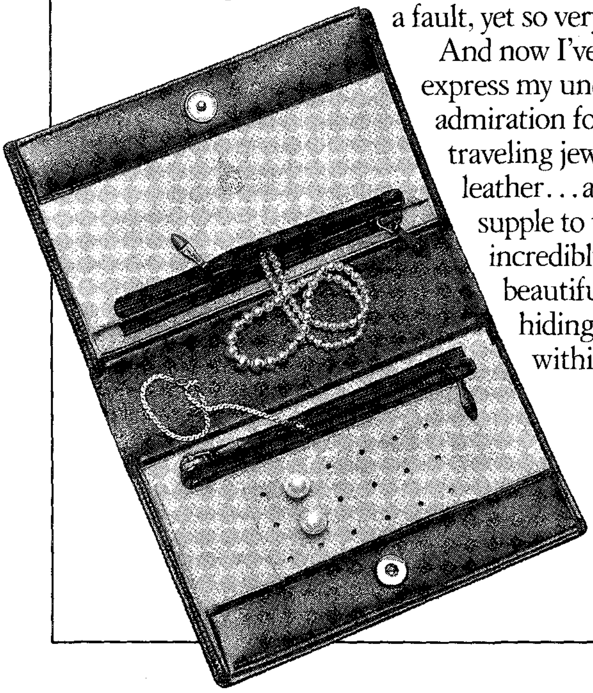
deliver") were a symptom of the deeper problem. "It was a case of trying to get a business subsidy into the program," Ted Browder told me. "We had to fly business—do business launches. This caused us to think more in business ways, and very likely colored our thinking processes. More and more, our decisions were based on finance—and yet this is a state-of-the-art program. You cannot run that sort of program and make money at the same time. We shouldn't have been making business decisions." Now that President Reagan has decided commercial payloads should no longer be flown on the shuttle, as was announced August 15th (only fifteen of forty-four such payloads on the old manifest will be flown), there are many at the Space Center who feel that NASA could get back to its original role—provided the agency is not swallowed up by the military, which will now have a proportionately greater influence.

The idea that the shuttle should be a money-making proposition, in turn, goes back to the origins of the program, in the late nineteen-sixties and the early nineteen-seventies, according to an explanation put forward in an article in the May 30th issue of *Science* by John M. Logsdon, the director of the graduate program in science, technology, and public policy at George Washington University. Sixteen years ago, Logsdon used to good effect the technique of identifying the causes of a problem by going back to its origins—often a good place to look after other theories have failed—when he explained in his book "The Decision to Go to the Moon" the public's disenchantment with the Apollo program; and there may well be a connection between that disenchantment and the Challenger disaster. The public enthusiasm for Apollo—a program that is now regarded by NASA as the epitome of a well-run and properly funded research-and-development project—had run out long before the last men walked on the moon, in 1972. In his book, Logsdon pointed out that the enthusiasm, which had its source in the Cold War and in the American reaction to the launching of Sputnik, began to wane in the mid-sixties, and Americans—satisfied that the scientific gap represented by Sputnik had long since been closed—became concerned with other things, such as the war in Vietnam and the war on poverty. There was a feeling that after a decade of spectaculars the space program should be made to pay for itself and be



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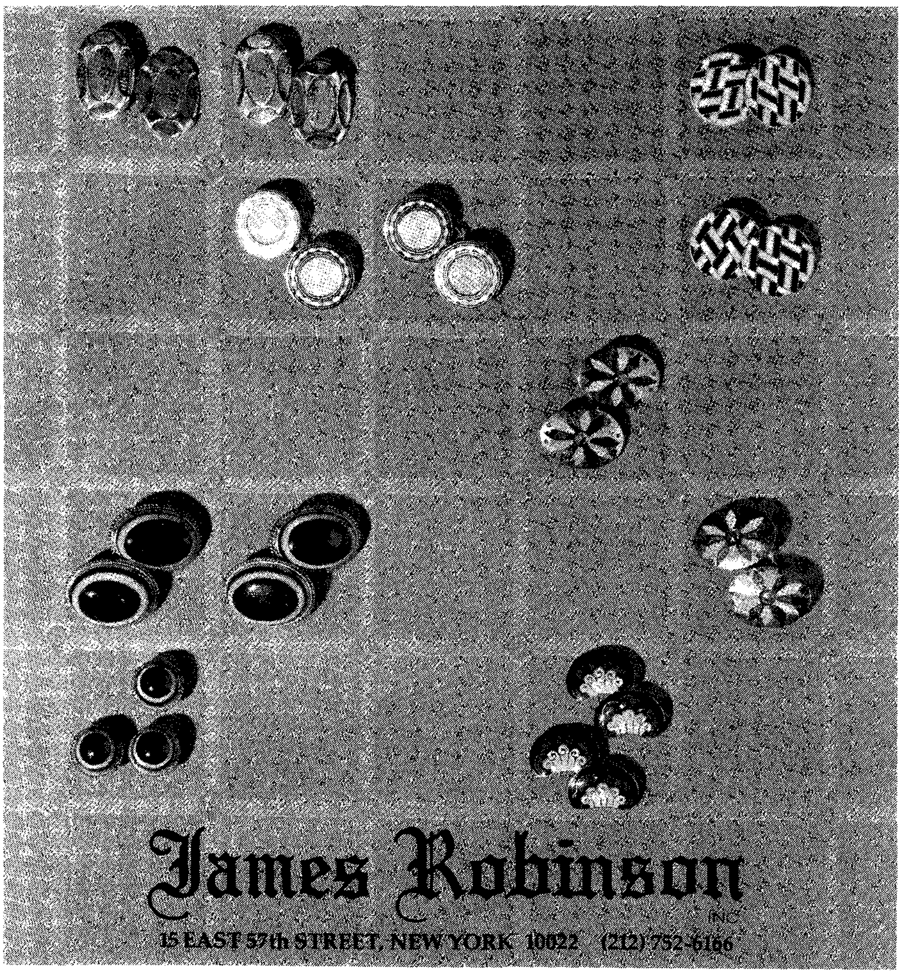

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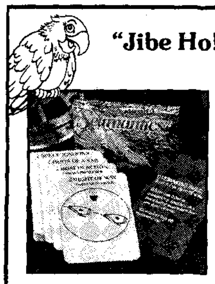

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of some earthly benefit—though, as Logsdon has suggested, this may not be feasible for a program that is still young and basically exploratory in nature. NASA, eager for another program to keep itself going after Apollo, proposed several ideas—including an earth-orbiting space station, a lunar-orbiting space station, and an expedition to Mars. When the White House turned them all down, Logsdon notes in his *Science* article, NASA was faced with finding a project that could both gain enough political support for approval and be sizable enough to keep its engineers busy; it came up with the space shuttle, which would replace all the expendable rockets then in use with a single system that was reusable and—by implication—cheaper.

In June, 1970, NASA engaged an economic consulting firm called Mathematica to do a study comparing the costs of using the shuttle to carry out likely future NASA, Department of Defense, and commercial space missions with the costs of using other launch systems. The results, which Logsdon quotes one high NASA official as calling "influential and unfortunate," showed the shuttle to be the most cost-effective choice, assuming a certain minimum of commercial payloads, which, the study found, should account for at least a third of the cargoes. Following the study, there occurred a sort of ballet between NASA and the Office of Management and Budget, with the Nixon White House in the middle. NASA wanted the largest possible shuttle, in order to be sure that it could fill Department of Defense requirements; the space agency saw this as imperative for the shuttle's economics. The Defense Department, however—possibly because it had doubts about putting all its eggs in one basket—did not insist that the shuttle be big enough for all its needs. According to Logsdon, David Packard, the then Deputy Secretary of Defense, told James Fletcher, the NASA administrator then as now, that NASA's approach to selling the shuttle was "all wrong"—that "the shuttle should never be sold on the basis of the cost savings that might result." Rather, he told Fletcher, "the real point has to do with national security, and an intangible thing which might be called 'man's presence in space.'" The O.M.B., which had long looked askance at the spending of large sums in space, argued for a much smaller and cheaper version of the shuttle. In the discussion, NASA refused to give in on the

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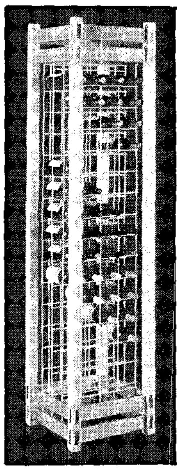

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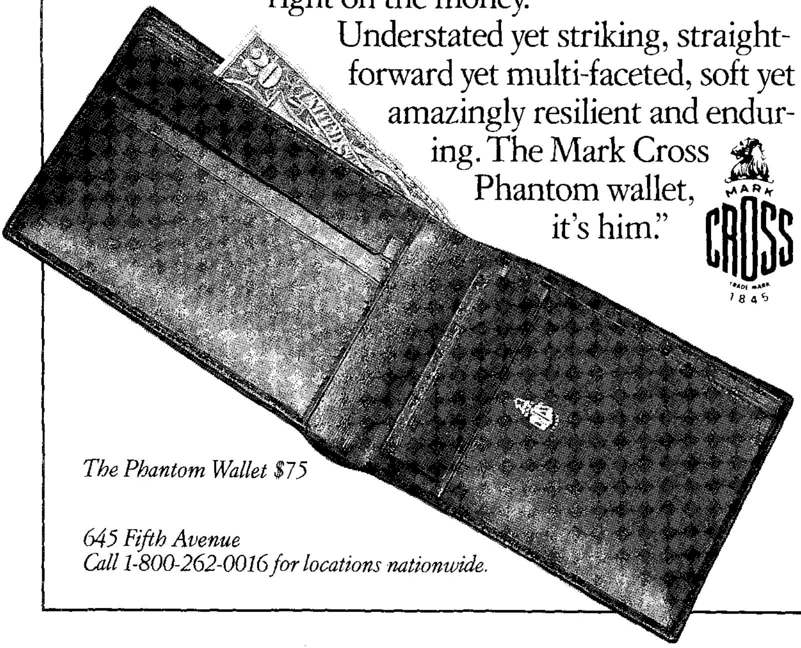
shuttle's over-all capacity, but it did give in on certain design matters, one of which was the use of solid-fuel rocket boosters instead of liquid-fuel ones. The liquid-fuel boosters would be cheaper to operate, but the solid boosters would be cheaper to develop, and keeping development costs down was what NASA was interested in at the moment. "This decision placed a large share of the burden of paying for the shuttle program on its future users," Logsdon writes. The O.M.B. at length persuaded NASA to agree to the smaller shuttle—with the help of some White House aides, as Nixon was tending in that direction. On January 3, 1972, however, NASA was told, to its surprise and delight, that Nixon had approved the larger version. Nixon apparently was entranced with the space shuttle; when Fletcher visited him a couple of days later at San Clemente and showed him a model of it, John Ehrlichman (who was there and told Logsdon about the episode) was afraid that Fletcher wouldn't be able to get the model back from the President. Having approved the larger version of the shuttle, Nixon then made a serious mistake: he neglected to tell the O.M.B. that the program should receive generous funding; consequently, the budget agency, which had been opposed to the shuttle from the start, felt free to give it a low priority. NASA had to fight for funding, often by economizing on the shuttle or by cutting back or eliminating other programs, and also by emphasizing the shuttle's cost-effectiveness and profitability. From this particular bit of unreality emanating from the Oval Office there derived two trends that eventually bore on the Challenger accident: the design and development of the shuttle and, later, its operations had to be carried out as economically as possible; and the shuttle had to make money, or at least appear to do so—something that required it to carry commercial payloads as well as those belonging to NASA and the Department of Defense.

IT is impossible to say to what extent building a space shuttle on the cheap contributed to the Challenger accident. The NASA managers I talked with, both in Houston and in Washington, asserted that although they were pinched for money in the nineteen-seventies, and still are, they never economized on safety. Rather, they maintained, the need to economize often resulted in more ingenious de-



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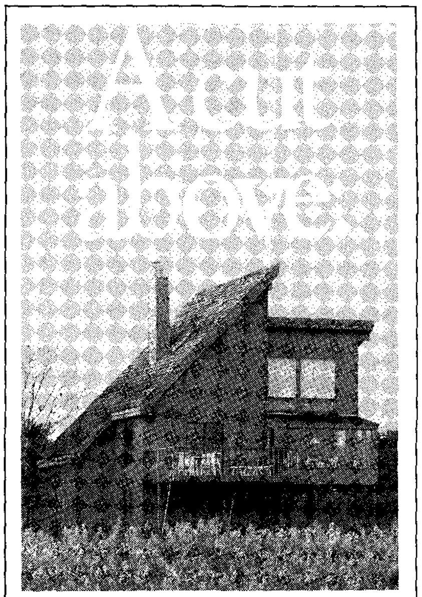
sign. "I don't want to say that the lack of funds contributed to a lack of safety," Thomas L. Moser, the former director of engineering at Johnson, who was brought to NASA headquarters last February as deputy associate administrator for space flight, told me. "The lack of funds did create approaches that might not have been thought of otherwise—and in this way we saved hundreds of millions of dollars." He gave as an example the reuse in one of the orbiters of an airframe that had been used in a test and would normally have been discarded. In the late nineteen-seventies, a manager at Rockwell International, the prime contractor for the shuttle, complained to me that there was not enough funding to permit the testing of components individually, as there had been in the Apollo program; components had to be assembled into larger units in order to be tested—a process he called "deferred testing." He hoped, he said, that there would not be "a showstopper." Recently, however, C. Thomas Newman, NASA's comptroller, told me that what the Rockwell engineer had called "deferred testing" was also known as "block testing" and had been the subject of a difference of opinion among engineers, many of whom thought it was useful. They preferred to test the parts of a rocket engine, say, *after* those parts had been assembled and were functioning as they were intended to. This was an argument with which Richard Feynman, in his "Personal Observations," had little sympathy; he felt that both kinds of testing should be done, and pointed out that it is easier to identify failures in components and correct them before the larger unit has been assembled, or even designed. Had there been enough money for an Apollo-type testing program, the effect of low temperatures on putty and O-rings might have been caught; Feynman, indeed, demonstrated just such a test at a commission hearing, by dropping a bit of the putty into a glass of ice water, where it became noticeably brittle.

No one at NASA headquarters or at Johnson could tell me how much of a reduction in the number of Criticality 1 items aboard the shuttle there would have been if there had been more money. Not even John Young, who wrote a letter to the commission pointing out the large number of such items on the space shuttle, was prepared to say that if NASA had had more money they could have been reduced to the point where flying the shuttle would



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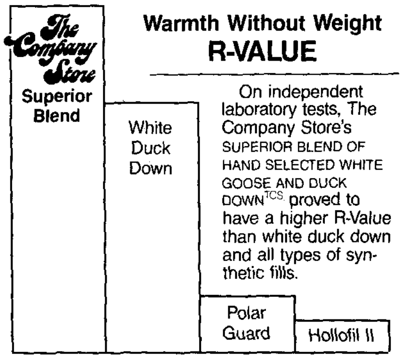

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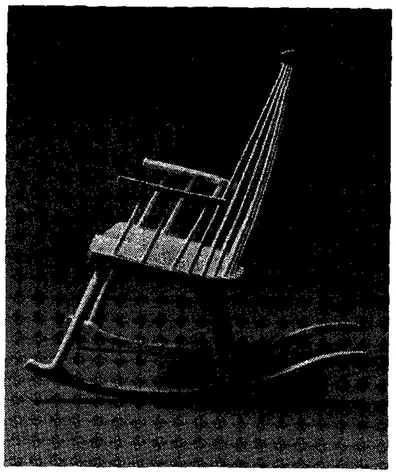

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be as safe as flying an airliner. The Apollo spacecraft in which Young travelled to the moon, in 1972, had plenty of them. But in the Apollo days, he told me, NASA worked harder at making critical components redundant. "We had a lot more people working at NASA and with its contractors in those days, and more resources," he said. "If we had a hundred problems, we would just work on them one by one, until they went away." There were over eight hundred Criticality 1 items on the shuttle, and one of the commission's recommendations—partly as a result of Young's letter—is that they all be extensively reviewed before the shuttle flies again. Young told me that he was not bothered by any one item more than by any other, "because if any of them go they will all do the same thing to you." (As a flight instructor at Johnson once observed, "There are a lot of things up there that will eat your lunch—either in small bites or in big gulps.") Still, in addition to the booster joints, the ones that seem generally to cause the most concern are the turbine blades for the pumps that force fuel into the main engines, and four valves, called flapper valves, that are in the fuel line leading from the engines to the external fuel tank. The turbine blades keep cracking—both in ground tests and in flight. If one of them were to shatter, it could result in the destruction of the shuttle's engines. As for the flapper valves, they are held open by the flow of liquid hydrogen or liquid oxygen, and slam shut at the instant the external tank is jettisoned, but under certain conditions—a disruption of the fuel flow, for instance—one or another could close earlier and shut the engines off. It was the turbine blades, in particular, that turned Feynman against block testing; the problem is extremely hard to deal with in the finished and functioning stage of the engines, and has caused certification problems and a willingness to accept lower standards which he found disturbingly reminiscent of the situation with the booster joints. Very likely, I was told by David Leestma, who is now riding herd on the main engines for the astronaut office, there will be fixes for both these problems before the shuttle flies again.

Although no one has said publicly that if NASA had had more money the accident wouldn't have happened, there is one piece of evidence that the booster joints, at least, might have been different. According to the com-

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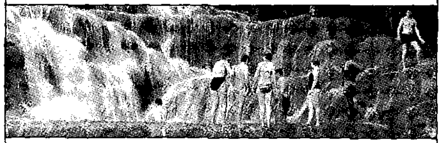

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mission's report, Morton Thiokol was originally selected over three other competitors to receive the NASA contract to design and build the boosters. The Source Evaluation Board, a government-mandated committee that reviews bids from contractors, ranked Thiokol's proposal fourth in design and development. It was selected nonetheless, and the NASA managers who made the decision congratulated themselves on the fact that "the cost advantages were substantial. . . . Thiokol could do a more economical job than any of the other proposers in both the development and the production phases of the program." In the opinion of the Presidential Commission, "costs were the primary concern of NASA's selection board, particularly those incurred early in the program."

One of the commission's recommendations, of course, was that the joint be redesigned before the shuttle flies again. There are several design proposals, but the leading candidate is to add a capture feature to the field joints—a solution that may sound familiar. No one at NASA is making very much of the fact that the capture feature is a fix that has been in the works for years. In a letter this month to Administrator Fletcher, H. Guyford Stever, the chairman of a panel of the National Research Council, a private advisory group that is overseeing NASA's redesigning of the boosters, expressed concern that NASA had opted for the capture feature because of its "desire to use existing hardware to the greatest extent possible, including new case forgings previously ordered." The panel urged NASA to develop an alternative design as a precautionary measure. John Young, although he didn't dismiss the capture-feature idea, told me that he would prefer to see a totally new approach. There have never been any problems with the so-called factory joints—among other reasons, they are so well insulated inside that they never undergo the heat and pressure of ignition. Young would like all the booster's joints to be factory joints—in which case, of course, the boosters could not be disassembled for shipping back to Utah to be repacked with fuel. The Aerojet Strategic Propulsion Company has proposed reopening a factory in Florida to manufacture a single-piece booster, which could be shipped to the Kennedy Space Center by barge, but NASA does not think this is a workable short-term solution. Such an arrangement could

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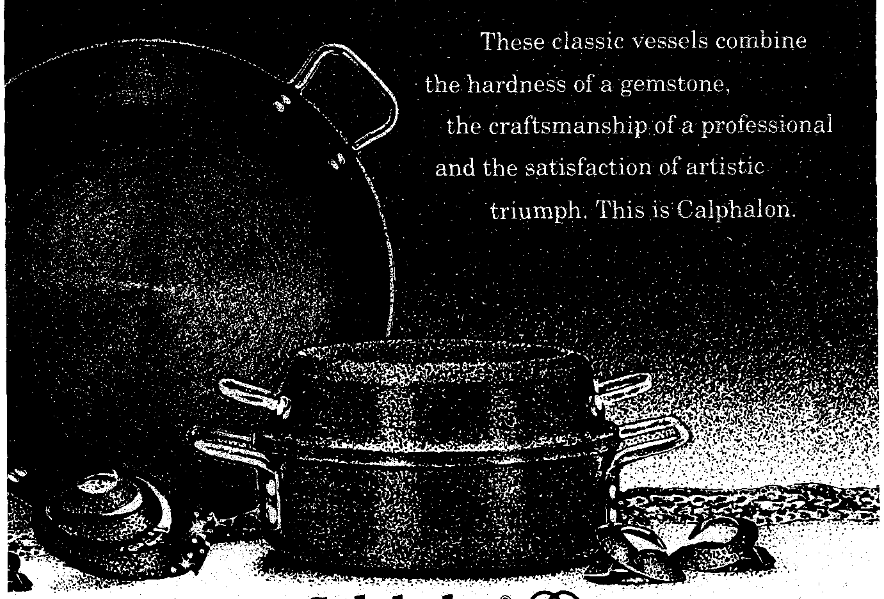
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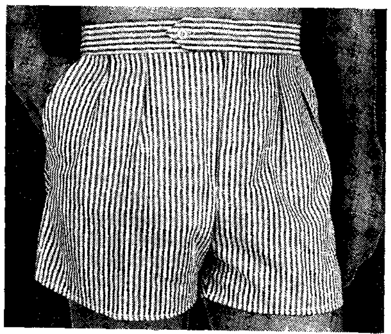

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have been set up in the nineteen-seventies, if there had been enough resources.

The commission recommended other measures that might well have been adopted in 1972 but, apparently for reasons of economy, were not; a major one is some sort of rudimentary escape system for use during the final phase of the glide back to earth, from an altitude of perhaps twenty thousand feet. "Why wasn't a simple bailout method incorporated in 1971 and 1972?" Story Musgrave said to me. "That's when it should have been considered. And I'm not talking from hindsight. Every single military aircraft has an escape system—even the safest plane."

At bottom, many people at the Johnson Space Center feel, the failure was attributable not simply to the Nixon White House but to the entire government and the American people as a whole over the last fifteen years. We wanted to be leaders in space, but we didn't want to pay the costs. In the nineteen-seventies, the government and the public may have been given a rosier picture than the facts warranted by a space agency eager to get half a loaf rather than none—though, according to John Logsdon, there is no evidence that anyone at NASA in that period deliberately misled the White House, the O.M.B., or Congress; rather, these optimistic projections reflected a kind of "group think." The same attitude probably took hold at Marshall. Still, one astronaut told me that in his opinion someone at NASA during the seventies should have stood up and said, "Either we do it right, or we don't do it at all"—someone like Wernher von Braun, "who had stature, and who clearly put space first," he said. "Instead, the Administration would tell Congress that NASA didn't need more money—at a time when the engineers were crying for it." A number of the people I talked with believe that if the government doesn't want to ante up for a reasonable space program it should get out of the game. They agree with Richard Feynman, who at the conclusion of his "Observations," after stating that NASA should live in the real world when it came to understanding technological weaknesses and estimating costs, wrote, "If in this way the government would not support them, so be it. NASA owes it to the citizens from whom it asks support to be frank, honest, and informative, so that these citizens can make the wisest decisions

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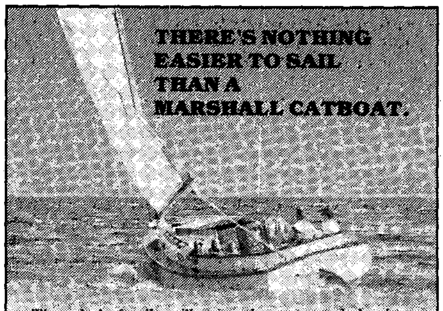

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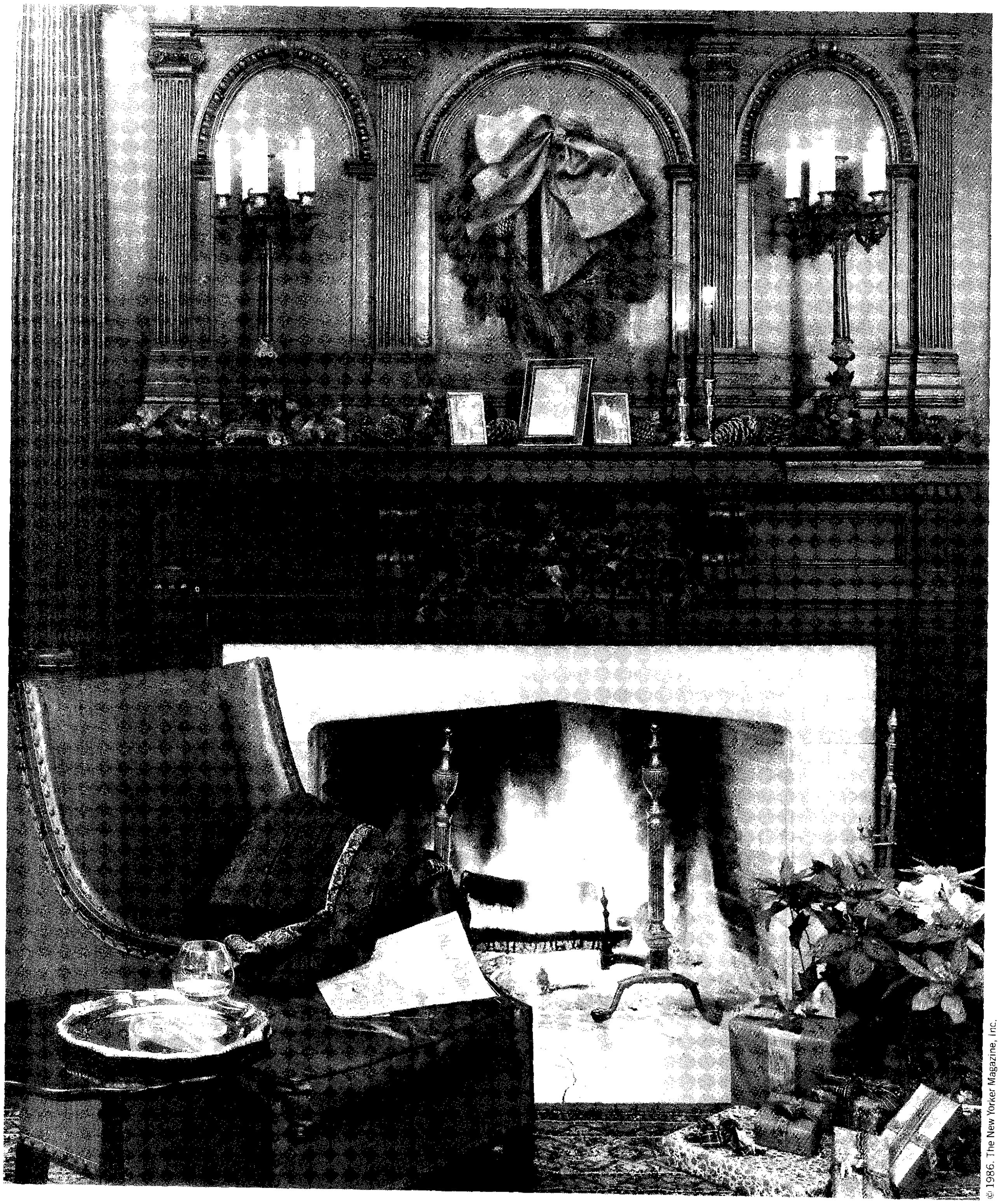

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Obviously, people at the Space Center do not want the game to end. The only way to get the proper funding, they believe, is for the space program to be once again equated in the public mind with national security, as it was in its early days. "If you go back to the Eisenhower years, the space program was seen as part of the national-security apparatus," Joseph P. Loftus, Jr., an assistant director of the Center, told me toward the end of my visit this summer. "National security is not limited to national defense; Eisenhower wanted a civilian space program. But he saw that you can use space as an instrument of national policy—as a stimulus to technology, as part of the image of the nation. And that idea was shared by Kennedy and Johnson. And that is why NASA enjoyed such aggressive support in the Apollo years." Loftus feels that NASA is now perceived by the public as akin to something like the National Science Foundation—a small, discretionary agency, not absolutely vital to the nation. For the space program to be seen once again as an essential part of national security, he believes, there will have to be a redefinition of goals in space.

However, if the plan for space stations, moon bases, and a Mars base which was issued this spring by the National Commission on Space was meant to be a step in that direction, it seems to have failed to catch the popular imagination. For a return to the stirring doings, and the stirring budgets, of the Apollo years, there may have to be some redefinition of the current concept of national security, which seems to omit not only the benefits of space exploration for its own sake but also the idea that the space program might help to improve the lot of mankind on earth—an idea that took hold as the Apollo years shifted into the early shuttle years. These are unimaginative, and possibly self-serving, times, as seems clear from the Reagan Administration budgets and the Gramm-Rudman-Hollings Act, which reduce the concept of national security to national defense and little more. "Are they going to fund a decent program or not?" David Leestma, the astronaut who might have been killed on the next shuttle mission, asked. "I think they're not. I think it's just going to be a minimal program, once again. And you get what you pay for." To judge from an announcement by Reagan in August authorizing a fourth orbiter while leaving the

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uestion of how it is to be paid or unresolved, Leestma's guess looks ight. The announcement was uncomortably reminiscent of Nixon's riginal decision to authorize the huttle program without directing he O.M.B. to give it enough fundng. Many people are wondering what ASA will have to sacrifice this time in rder to get the replacement for the hallenger.

THEIR worries about funding aside, the people at the Johnson pace Center are getting on with the usiness of putting the accident behind hem and carrying out as best they can he recommendations of the Presidenial Commission. Joseph Allen told me hat the atmosphere at the Center toay reminded him of the atmosphere at he time he arrived there, six months fter the 1967 Apollo spacecraft fire: a ombination of honest self-examinaion and hard work. "I hope that what ollowed in the ashes of the Apollo fire —all the success of the next two deades—will indicate the path we will ollow now," he said. Almost everyone s engaged in some sort of reëxaminaion: Eugene Kranz has all the flight ontrollers reëxamining flight rules and procedures, and looking over the decisions they made in the light of those rules, to determine whether in the previous twenty-four flights they made the right choices of risk versus gain. In the training division, the instructors are also reëvaluating flight rules and training methods. Steve Hamm is rewriting the scripts used to train astronauts in the simulators, and he and Ted Browder are both still training astronauts; the younger ones have to be given heavy doses of what is called generic, or basic, training in how to fly the orbiter, and all the astronauts, of course, have to maintain their proficiency. The simulators, these days, are run a hundred and twenty hours a week instead of a hundred and sixty, and thus keep everybody busy at just about the right level of activity. The Center's new director is Aaron Cohen, who has been at Johnson for many years as director of research and engineering; he is generally thought to be a man well aware of the risks of space flight.

As for the astronauts, they are scattered all over. Several of them are carrying out the commission's recommendation that more astronauts be used in management positions. In February, Richard Truly, an ex-astronaut, went to Washington to replace Jesse Moore as the associate administrator for space flight and the chief officer of the shuttle program. Sally Ride has joined him at headquarters as special assistant for (among other things) long-range planning. Another astronaut, Bryan O'Connor, is now the assistant to Arnold Aldrich, the manager of the space-shuttle office, at Johnson. Robert Crippen is the chairman of a committee to determine how the shuttle management can be restructured in the light of the commission's report. John Young has deployed three other astronauts, in addition to David Leestma, to take part in design and operations changes at Marshall, and several astronauts are at the Kennedy Space Center to advise on launch and turnaround procedures. At Johnson, Story Musgrave is the head of a team that is reviewing the Flight Data File—five or six feet of books of specifications and procedures carried on each mission. All the procedures are being tried out in the simulators to make sure that they are as accurate and intelligible as they can be. Obviously, the mean hammer that Browder told me the astronauts had once pos-

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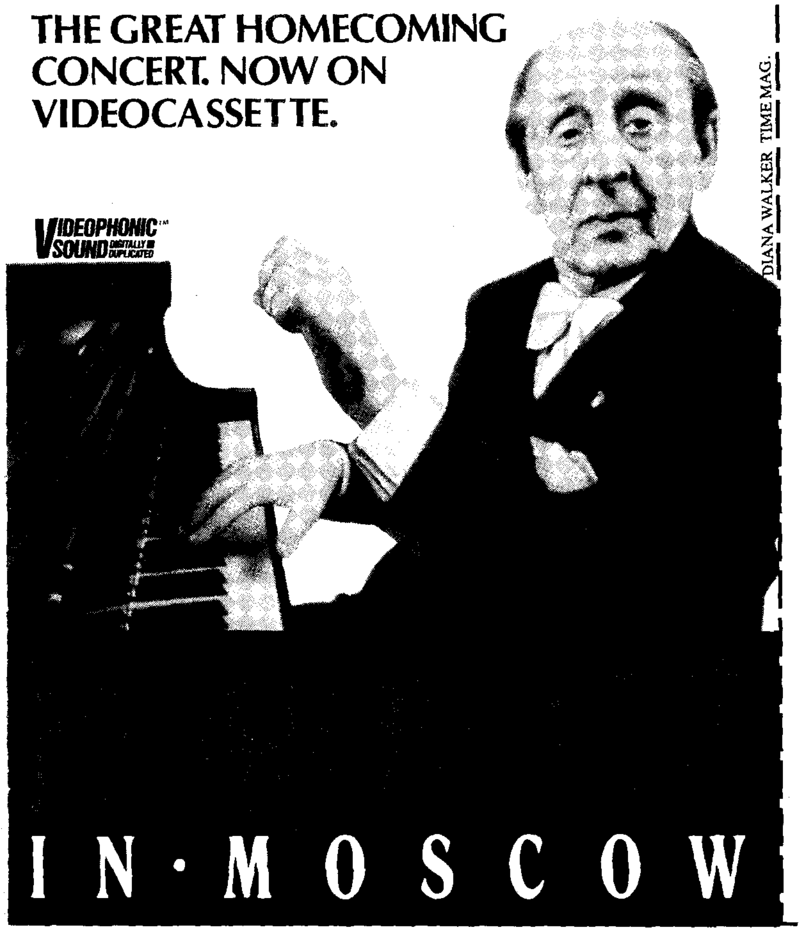

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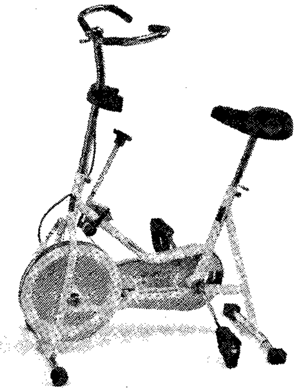

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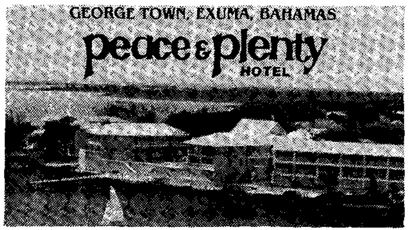

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sessed is beginning to be wielded by them again.

And they may need to do exactly that. With the Presidential Commission officially terminated, NASA itself seems to be largely in charge of deciding how to carry out the commission's recommendations and which ones it can ignore. There is minimal supervision from outside agencies; the National Research Council panel, for instance, reports to NASA. Although NASA was not put in charge of investigating the accident, the method of monitoring its compliance with the recommendations of the Presidential Commission appears to be a backward step in that direction. The main check is that NASA has to make a progress report to the White House in June of 1987. NASA's apparent desire to present the capture feature—on order since July, 1985—as a response to the commission's recommendation for a new design (whereas it may in fact simply be foreclosing a better one) suggests that obfuscation is not entirely dead at the agency. According to a Thiokol engineer recently quoted in the *Times,* "everything is schedule, schedule, schedule." It may be that the astronauts are their own best protection. —HENRY S. F. COOPER, JR.

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The Florida Breeding Bird Atlas is a major undertaking that will require the assistance of hundreds of volunteers throughout the state. Participants need not be expert birds.—*Florida Naturalist, a publication of the Florida Audubon Society.*

But it wouldn't hurt.

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NON SEQUITUR DEPARTMENT

[*From New Jersey Monthly*]

Surveying the seemingly endless rows of dolls stacked almost to the ceiling in the Toys "R" Us on Route 4 in Paramus, the chain's president, Norman Ricken, singles out a Barbie look-alike that he believes will prove a big favorite this Christmas. The high-fashion doll Jem, marketed as a corporate executive who moonlights as a rock 'n' roll star, represents, says Ricken, a glamorous version of the working woman. "Children like toys that mirror real life," he explains.

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Fort, an attorney specializing in environmental law who has also participated in several previous EURPEOC meetings, said he believes an environmental impact statement (EIS) is not necessary.

"Frankly, when you look at what an EIS does, you'd be more surprised at what it *doesn't* do," Fort said. "Anyone can pass the mustard of an EIS."—*Evanston (Ill.) Review.*

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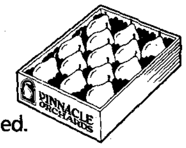

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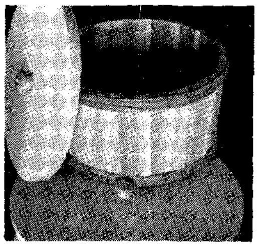

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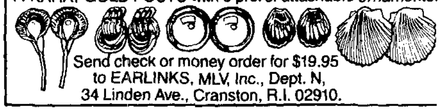

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Modern Consorts

SCHOENBERG once said that he was careful not to claim the genre of "chamber-music songs" as his own invention: "Many of the forms that I was supposedly the first to use in our time will surely be found to have been used by others long before me." But his "Pierrot Lunaire," composed in 1912, for voice and instrumental quintet, does seem to have led the way. Stravinsky's Three Japanese Lyrics and Ravel's Three Mallarmé Poems, for singer and chamber ensemble, followed hard upon "Pierrot" and were directly dependent from it: Schoenberg had shown his score to Stravinsky, and Stravinsky had told Ravel about it. (Ravel proposed a "scandalous concert" at which all three works should be performed; when it came off, early in 1914, "Pierrot" was replaced by Maurice Delage's Four Hindu Poems, for soprano and instruments.) Ever since then, chamber-music songs have been composed in abundance; Boulez, Henze, and Peter Maxwell Davies have written them; Elliott Carter's "A Mirror on Which to Dwell," for soprano and nine players, and Milton Babbitt's "The Head of the Bed," for soprano and four players, are distinguished recent examples. Chamber-music songs form a distinctive twentieth-century genre, and one much favored in this country, where new-music groups abound. It is not an easy genre to command: keeping a singer and her or his words dominant through a busy ensemble can be tricky; what from a full orchestra would be support can be competition when the instrumental lines are solo, too. Moreover, new-music concerts are often underrehearsed: the work in question may suffer from a score-bound singer, while a handful of players, instead of making self-balanced, living chamber music, instead of listening to the singer and to one another, may rely on a conductor to keep the ensemble on track.

A New World record, NW 317, entitled "Da Capo in Song," presents two chamber-music song cycles almost ideally. They are Miriam Gideon's "Voices from Elysium" (1979) and Louise Talma's "Diadem" (1979-80). The "almost" is there because neither of the singers—the tenor Constantine Cassolas in the Gideon, the tenor Paul Sperry in the Talma—has much of a voice. They are both skillful, intelligent artists but in tonal and dynamic range, in expressive beauty of timbre, are not on the level of the instrumentalists, the Da Capo Chamber Players. (Sad that tenors who do have fine voices tend to get lost to the conventional opera circuit, and that many of them then destroy freshness and bloom of tone by bawling away into big houses.) It would be good to hear John Aler or Richard Croft essay these cycles. Gideon and Talma both write for the "Pierrot" quintet: flute, clarinet, violin, cello, and piano. Gideon uses it rather as Schoenberg did, varying the instrumentation from song to song, bringing forward different "soloists" to join the singer and create distinctive imagery. Talma uses the full ensemble throughout, with delicate precision. "Voices from Elysium" is a set of seven Greek lyrics, in translations by John Addington Symonds, Richmond Lattimore, and Willis Barnstone. Theodoridas' famous epitaph for a drowned sailor and Plato's for Aster are here; Praxilla's lament for what she must leave behind (sunlight, starlight, ripe cucumbers, pears, and apples); songs to a swallow and a cicada; finally, Alcman's moving evocation of night. What Brecht once called the "marvellous concreteness" of Greek epigrams, their emotional range, the resonances they evoke are reflected in Gideon's taut, beautiful music. "Diadem" is a more abstract construction: seven songs whose texts—Confucius' praise of jade, then sentences from medieval lapidaries—catalogue the virtues imparted by various precious and semiprecious stones. The topaz "drives away sadness, it strengthens the intellect and bestows courage;" the sapphire "keeps a man from poison" and "helpeth him out of prison that is imprison'd." The text is a conceit from which to build a varied and lively suite. The other pieces on the disk are Copland's fresh, bright "As It Fell Upon a Day" (1923), an exercise for Nadia Boulanger that took wing, for soprano, flute, and clarinet; and Henry Cowell's "Vocalise" (1936), No. 524 in the catalogue of Cowell's nine hundred and fifty-two compositions which fills ten close-printed columns of AmeriGrove. (It is classified as "Chamber," not "Vocal.") Soprano and flute spin alluring, Lakmé-like arabesques while the pianist—her fingers stopping the strings—seems to tap a set of little tuned drums. Phyllis Bryn-Julson is the clear, accu-

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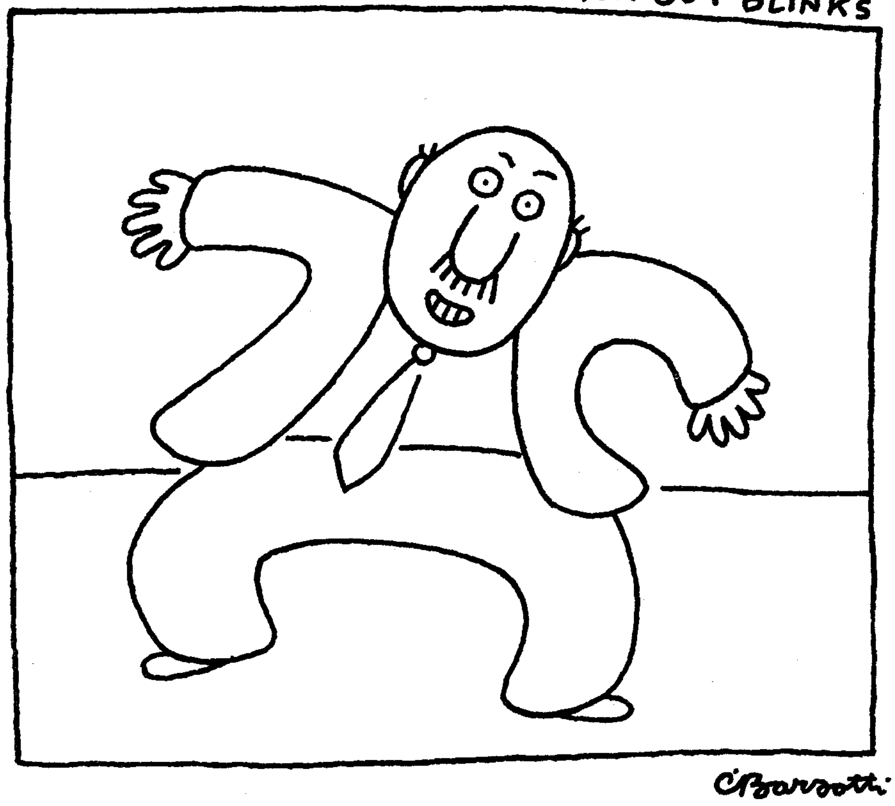

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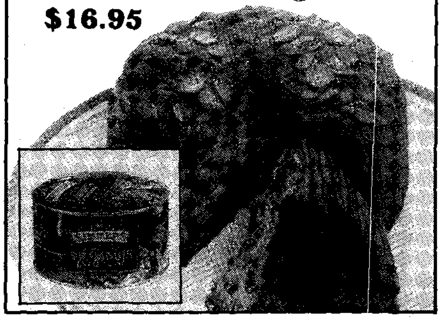

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Merry Christmas

rate singer, Patricia Spencer the flutist, and Joan Tower the pianist.

Gideon and Talma, who have both written many chamber-music songs, know the genre well. These Da Capo performances, alert along every line, truly chamber-musical, bring their complete scores to life and, without ever slighting the vocal line, remove any temptation to listen lopsidedly, to hear just a singer against a colored accompaniment.

LOUISE TALMA was eighty last month, and in Merkin Hall the Prism Orchestra, conducted by Robert Black, the pianist Şahan Arzruni, and other artists gathered to give a concert in her honor. The earliest works of Talma's listed in AmeriGrove are a chorus and the piano duet "Four-Handed Fun" (1939), praised for its "scintillating hedonism." In 1962, her opera "The Alcestiad" was produced in Frankfurt. The earliest work on the Merkin program was "Voices of Peace" (1973), a motet cycle with string-orchestra accompaniment; the Gregg Smith Singers sang. The other works were all recent. There were two world premières. "Kaleidoscopic Variations" (1984), for piano, played by Mr. Arzruni, is a work of quick, merry fancy, springing from a two-part jostle whose patterns grow livelier and more elaborate. "Full Circle," for small orchestra, completed earlier this year, is a ten-minute stretch of linked episodes; I retain the impression of a pleasing, poetic composition but need to hear it again, for it came at the end of a packed evening. Mr. Sperry sang "Diadem;" the Prism performance, however, was less polished than Da Capo's on the record.

Everything Talma writes is marked by her distinction and elegance. Two works on the program were also patently emotional. "The Ambient Air" (1983), four movements for flute, violin, cello, and piano, opens with nightingale songs that the composer heard in spring, thirty years ago, in the garden of the American Academy in Rome. And "Lament" (1980), for cello and piano (played by André Emelianoff and Mr. Arzruni), is an intense, passionate outpouring. In a program note, Talma revealed that a Bedouin tune on a one-string fiddle, heard in Jordan, was her starting point. It has been transformed into a large, noble cello melody, spanning the instrument, using all its "speaking" eloquence. The piano writing is spare, beautiful, and exact. "Lament," which lasts about four minutes, is surely a piece that every cellist will want to secure for his repertory.

MIRIAM GIDEON was eighty last month, and in Merkin Hall the Prism Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Black, the pianist Mr. Arzruni, and other artists gathered to give a concert in her honor. The earliest work of Gideon's listed in AmeriGrove is an unpublished song of 1929. She has composed a dozen chamber-music song cycles, and also individual songs for voice and instruments: "The Hound of Heaven" and "The Adorable Mouse." "The Hound of Heaven" (1945)—the work, it seems, that established Gideon's reputation—was the earliest piece on the Merkin program, and was admirably sung by the baritone William Sharp, in clear, focussed tones and with well-molded words. Mr. Black conducted the instrumental quartet: oboe, violin, viola, cello. Two of the song cycles were done. "The Condemned Playground" (1963) is a fascinating study in transformations verbal and musical: three poems set both in the original language and in a translation: Horace/Milton, Gary Spokes/Satoka Akiya, Baudelaire/Edna St. Vincent Millay. The work is for soprano and tenor (they were the gleaming Christine Schadeberg and Mr. Cassolas) and six players; Mr. Black conducted. Horace's "Quis multa gracilis te puer" seemed surprising as a duet, but I suppose there's no reason that a man and a maid should not sigh simultaneously over Pyrrha's inconstancy.

"Wing'd Hour" (1983) is a setting, for high voice and five players, of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Christina Rossetti, and Walter de la Mare. Having known since childhood Vaughan Williams' rapturous, enchanted music for D. G. Rossetti's "Silent Noon," I never thought to find another setting of it anything but disappointing; yet Gideon's—which is quite different, less sensuously glowing, with smaller gestures—casts its own potent, if less luxurious, spell. Mr. Cassolas pronounced the lines movingly, and what in the score looks like curious word setting became pointful; Mr. Black conducted. Mr. Arzruni played Gideon's Piano Sonata (1977), a work that, the program note told us, "reflects associations with some of the deepest experiences of the composer's youth." The three movements are titled from choruses in Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon"—"Veiled

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Destinies," "Night, the Shadow of Light," and "Rapid and Footless Herds"—and are built on harmonic cells drawn from Wolf and Schumann songs. It's a winning piece. Mr. Black has recorded it on CRI. In fact, all the works on the Merkin bill are also on CRI. Two other pieces represented composers "whom I delight in and revere," Gideon wrote: Mozart's Adagio and Rondo, K. 617—but with a celesta's tinkle replacing the glass harmonica's poignant song—and Luigi Dallapiccola's "Parole di San Paolo" (1964). Dallapiccola wrote many chamber-music songs. (His "Liriche Greche"—Sappho, Alcaeus, and Anacreon settings, in Quasimodo translations—may have been an inspiration for Gideon's "Voices from Elysium.") This one clothes St. Paul's sentences in praise of charity, or love, in gentle, glowing music for soprano and nine players.

BIZET's "Djamileh," a one-act opera composed three years before "Carmen," is "not far short of a masterpiece." In it "Bizet achieves what he attempted with only partial success in 'Les Pêcheurs de perles'—an exotic background that is interesting in itself and in complete harmony with the foreground. In characterization too he does wonders." "There is some exquisite detail in the scoring." The quotations are from Winton Dean's "Bizet," and everything he says is true. Yet "Djamileh" has never been a popular success. In 1872, when it appeared at the Opéra-Comique, the harmony was found more bizarre than Wagner's: "Most of the time the progressions follow no known, classified system of composition—a grievous fault," Félix Clément wrote in his Dictionnaire des Opéras. "Djamileh" ran for only eleven performances, and for only eleven when it was revived in 1938, with Jennie Tourel in the title role. Perhaps the plot, drawn from Musset's "Namouna," seems too slight. Prince Haroun, an Egyptian voluptuary, changes his mistress once a month: "Je n'aime aucune femme au monde, j'aime l'amour!" Djamileh, the current favorite, has fallen in love with him; her month is up, but she persuades Haroun's steward to let her appear, veiled, among the candidates for her successor. Haroun chooses a slave who reminds him of Djamileh. The couple embark on a duet in romantic darkness; when a sudden shaft of moonlight reveals Djamileh's identity, all ends happily. Slight indeed,

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but the score is bewitching, a succession of exquisite, inventive movements. Djamileh herself has musical touches of both Carmen and Micaëla. Three years earlier, Bizet had expressed his intention of "trying to change the genre of the Opéra-Comique;" and "Djamileh" gave him "the absolute certainty of having found my path." Musically, if not yet in subject matter, he had cracked the conventions of opéra-comique which in "Carmen" he was to shatter.

Last month, the Manhattan Opera Theatre, directed by Allan Charlet, put on a modest presentation of "Djamileh," piano-accompanied, in CAMI Hall. One or two firm, ringing phrases from Robert Van Valkenburg, the Haroun, were just about the sole vocal merit of the evening. Yet this near-amateur performance, executed with loving enthusiasm for the work, proved enough to remind one how much the world misses by staging of Bizet only "Les Pêcheurs" and "Carmen." He was a great composer—one whose flawed works are worth more than the suave productions of lesser men. "Le Docteur Miracle" and "Don Procopio"—captivating comedies that Bizet wrote before he was twenty-one—and "Djamileh" are pieces for St. Louis, for Washington's Terrace Theatre, for the Skylight company in Milwaukee. "La Jolie Fille de Perth" is something for the City Opera. (Beecham in his memoirs tells of a friend who, having once been taken to a Wagner opera, had sworn never to go near an opera house again; the conductor bet him a box of cigars that he could not fail to enjoy "The Fair Maid" and won the bet.) The grand opera "Ivan IV," with a loose libretto but marvellous music, awaits its American première—its world première in the theatre, in fact, for earlier stagings have been of an abridged, mutilated version. That would be a coup for one of our big companies: Chicago, Santa Fe, San Francisco, Philadelphia, or, if they resist it, perhaps the adventurous Indiana University Opera Theatre. Meanwhile, the BBC's 1975 studio performance of "Ivan," which contained nearly an hour of previously unheard Bizet music, can be enjoyed on a Voce record album. —ANDREW PORTER

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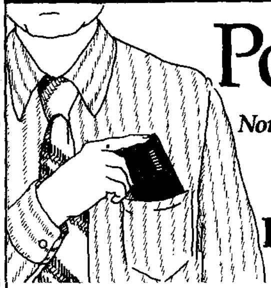
The 1980s have quite appropriately been called the age of nail extension products.—*Showcase USA.*

Historians, take note.



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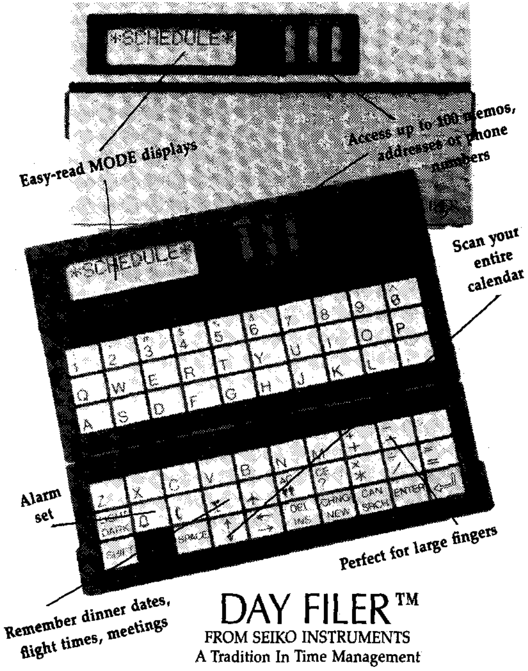
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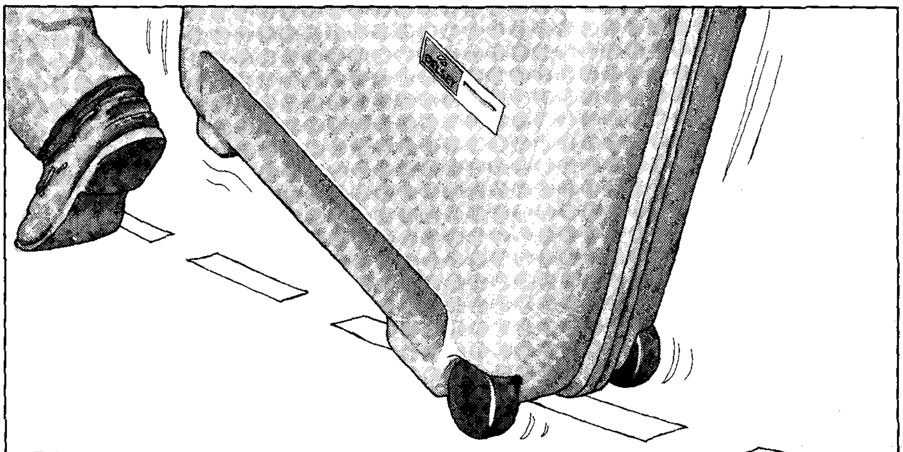

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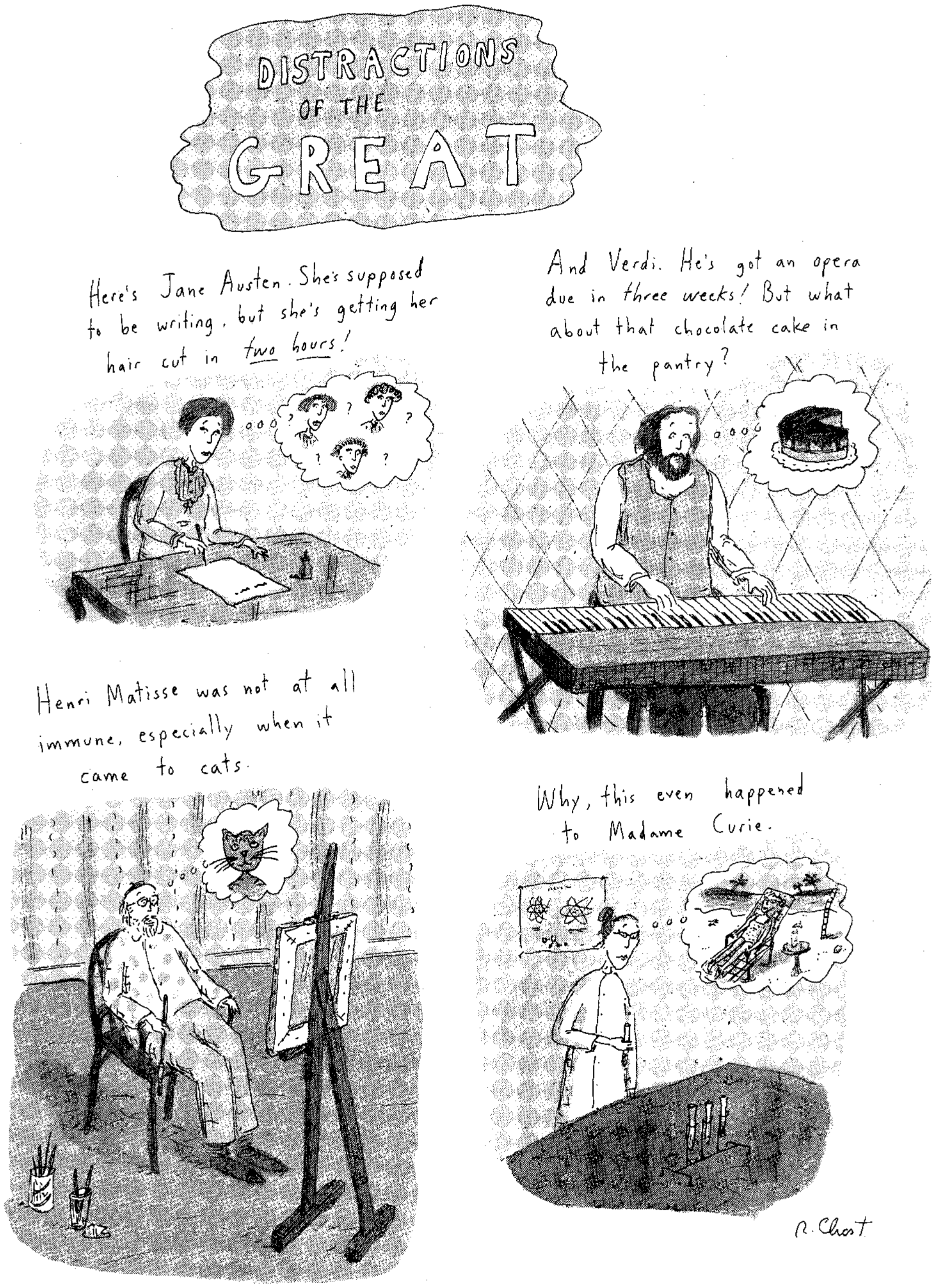
Off Broadway

"THE COLORED MUSEUM," a little revue at the Public, opens with slide projections, on the back wall of the set, showing slaves in chains or murdered and scenes aboard a slave ship. The stage lights go on, and out steps a perky young woman in a stewardess's uniform to welcome us to Celebrity Airlines' de-luxe slave flight ("Git on board"), lay down the rules ("No drumming, no rebellion"), and instruct the passengers in how to snap shut their shackles. At the end of the sketch, we see the baggage whirling around and the slaves, in chains, waiting to claim it. Right from the start, it is thus made clear that the author, George C. Wolfe, and the six gifted black players mean business: here is no light entertainment (though a lot of it is entertaining) but satire that delivers more stabs than tweaks. A couple in impeccable evening clothes step out of the pages of *Ebony* to sing "we're fabulous," in which they acknowledge that the price of achieving elegance is merely to "give away your life." A latter-day Josephine Baker, with an acquired French accent, keeps getting disquieting telegrams in the midst of her act from her mother, who is out front. "The Last Mama-on-the-Coucl Play" is a tough, clever parody of "/ Raisin in the Sun" that turns foolish and then drifts into a parody o "Dreamgirls."

These are just a sampling of the bes of the sketches on hand, many of then sharp and shrewd and original. Having said that, I must also say tha much of the bitterness—though Go knows it is warranted—sounded synthetic to me. What is far more seriou is the damnable amplification in th Public's pantry-size Shiva Theatre The performers belt out their songs and whatever emotion or wit there i in the writing and acting is ultimately defeated by that deafening noise which overwhelms the show. Th able performers are Loretta Devine Tommy Hollis, Reggie Montgomery Vickilyn Reynolds, and Danitr Vance. Kysia Bostic is the compose and arranger; the scenery, by Bria Martin, is lighted by Victor En Y Tan and William H. Grant III; an the smart costumes were designe by Nancy L. Konrardy. L. Kennet Richardson was the capable director.

FOR the record: Polly Draper, in blond wig, gives a fetching an endearing performance as Marily Monroe in colloquy with Albert Einstein, Joe DiMaggio, and Senator Joseph McCarthy in "Insignificance," presumptuous, silly play, at Hudso Guild. (The characters are listed i the Playbill as The Actress, The Professor, The Ballplayer, and The Senator, but the dramatist leaves us in n doubt about their identities.)

The disastrous musical "Have Got a Girl for You!," at the Secon Avenue, is a camp takeoff on "Frankenstein" and other horror movies o the thirties and forties. The only reason for mentioning it at all is that the songs, by Dick Gallagher, have exactly the right period, Tin Pan Alley sound. —EDITH OLIVER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And Verdi. He's got an opera due in three weeks! But what about that chocolate cake in the pantry?
Henri Matisse was not at all immune, especially when it came to cats.
Why, this even happened to Madame Curie.
R. Chast

●

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REFLECTIONS

THE DIMENSIONS OF TERROR

A French filmmaker, Pierre Schoendoerffer, whose intelligent movies deal with the moral adventures of those who fought in France's Indo-Chinese and Algerian wars, has said that "an army exists to put order into the horror of war," and he added, "Revolutionary war is horror absolute, if you will." The canker, the morbidity, that takes hold in armies committed to counter-revolutionary war is a consequence of that horror absolute. They lose their way in the moral terrain of revolutionary and counter-revolutionary war. The horror entraps them. They take up torture, as the French did in Algeria, or commit simpler atrocities, as we did in Vietnam, or implicate themselves in the atrocities of their auxiliaries, as the Israelis did in Lebanon in 1982.

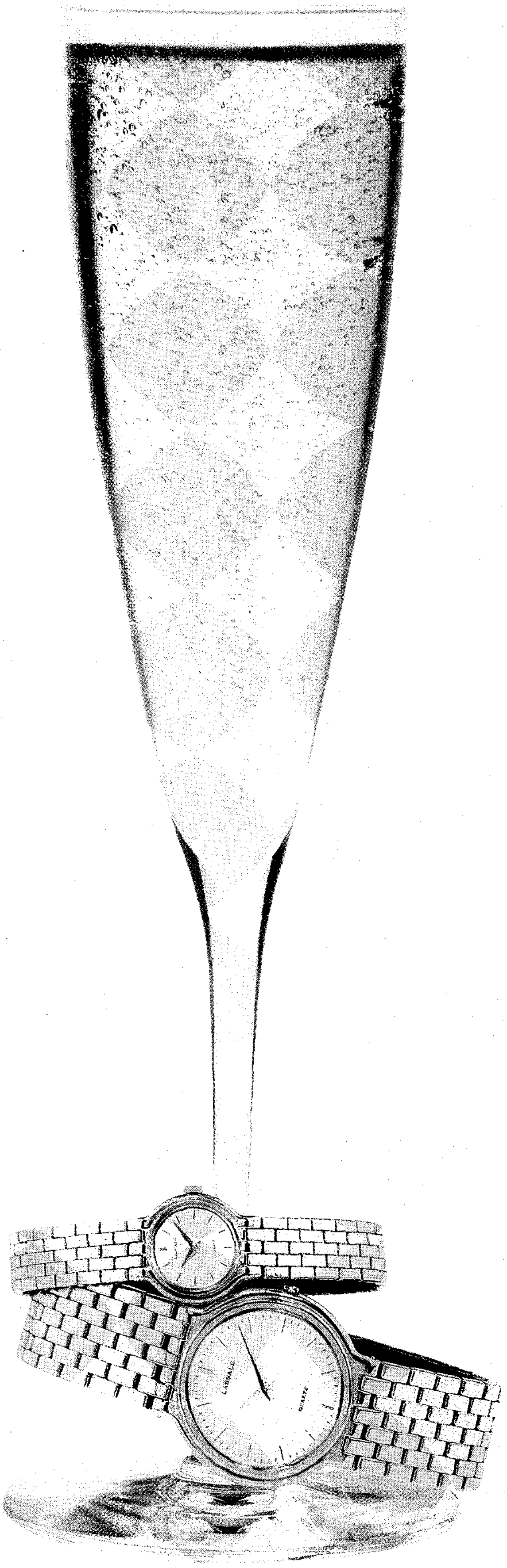
An atrocity, as we commonly use the expression, is a deliberate act. The real horror of terrorism lies not in its violence or its casualties but in its deliberate use of a strategy of attacking the innocent. The reason people were inclined to judge Americans more harshly than their Vietnamese enemies, or to judge the French more severely than the Algerians, when kindred crimes were being committed on both sides, is that the former were presumed to have had the chance to think it over. They could always have quit and gone away; Algerians and Vietnamese could not. The Israelis, similarly, were judged more harshly than the Lebanese Christian militia that actually massacred Palestinian civilians in the refugee camps of Sabra and Shatila. A cultural, even ethnic, judgment was no doubt implied, which produced resentment among Israelis and their supporters in the United States; yet fundamentally this was a moral tribute. The standard to which Israel was held was higher than that expected of the Lebanese factions.

The United States, France in its colonial wars, Israel, Britain have all been thought to be above certain practices. None of these countries have been thought to be above brutality, or the common brutalities of war. Americans took few prisoners in the Pacific in the Second World War. British paratroops were accused by the British press of killing prisoners after a costly engagement in the Falklands in 1982 If French police had caught the people responsible for the recent Paris bombings, they are not likely to have been gentle with them. There are things that people do in the aftermath of engagements in which there have been big losses. They are not the same thing as calculated atrocities.

Nor are the atrocious acts that erupt from communal or racial hatred the same thing. Lynching is an atrocity. It is planned. A race riot, on the other hand, is usually a calamity. The Lebanese communal murders have something in common with the killings of Hindus and Muslims in post-Partition India, the pogroms against Chinese in Indonesia in 1965, the killings in Iran after the revolution, the fighting between Sikhs and Hindus, and Tamils and Sinhalese today. All are inspired by old conflicts between communities, or factions within communities, each seeing the other as a threat to its own survival or to the vision of the universe that defines its particular existence. To say this is to make not an excuse but a distinction. Thus, the sixteenth- and seventeenth-century wars of religion in the Rhineland and Central Europe, the bloody suppression of the dissident, messianic Anabaptists in Münster, the pogroms against Jews in Eastern Europe and Russia were all affairs in which the saved were murdering the damned, those who threatened their moral universe.

Conor Cruise O'Brien has said that to talk about factions in Lebanon, the way newspapers are inclined to do, as "left-wing" Muslims and

"I'm back!"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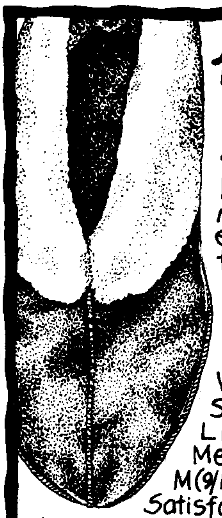
"right-wing" or "fascist" Christians is to darken readers' understanding. It is plainly a false proposition that Lebanon, since its civil war began, more than a decade ago, can be meaningfully explained in the party vocabulary of Western Europe or the United States. The reality, as O'Brien suggested, more closely resembles seventeenth-century Scotland—the massacre at Glencoe—or the clan struggles of Albania, the vendettas of Sicily or the experience of Montenegro, of which Milovan Djilas, a founder of Communist Yugoslavia, could write that his father, his two grandfathers, his father's grandfather, and his uncle were all killed by Montenegrins. "My first sight was of blood," he has written. "My first words were blood and bathed in blood."

ATROCITY, though, follows from thought, not from clan inheritance, feud, momentary passion. It is a decision, an expedient meant to make something else happen. It is a policy choice. It follows from deliberation, reflection. The actions of the Abdallah family, whom the French police hold responsible for the recent bombings in Paris, would appear to reflect a calm appraisal of the revolu-ionary possibilities of "the family, en-arged, destructured . . . [as] the basic social unit, playing on the [revolu-ionary] political level, the role of the cell in the unique party"—an assessment presented as a doctoral thesis in 1983 by the oldest of the Abdallah brothers, Joseph, currently a university lec-urer in Lebanon. *Le Monde* writes, "One sometimes blinks one's eyes to be sure whether one is reading an academic work or a communiqué of the F.A.R.L., he C.S.P.P.A. . . ." (the Lebanese Armed Revolu-ionary Fractions and the Committee for Solidarity with Arab Political Prisoners—groups claiming esponsibility for the bombings). Academic theory takes life by taking lives. In 1944, when the 4th Battalion f the Panzergrenadier Regiment "der Führer," of the 2nd S.S. Panzer Divi-ion, lost an officer to sniper fire near he village of Oradour-sur-Glane as he unit was attempting to move from he South of France to join the Battle f Normandy, it took a policy decision, very practical one. It locked the six undred and fifty-two inhabitants of he village, including two hundred and seven children, in the village buildings, set the buildings afire, and shot virtually all who tried to flee. This was meant to discourage irregular forces from continuing to interfere with the regiment's movement. When, in the nineteen-sixties, American intelligence interrogators threw Vietcong prisoners out of helicopters, it was to encourage the victims' fellows to give up information. When the French began to torture nationalist prisoners in Algeria in the late nineteen-fifties, this followed a reasoned decision that the war could be shortened, even won, by extracting information about the enemy's deployments and resources. The Battle of Algiers was won, thanks, no doubt, in part to that.

A philosopher at City College in New York, Michael Levin, has made the argument that if a terrorist threatened to set off a nuclear blast the authorities would be justified in torturing him in order to locate the device and save the lives of millions. The argument, put plainly, is that an atrocity can be justified when it works. It is, of course, the terrorists' own argument. It was the position of the commander of the 4th Battalion of the "Führer" Regiment, and of those German commanders in the East who levelled villages in order to discourage partisans. It was why the Gestapo tortured spies and resistance members, and why the Stalinist authorities murdered non-Communist political figures in Eastern Europe in the nineteen-fifties. All these measures produced results. Prisoners talked, resistance networks were rounded up, opposition leaders fled into exile or gave up the struggle. The same argument has been made by Latin-American military men faced with urban guerrillas. It is why thousands disappeared in Argentina. It is the explanation for the Latin-American death squads: they dispatch real or imagined enemies who cannot be dealt with by legal methods. Even when atrocity and torture don't work, they are rationalized on the ground that they might have done so. The C.I.A. admitted to the House Select Committee on Assassinations in 1978 that it had kept a Russian defector and suspected double agent, Yuri Nosenko, in an unheated, lighted, windowless ten-by-twelve-foot steel vault for an unrelieved three years in order to make him confess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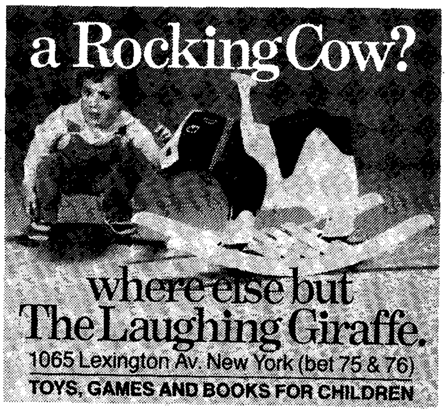

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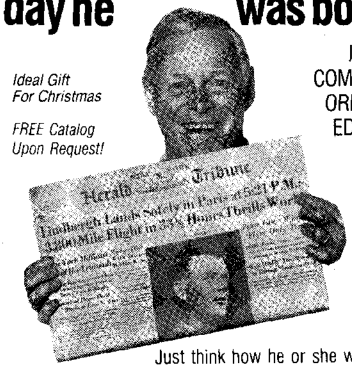

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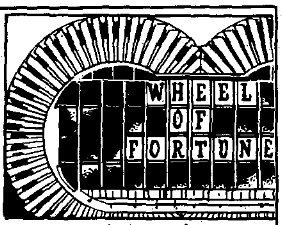

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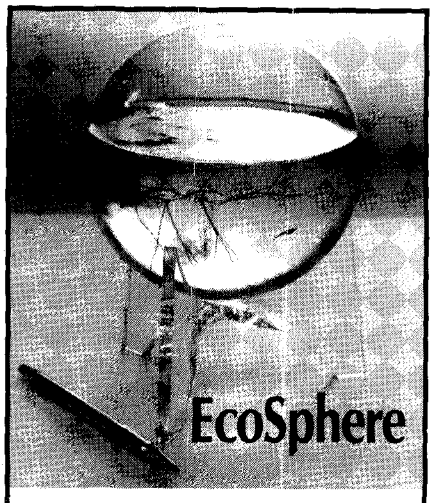
that he still worked for the Soviet Union. The agency thought that he might have been planted by the K.G.B. to pass on disinformation about Lee Harvey Oswald. In the end, the C.I.A. was no wiser, and eventually it let Nosenko out and gave him a job as a consultant (after considering and rejecting his "liquidation," his permanent crippling with drugs, or his permanent commitment to an insane asylum).

The methods, training, and indoctrination of an intelligence agency or an army tend to reduce the emotional and moral obstacles to the use of violence by its members. Such services train people to do things without reflection or hesitation which they would otherwise not do—including both placing their own lives in jeopardy and hurting others. This is the "hardening" produced by military training. The services are meant to employ violence in disciplined, focussed, and rational ways, so as to serve the state. Historically, soldiers have been aware of the moral ambiguity of their profession, and thus they have believed that a duty they owed themselves was to cultivate a "grandeur" that would justify their "servitude;" the role of the soldier, Alfred de Vigny said, is that of "scapegoat" for a public "to whom, and in whose stead, he is daily sacrificed."

It is a commonplace that professional soldiers dislike war. ("Now we can get back to real soldiering," a British general is supposed to have said when news of the Armistice came through in 1918.) Civilian officials are notoriously much readier to resort to force than are the military officers who are expected actually to use it. One reason modern war has been so destructive is that its direction has been taken over by civilians, and war itself has become a matter of ideological convictions and popular crusade. After the atrocious wars of religion, there was a period of restrained, professional wars. The objectives were ordinarily limited—territorial or dynastic—and battles could also be limited, in extent and in casualties. Professional commanders would yield when they were outmaneuvered or outnumbered, actual battle being costly and mercenary soldiers expensive to replace.

THE French Revolution changed all that, because the revolution was a passionate popular cause. France's new armies were the nation in arms, a zealous mass of believers in



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In such conditions, professional military tradition, a remote descendant of chivalric tradition; professional standards meant to spare expensive soldiery; and professional honor, a version of asceticism—all have remained factors (however feeble) conducive to restraint. The crisis that developed in the Israel Defense Force in the aftermath of Israel's invasion of Lebanon did not result simply from Israel's being a democracy, as many argued at the time. Democratic wars can be the most unscrupulous wars. According to the polls, Menachem Begin's government, and not the Army's dissenters, clearly enjoyed the nation's support. A part of the Army was simply moved by considerations of professional honor and judgment to say no. An army, de Vigny said—"a great machine wound up to kill"—"is, too, a machine capable of suffering." It is both executioner and victim. What it does in the service of the state is done at great—potentially fatal—cost to its members. Because it is a company of those prepared to die, it possesses the moral authority to set terms, a limit, upon the claims of the state.

It is when an army has lost this moral rigor and internal discipline that it becomes capable of atrocities, or condones them. Ordinary soldiers lose their bearings when commanders lose theirs. If commanders set rules of engagement which they do not seriously expect will be observed, or which cannot be observed, being incompatible with the missions actually ordered, things like My Lai ensue. In Vietnam, the commanders set rules to protect civilians but imposed missions and goals impossible to achieve without

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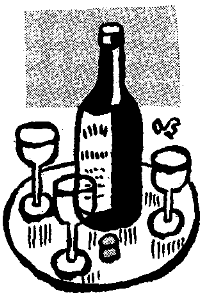
killing civilians, in circumstances in which discrimination between civilians and guerrillas was often impossible. They turned a blind or complaisant eye on the result. There was thus a moral climate of "wasting" not only those who were identifiably the enemy but those who might be. It was significant that American civil society could not bring itself to punish Lieutenant William Calley with the severity his actions seemed, objectively, to merit. Citizens apparently grasped that similar crimes had been committed, or ordered, or tolerated, too many times before in Vietnam for the hapless Calley to be singled out. It is a fact that the state secures itself by means that are not always moral. But the security of the state is a moral objective. Indeed, for the state itself it is the primary objective, which is presupposed by everything else that it might do. The agents of the state—the army, the intelligence agency, and the men and women who make them up—are caught in the pinch.

The German Wehrmacht provides an extreme case, because the state was committed to immoral purposes, whereas the Army had inherited a powerful tradition of military honor and conduct. Faced with state-directed atrocities, it chose to stand aside while the despised S.S. and its "special units" did their work on the Eastern Front, and the Gestapo elsewhere. It avoided inquiring into the nature of the "final solution." Its chiefs were properly condemned for this after the war. They had condoned the rise of Hitler and agreed to swear their oaths of individual loyalty to the Führer in 1934, before they fully understood what he might do. They had thus forfeited their resources for moral resistance. In the end, a few took extreme action—they rebelled, tried to overthrow the regime, and were tortured and hanged for high treason. But the problem should not be underestimated, even when the people involved are clearer-headed and less reactionary than the German general-officer corps of the 1933-45 period. An organization of the state is not, as such, equipped to choose heroism. Belonging to the state, called upon to carry out morally repugnant national policies, it has perhaps no adequate answer other than the actions of individuals who choose to say no.



French officers in Algeria acted with what one supposes must be called that "lucidity" which French education is meant to impart. They tortured prisoners in full moral consciousness of what they were doing, arguing necessity—looking upon themselves, and not only the tortured, as sacrifices to *raison d'état*. The decision of the French was self-consciously tragic: that it is better that the moral man do these things than that he delegate them to the thug or sadist. That was also, in France, a time of philosophical and literary preoccupation with the absurd.

A MORAL distinction that was actually observed in some of the wars of the past held that it was licit to kill only those who bore some responsibility in the war: soldiers or, by extension, workers in war industries. After 1940, it came to be accepted that the enemy's civilian society could be attacked, because this might force leaders to change their policies or cause national morale to collapse. It was the logic of modern terrorism, and no doubt contributed to the terrorism with which we still live. If civilians in a department store or a restaurant, passengers in civil aircraft, athletes, schoolchildren are attacked or held hostage, a government is placed under pressure to meet some demand. The morality is purely expedient; and, of course, the expedient argument may be correct, if the result is achieved. In the Second World War, it was not. Neither Britain nor Germany was decisively affected in its warmaking by civilian bombings. Israel has hardly been inhibited in its policies by the terrorism of the P.L.O. Quite the contrary. The terrorist bands of Abu Nidal, the intransigent Hezballah, and the other violent groups that have sprung up from the social devastation of Lebanon have not been deterred by Israeli reprisals or American bombing. The television correspondent Charles Glass quotes a Palestinian friend, not a militant, who lived in a refugee camp as saying, "My life is a form of terror." On the other hand, the terrorism of the Stern Gang and the Irgun did contribute to the creation of Israel. Terrorist measures did contribute to the success of revolutionary nationalists in a series of anti-colonialist struggles. The Provisional I.R.A. has not "liberated" Northern Ireland, but it has certainly made it difficult to con-

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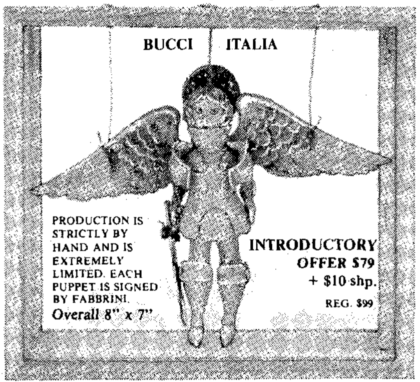
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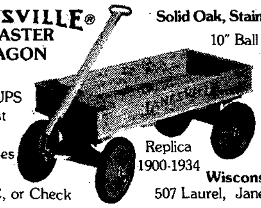

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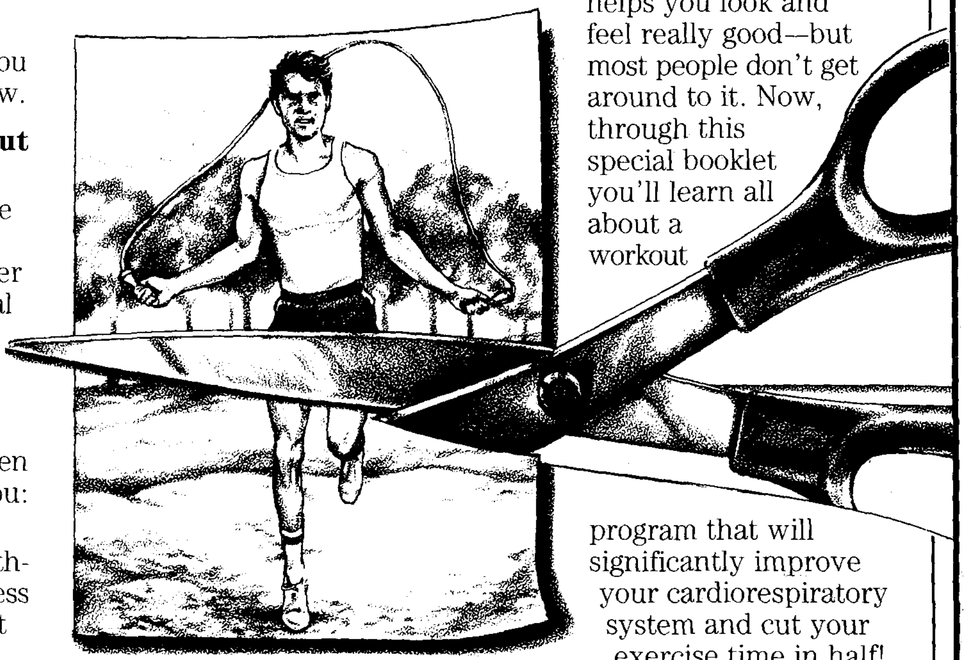

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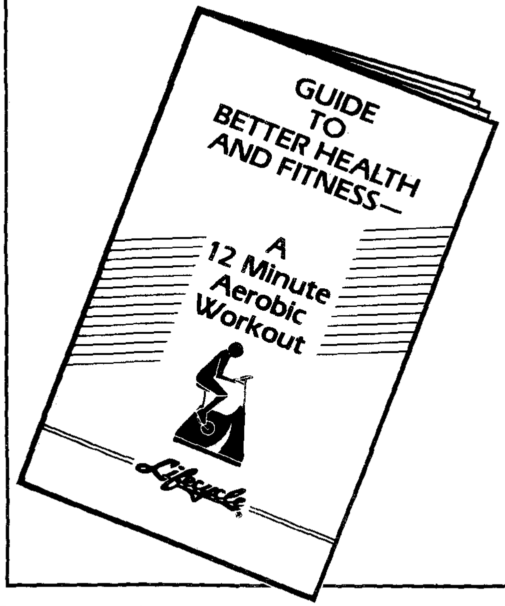

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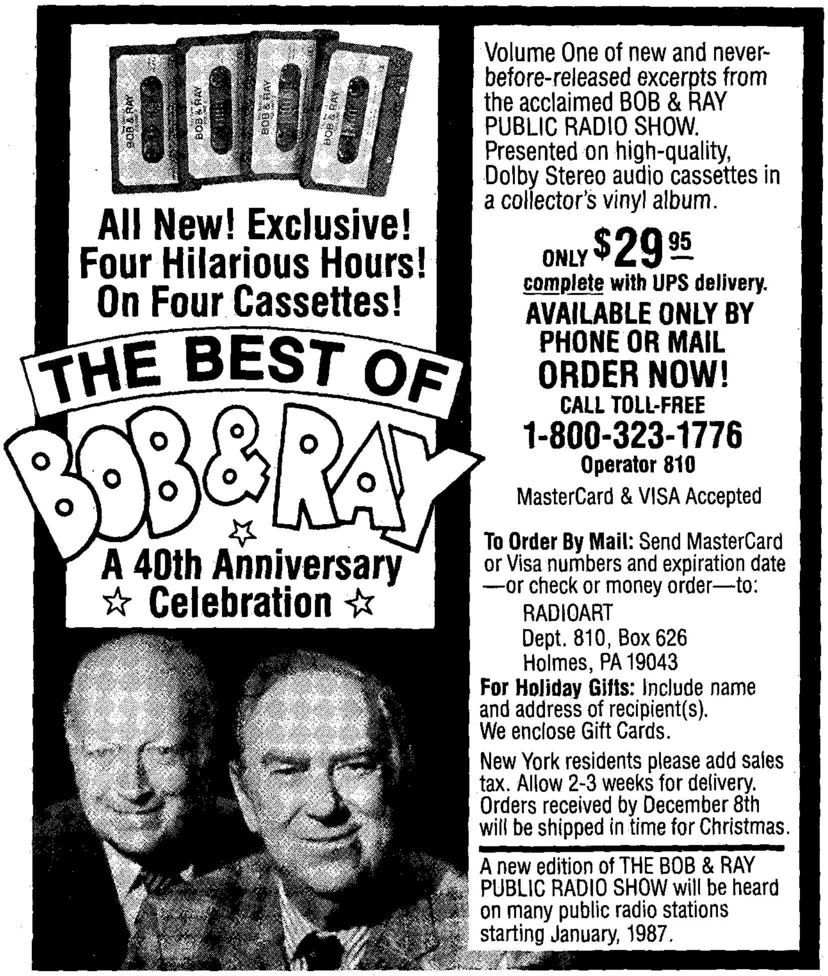
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tinue the old system that effectively excluded the Catholic minority from a share of political power. Its predecessor, the Irish Republican Army of 1919-22, was largely responsible for the creation of the Irish Free State and for ending British rule in the South.

The expedient argument logically excludes nothing. Torture, violence against neutrals or bystanders, terrorizing civilians or the families of combatants, the extermination camp—they all work, up to a point, depending upon what you want to do. And the goal, of course, is by definition good; in the judgment of the one who wants it. No one undertakes terrorism or atrocity for unimportant or doubtful objectives. It is left to the victim, the enemy, or the historian to say that it is wrong, that it has all been a pernicious waste.

The people who serve the state or a political cause by using violence are asked by society to make a moral as well as a physical sacrifice. Society wants the gross "good" ends: total security for the United States, or for Israel; the United States and its friends safe from Communism or radicalism "imperialism" driven out of Lebanon or the "Great Satan" out of Iran Lebanon freed from a Palestinian state-within-a-state, or the Shiite majority in Lebanon freed from domination by a Maronite or Sunni minority Algeria forever French. Or, alternatively, Algeria forever Algerian; Vietnam for the Vietnamese; an end to Zionism; an end to capitalism, neo-imperialism, and the multinationa corporation. The professionals o violence—those who theorize about it as well as soldiers and political or intelligence agents who carry out violen acts—are expected to take everyon else from here to there. They are no excused when they fail. One might then, afford a certain tolerance for the luckless agent: the Lebanese militiaman swept up in the frenzy of destruction; the troubled Israeli sentry told by his commander to forget it, to leave things to his betters; the Japanese guard contemptuous of his enemy's loss of honor in letting himself b captured; the fuddled Calley; the intelligence operator left with a blown double agent whose murder would sui superiors on both sides. The problem of atrocity, revolutionary war, terrorism, the murder of civilians and hostages, torture and reprisal are no mor simply resolved than the dilemmas o nuclear deterrence, in which w promise to do unimaginably awfu things to others, and to the world, as the means to our own protection, or even to our revenge. We long ago entered the darkened moral terrain. Our test today, in responding to terrorism and political blackmail and provocation, is not completely to lose our way, even here.

That chivalric remnant which is military honor was one response to such problems. There are things that a professional soldier does stoically, in acknowledgment of his servitude, and there are things that he does not do. This is important, and is perhaps the ast barrier we have against atrocity and the atrocious. It is a barrier of ndividuals.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., who served in the Civil War, claimed that 'the faith is true and adorable which eads a soldier to throw away his life n obedience to a blindly accepted duty, n a cause which he little understands, n a plan of campaign of which he has no notion, under tactics of which he does not see the use." It is an impossible sentiment today, because we have discovered where it takes us.

Nietzsche said of war in the future hat it will be stopped only when a people decides to render itself "unarmed when [it] has been the best armed." He said, "Rather perish than hate and fear, and twice rather persh than make oneself hated and eared." Good enough—except there s no sign of any people's doing this, and, one would think, no possibility of it. It is not a sentiment possible for a state. It is the conclusion of an individual.

—WILLIAM PFAFF

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Washington Post*]

PARTY OF THE WEEK: Singing "Happy Birthday" is no longer enough. Bonnie imon, lured to Washington from her New York home by an elaborate scam, walked into the F Street Club's drawing room to e greeted by a marching band led by husand Stephen Simon, founder and conducor of the Handel Festival at the Kennedy Center's Terrace Theater. Bonnie Simon, lleged to have been traumatized when er mother (who denied it) gave away her teddy bear when Bonnie went to camp at ge 12, was smothered with teddies gathred by the hosts, Edward Stone, head of the White House Preservation Fund, and is wife, Cassandra, Blair House associate urator: bear banners, moss bear centerieces, bear-topped pencils, and even a uest named Ted Baer. After dinner, Bonie Simon's exercise instructor put the formally attired guests through the paces, 3-ear-old son Basil in a velvet suit danced, nd her Columbia University professor of Japanese labor practices did card tricks.

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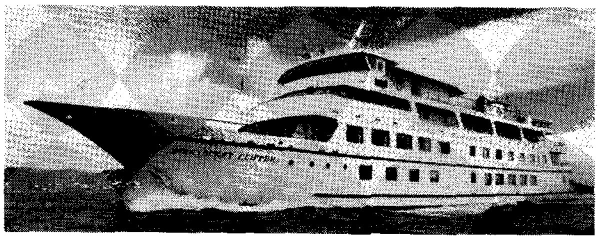

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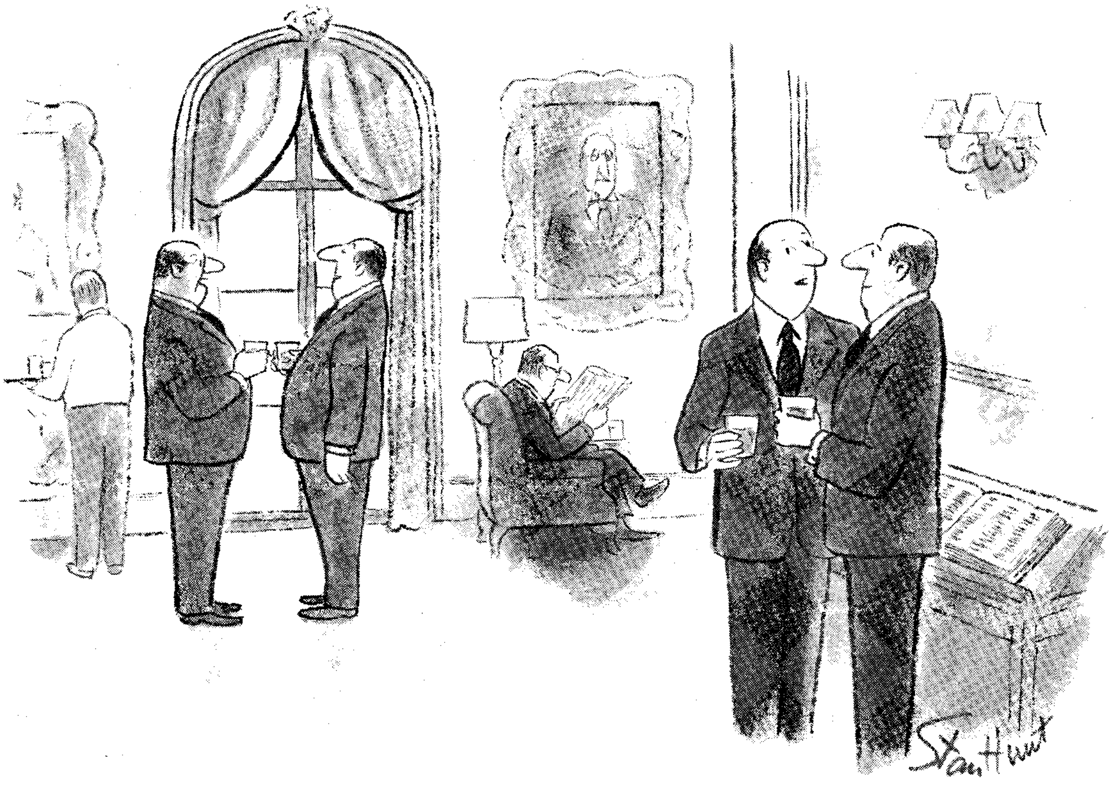
JAZZ

Scoop

FOR the past seven years, the pianist Marian McPartland has been master of ceremonies of a National Public Radio show called "Marian McPartland's Piano Jazz." The program lasts an hour and consists of solo outings by a guest pianist and Marian McPartland, and of duets and slyly interspersed interviews, which are so low-key and offhand that they sometimes get confessional results. The pianists who accept her invitation to appear—they have included Bill Evans, Richard Rodney Bennett, Art Hodes, Ahmad Jamal, Alice Coltrane, Jess Stacy, Chick Corea, Dudley Moore, Cecil Taylor, Eubie Blake, Ross Tompkins, Dave Brubeck, Joe Bushkin, and Peter Nero—often unwittingly come to regard it as a kind of contest, and the outcome can be swinging, and even fiery. One of her recent and most successful programs involved the long-lost pianist, singer, and composer Cleo Brown. Cleo Brown came up in the mid-thirties through the new power of radio (a weekly show that emanated from Chicago and New York) and the attractiveness of a couple of dozen Decca recordings, on which she was backed by the likes of Bobby Sherwood on guitar, Artie Bernstein on bass, and Gene Krupa on drums. She was possibly the first female pianist to work by herself in jazz (Lovie Austin, Lil Armstrong, and Mary Lou Williams were band pianists), and she sang double-entendre songs, novelty songs, love songs, and jump songs in a high, small, precise, suggestive voice that recalled Ethel Waters. Equally important, she was a choice pianist, who accompanied herself with a loose Earl Hines right hand and an aggressive, unerring left hand. (She recorded a knockout version of "Pinetop's Boogie Woogie" several years before the boogie-woogie craze.) Until Art Tatum began to take hold in the late thirties, she had the most powerful and exact left hand of any jazz pianist. She also cleared the way for such singer-pianists as Nellie Lutcher, Rose Murphy, Gladys Palmer, Julia Lee, Una Mae Carlisle, Hazel Scott, Dardanelle, Blossom Dearie, and Shirley Horn. But Cleo Brown retired from music more than thirty years ago, and not long after that she vanished. She is last mentioned in Leonard Feather's "Encyclopedia of Jazz" in 1960, as living in semi-obscurity on the West Coast. (She was actually in Colorado.) John Chilton's "Who's Who of Jazz" lists her as "deceased," and Roger Kinkle's "The Complete Encyclopedia of Popular Music and Jazz," published twelve years ago, omits her. Here is how Marian McPartland describes finding Cleo Brown:

"When I read a couple of years ago in my friend Mary Unterbrink's book 'Jazz Women at the Keyboard' that Cleo Brown was living in Denver, I got very excited. I had been looking for her for years, and some of the reference books even said she was dead. I had first heard her on records in England in the thirties and been terribly impressed by her singing and her time and her great swing. Since then, I've discovered that people like Dave Brubeck and Teddy Wilson have shared my feelings. I went through a lot of waste motion trying to call and write her in Denver, and I began to think, It's too late, she *is* dead. Then Theresa Mullen, a neighbor of mine from Merrick, Long Island, moved to Denver, and I asked her if she would search for Cleo. Well, after a lot of running around she finally found her in a black church in Denver. The weird thing is that a letter of mine reached Cleo the day Theresa found her. Theresa asked her to call me collect, and I invited her on the show and she said yes, but that she wouldn't play boogie-woogie or anything like that, because she had joined the church, and boogie-woogie was the Devil's music. She had even changed her name. She had dropped the Cleo and become C. Patra Brown. I told her she could play what she wanted. After all, gospel pianists can swing like crazy and still be religious. For insurance, I sat down and learned 'Just a Closer Walk with Thee' and Duke Ellington's 'Come Sunday.' "



"Pound for pound, though, I think I'd have to say Robinson is the better businessman."

CLEO BROWN and her son, LaVern Paris, flew in from Denver on a Sunday night and went back at midday

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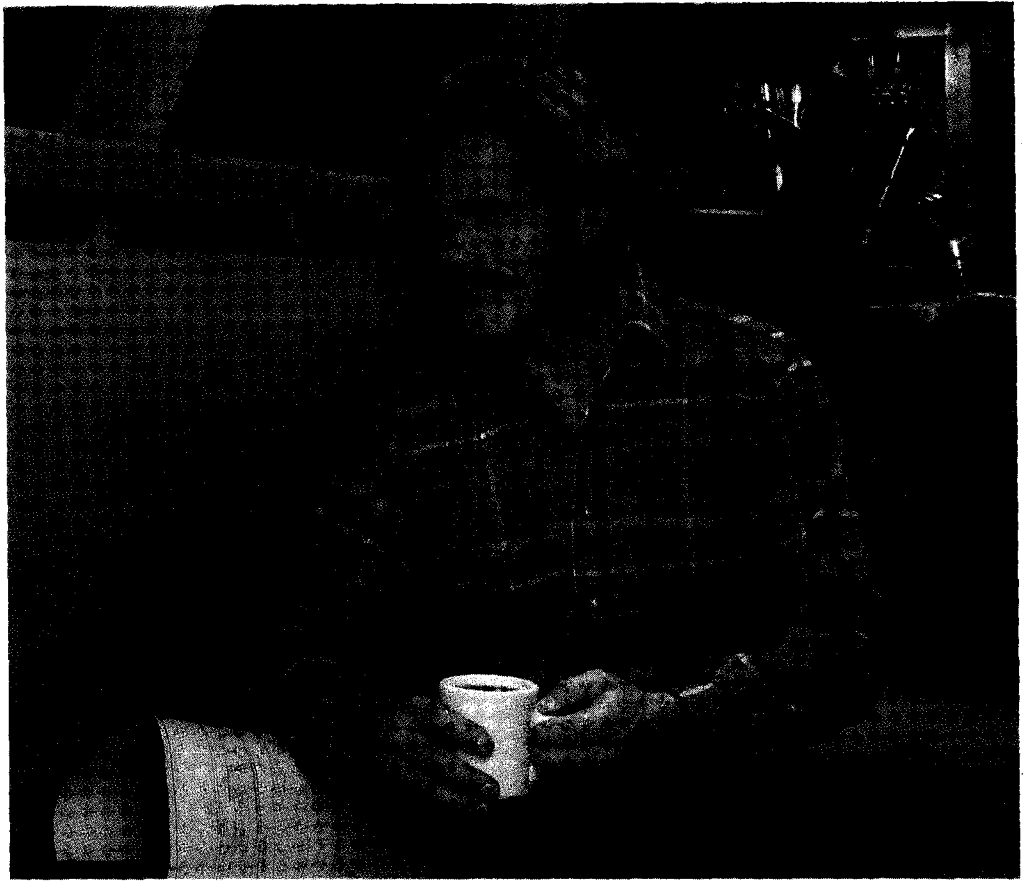

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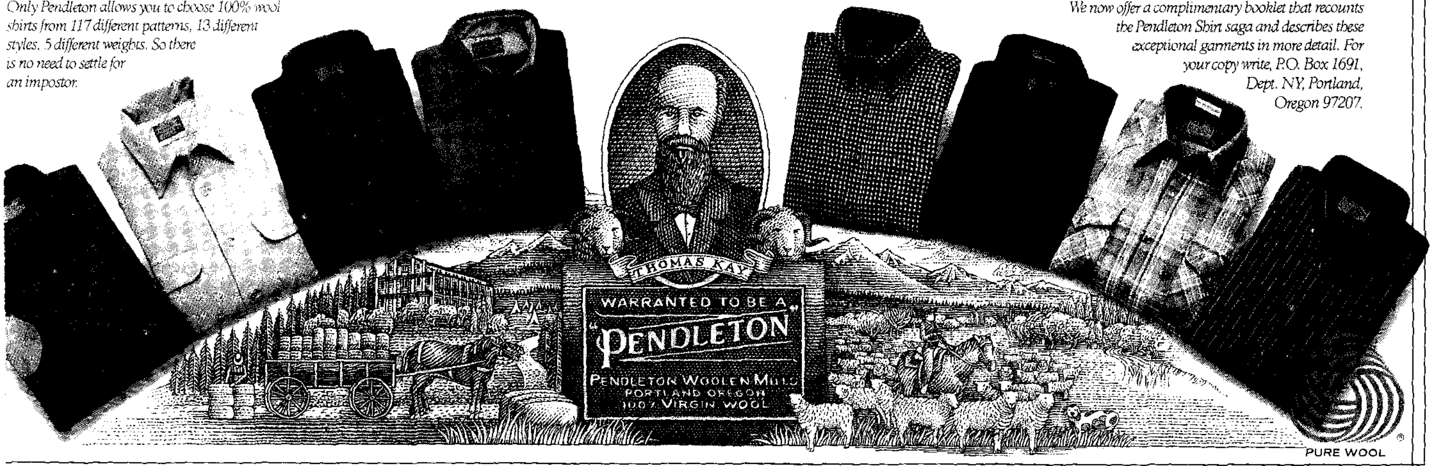

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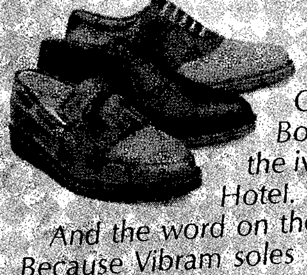

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uesday. The show was to be taped ı Monday afternoon in RCA's Stuio A, at Sixth Avenue and For--fourth Street. A little after noon, Iarian McPartland met Cleo Brown ıd LaVern Paris at their hotel, in idtown, and discussed materials. Bere they went to the studio, Cleo rown had them all hold hands, and ıe said a prayer. She was both deghted and awed at being in New ork again. The studio, the size of a ısketball court, was empty except for couple of microphones and a pair of and pianos, stationed side by side ear the control booth. The two omen sat down at their pianos. Marn McPartland, in a sweater and irt, looked svelte and delicate, and leo Brown, in a dark-blue print dress ıd a knitted hat, looked round and werful. She has high cheekbones, small nose, prominent eyes, and a nall, bright smile. Her legs are short ıd thin, and her fingers are surprisgly long. Marian McPartland told leo Brown how pleased she was to ıve found her, and Cleo Brown anked the Lord that she had. The ping began. The pianists repeated uch of what they had just said, and ent into the old novelty song ookie, Lookie, Here Comes Cook-." Cleo Brown had recorded it in arch of 1935 with Perry Botkin on iitar, Artie Bernstein, and Gene rupa, and it was one of her first hits. he two women played it as a duet, ıd at first there was a lot of backing ıd filling—Cleo Brown resisting an most automatic impulse to swing, ıd Marian McPartland searching for leo Brown's new self-limitations. hings coalesced in the second orus. Cleo Brown moved briefly to e fore, using Earl Hines right-hand ords and a clear stride bass. Marian cPartland asked Cleo Brown about r left hand, and she id, "Your hands kind walk with what the ear ars." She talked about r conversion to the iurch, in the early ties, saying that she gan "waxing away" om jazz piano playing 1950. Then she did o of her own songs by rself—"Fat Girl Being ue" and "Living in the fterglow"—and they ere slow and measured ıd full of tremolos. She sang on both numbers, and her voice was as lightsome as it had been fifty years ago. Bobby Short, who had heard that Cleo Brown was in town, came into the control booth and sat down to listen. The pianists fashioned a laundered version of Cleo Brown's "Pinetop's Boogie Woogie," her biggest hit. Marian McPartland supplied the walking bass and Cleo Brown sang. One stanza went:

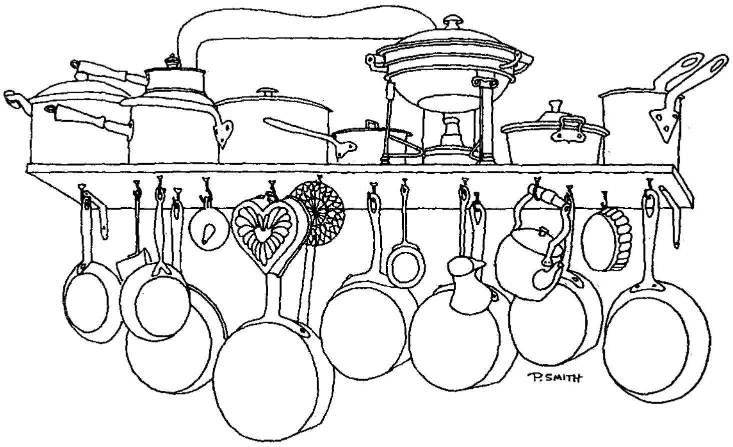
> I'm so glad that Jesus loves you,
> I'm so glad that Jesus loves you,
> I'm so glad that Jesus loves you,
> And, what do you know,
> He loves me, too.

Cleo Brown rested and Marian McPartland did an intense "Come Sunday." Cleo Brown was entranced, and said, "Praise the Lord! It's beautiful." She moved into her own "This Is My Day," and Bobby Short, his head nodding slowly, looked amazed. Marian McPartland told Cleo Brown that it was wonderful, and that she should send a tape of it to Ray Charles. Cleo Brown said, "You either play it to the glory of a bumpety-bump or you play it to the glory of the Man Upstairs."

Short, who had not seen Cleo Brown since 1949, when she was working in Los Angeles, walked into the studio, and she shouted, "Bobby! Bobby Short! My goodness! The last time I saw you you was a little old boy!" They talked, and she laughed and told him that she had just turned seventy-seven and that he should "stop working so hard in the wrong places."

Short hugged her and went back into the control room and said he was astonished that she had recognized him so quickly. "Cleo Brown was a great star for all of us when we were growing up," he said. "We got all the radio broadcasts from Chicago down in Danville, and she had a weekly sustaining show. We were attracted to her sweet, sexy voice and her brilliant left hand—and to her time, which was fantastic. Her theme song, 'The Stuff Is Here and It's Mellow,' was so popular that a minister in Danville preached a sermon with the same title. Cleo's stuff, of course, was marijuana, but the minister made it the word of God. I tried to meet Cleo Brown when I was a kid and she was at the Three Deuces in Chicago, but the night I went she was away or off. Gladys Palmer was playing, and she said to me, 'I'm so sorry Cleo isn't here. Why don't you take this photograph of her? There's no reason why you shouldn't have it. The man she gave it to is blind and can't see it anyway.' It was a photograph that Cleo had autographed 'To the greatest jazz pianist in the world,' or some such, and had given to Art Tatum, who also worked at the Deuces. Of course, I took it. I finally met her in 1942, when I was seventeen and she was at Bartel's, in Chicago. She was a bubbly person, and I played for her, and she was encouraging. I didn't see her again until the late forties, when we were both working on the Coast. She came to hear me and she played a number. We haven't met since, but she looks the same. She's just become a little old lady. I was extremely moved to hear her today. Her voice hasn't changed one bit, and neither has her playing."

Marian McPartland and Cleo Brown began a medium version of "Just a Closer Walk with Thee," and by the time they reached the second chorus Cleo Brown was swinging. Marian McPartland boosted her with offbeat chords, then took a sharp chorus full of dancing single-note melodic lines and down-to-business chords. Cleo Brown told her when it was over that she "sure got strong hands for such a delicate lady." Marian McPartland went into "You're a Heavenly Thing," and Cleo Brown joined her halfway, forgetting herself again. Marian McPartland suggested "When the Saints Go Marching In." It was played as a duet. Cleo Brown's left hand surged into view in the second chorus, and she rocked. Marian McPartland looked delighted. Cleo Brown made up for her lapse



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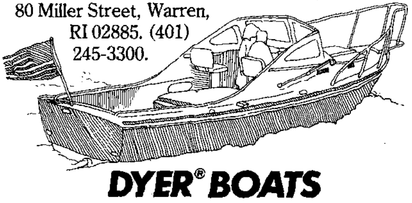

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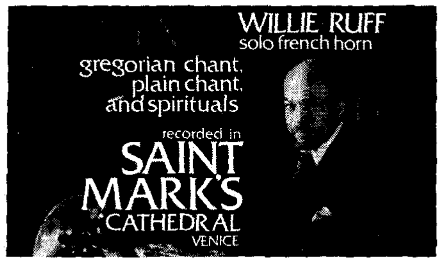

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with a number of her own, "I'm So Glad Dear Jesus You Love Me." The two women closed the program by converting "Silent Night" into a kind of gospel number, letting its melody shine through only here and there, and playing passages of such contrapuntal density that forward motion almost stopped.

Marian McPartland told Cleo Brown that she had been superb, and that she would see her later for dinner. Cleo Brown said she was worried to death about LaVern, who had disappeared from the control booth about halfway through the taping, and Marian McPartland said that he had probably gone back to the hotel.

CLEO BROWN took a cab to the hotel and found LaVern waiting in the lobby. She scolded him for taking off, and LaVern said he had wanted to have a look at the city, and, anyway, you'd never know from the way she treated him that he was a grandfather. Cleo Brown and LaVern went up to their room, and LaVern lay down on one of the beds and fell asleep. Cleo Brown sat in a chair by the window and studied the sunset—an orange gash in an otherwise gray sky. Then she talked about her life. Her hands moved constantly in her lap, as if they were shaping her words. Sometimes she closed her eyes for long stretches, and when she paused she pursed her lips.

"I was born in DeKalb, Mississippi," Cleo Brown said. "DeKalb is in Kemper County, about thirty miles north of Meridian. My parents were Dutchie and James Brown. My mother was a little country-school teacher, and she looked like me. My father was a good dad. He owned his own place, and had people to come in and farm it. He became the pastor of the Pilgrim Baptist Church in 1909, and we moved to Meridian. I was the second child, and I had four brothers—Everett, James, Leon, and Frazier. All of them are gone. My mother passed in 1939, and my dad in 1972. We went to the Meridian Baptist Seminary. When I was five, I started studying on a little manual organ. My teacher was named Ophello. I took from her until I was around seven and a half. Then I took from Nettie Pearl Reese, who was the headmistress of the Baptist Seminary and had a degree from the Boston Conservatory. I was pretty fast in music, and I did two grades in one year. I was her star
pupil. In 1922, my father was called
a church in Chicago, and I studi
there with Alfred Simms, of t
American Conservatory. I was stud
ing the classics, and in 1923 M
Simms presented me in a concert at t
Antilles Club. By this time, m
brother Everett was playing ragtim
and had gotten to know Pinet
Smith. I was very attracted to t
music and could beat Everett playin
but my parents were dead *against*
Everett was making twenty-five do
lars a week, and I'd get six dollars
week playing in my father's churc
When I was sixteen, I ran away a
married Walter Paris, who was old
than me. Walter persuaded some la
to get the license, because I was unde
age, and I took one of Mama's dress
My dad got the marriage annulled, b
by that time I was pregnant wi
LaVern. Now LaVern's a singi
evangelist, and he has a lovely wi
and four lovely children, and gran
children, too. He was something wh
he was little. Many's the time I
come home from work at four in t
morning in a cab and find him at t
curb ready to open the door for m
Later, he went on the road with m
and sometimes he'd sing and do
dance on the tabletops. I worked in t
speakeasies. I ran around with Lo
Armstrong and his wife, Lil, and
knew Butterbeans and Susie, the co
edy team, and King Oliver, who w
tall and very dark. Louis liked r
beans and rice, and he was bound
keep everybody laughing. Lil was ki
of fiery, but she had to be to keep Lo
in line. I played in a band called t
Nine Blackbirds, and we toured local
and into Canada. I was with Tex
Guinan at the Chicago World's Fa
in 1933, and I worked places like t
Kelshore Tea Room and the Fro
Café and the Lake Villa. I was at t
Three Deuces in 1934, and I got
know Art Tatum and Teddy Wilso
Then I was brought here to take ov
Fats Waller's CBS radio broadcas
because Fats had to go to Hollywo
to make a movie. I did that for a ye
or so. I also signed a Decca contra
and made my first records. Then th
started booking me to the Coast a
back to St. Louis and Chicago, and
was two weeks here, two weeks ther
I settled on the Coast in the late thi
ties, and I worked everywhere fro
Oakland to Palm Springs and S
Diego. But I was going down, dow
down. I used to keep a fifth at my be
side. I was in the hospital in the la
thirties, and I was sick in the forti

got married again in 1946, because I ought I needed a travelling com- nion, but I discovered he wasn't the e. Then, in 1949, I had a visitation om the Lord—what I call a chastise- ent. I was playing at Jim's Steak ouse in San Francisco, and living in hinatown. I was in my hotel room, d this voice started telling me all e things I had done wrong. It told me go on down to Los Angeles, and I t on a bus, and every time that bus opped the voice started again. When got to Los Angeles, I ran two days d two nights, until the police caught e up and put me in jail. I went to a nitarium, and I thanked the Lord for ving me relief. The nurses had me help them with rehabilitating people hen I was better, and they told me if landed back there they would give e E.S.T., which means electric- ock therapy. I went to work in San rancisco when I got out, and after at I worked in Sioux City and maha and Hollywood, then Las Ve- s and Denver. That was the begin- ng of the end of me as a jazz piano ayer. I took a job as a nurse's aide in 53, at the Colorado State Hospital, Pueblo, and I went to nursing hool, and got a license in 1959. I d been baptized into the Seventh- ay Adventists in 1953, and I never oked back. I had discovered that inging doesn't incite decency and der, and I just pray to the Lord that aying the way I did today doesn't get e into a whole lot of trouble. I was call as a nurse in Denver twenty- ur hours a day, but I've slowed up me. I tried to learn to be a file clerk a tle while ago, but people don't have uch patience with my age. I live in a nior citizens' complex, and I have cial Security. I've learned that I ve to live on just so much a day after nt and food, and sometimes it's like mebody's got a foot on your neck. I ay at a couple of churches, and that lps. I keep going, and I thank the ord for pulling me up and showing e the way." —WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

O CLIMB A TREE DEPARTMENT

[*Sid Smith in the Chicago Tribune*]

On the surface, the subject matter and evity of these 14 pieces resemble Second ity-style blackouts. But that's not what ey are. They're more like the kind of irky, reflective, tiny short stories you umble on while browsing through the ew Yorker magazine, odd bits of obser- tion and mild poetry to be pondered easantly for a breathless second or two d then forgotten forever.

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BOOKS

Youth Lost and Kept

THE publication of Sir Stephen Spender's "Journals 1939-1983" and his newly revised and augmented "Collected Poems 1928-1985" (Random House; $19.95 each) is an event for those of my generation who, in their youth, memorized his poems out of Oscar Williams' anthology and read his autobiography, "World Within World." The separate elements of the writing draw together in the journals, and prompt a reconsideration of Spender's life and work.

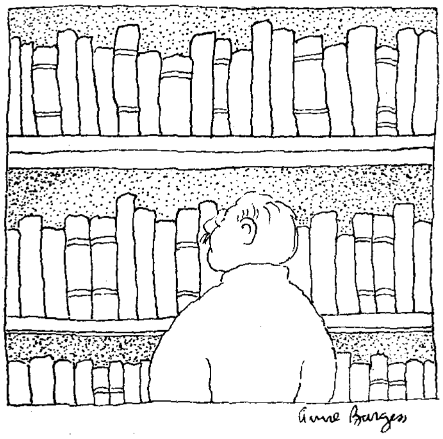
A continuous filament running through the journals traces connections among lifelong friends. As Spender puts it in the poem "From My Diary,"

> I go with lifelong friends to the
> same parties
> Which we have gone to always.
> We seem the same age always
> Although the parties sometimes
> change to funerals
> That sometimes used to change to
> christenings.

Though the ungenerous have noted that the journal accounts of lunches and dinners are sprinkled with the names of the rich and famous, such an acquaintance is one that a talented man of Spender's generation in England could hardly have avoided. The closed and class-conscious world of Spender's upbringing sent its sons to either of the two old universities (Spender went to Oxford), where they met the cohort that would become the governors and artists and writers of the next fifty years. What is unusual about Spender is the divergence of his life from the upper-class norm, and the way he played the hand that fate dealt him. The journal is a poignant record of youth lost and kept, a psychological inquiry into a sensibility "odd" but longing to be "normal," and the history of an inner war between innocence and irony, vision and form.

The writing in the journal is unusual in its candor; it aims at self-revelation and self-judgment without the sacrifice of dignity, and it succeeds in self-incrimination, so to speak, without incriminating others. Spender is harsher on himself than most diarists are. The long passages of self-incrimination—for the betrayal of talent, the forsaking of the central for the peripheral—have been called masochistic by some reviewers, and by others have been taken complacently for the truth. To me they seem, rather, the affliction of a writer to whom the perfect has always been more real than the imperfect. There are many writers, from Chaucer to Dickens, who love and relish the imperfect, but there are other writers, chiefly lyric poets, who *see* (it is not too much to say) and love the perfect—the perfectly harmonious, perfectly shaped, impeccable whole. These writers are subject to passionate misery at the spectacle of inharmonious, distracted, and fragmented life (as well as at the spectacle of unsuccessful, partly realized, or unfinished poems). Both the Christian heaven and utopian social schemes have appealed to such writers as imaginative end points for their visions. Deprived of heaven, Spender took to politics.

What attracted Spender was not, of course, realistic domestic and imperial political interests—such as those, for instance, of his father and two of his uncles—but, rather, the utopian dream of Communism. When that failed (with the usual break over freedom to write), Spender did not, however, forsake politics. His continued interest in political causes and events may be a legacy from the males of both sides of his family, or a result of his partly Jewish descent on his mother's side, or a consequence of his youthful love for and subsequent horror at Germany, the country of origin of his mother's grandparents. In any case, Spender could not, and did not, grow up to be an insular Englishman. He could not even return to being an insular Englishman, as Auden so successfully did in New York. Instead, he has had the strange destiny of one who has lived by choice in several places (Germany, England, the United States, Franc and takes upon himself the full cor sciousness of happenings in countri other than his own. For a min hungering for perfection, nothin more educational, or more calamitou can be imagined.



In the more intimate sections of t journal, Spender describes his suscept bility to both homosexual and heter sexual falling in love, his marriage and his long friendships with both t married and the single. Though t young Spender suffers painfully duri his protracted experiments in self-de nition, the older Spender, with his se ond marriage firmly and permanent established and his two children grov ing up to be among his greatest d lights, is free to take himself as he i It is a problematic life that is reveal —one that combines lasting marit love with love directed toward oth men. Spender has written often, wi truth and insight, about the differe rewards of loving someone of the san sex (with whom one feels reassuring identical) and loving someone of t opposite sex (with whom one is alwa exploring chasms of difference). V gnettes of the homosexual world Auden and Isherwood are interspers here with glimpses of the world of t married; the journal gives unusu documentation of a sensibility at hon in both—one that would feel depriv without both.

Spender's extraordinary tolerance seen at its best during his rootle American stays (in Holiday Inns, m tels, dormitories, anonymous apar ments). These expose him to vario indignities, surprises, and embarras ments of foreign existence such most middle-aged people take pains avoid. His inability to say no (f which he chides himself in his autob ography) has at least the advantage, he realizes, of granting him an acce sibility to experience which the singl minded and the reclusive lose. T journal covers a great deal of ge graphical, social, and personal terrai with anecdotes varying from the hila ious to the appalling—all noted dov with the gentle speculative curiosi and considerable stoicism that Spend brings to existence.

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reporting. Here is Spender at thirty, in September, 1939, listening to Hitler on the radio:

> I have had the wireless on, playing Hitler's latest speech. His voice varies from a cavernous rumbling to the peaks of an exalted hysteria from which he shrieks like a raucous beast of prey, until the whole chorus of his followers breaks into a thunder of triumphant hatred. Undoubtedly there is something disintegrating about that voice, that applause, and everything they stand for. The cities of one's mind seem to be bombarded, as though a threat could make them fall to pieces.

At the same time (and this excerpt represents the other half of the journal), he is a young man worrying about his destiny:

> [My father] was furiously ambitious for at least two of his sons, and particularly for me. I hated his kind of journalistic ambitiousness, but I was only able to wriggle out of it by substituting an even more difficult ambition of my own. Instead of being a fake great man, I wanted to be a real great writer. I have resisted my own ambition by sabotaging it for years. . . . I learned from my father that it was silly to want to be Lloyd George, but how can I learn that it is silly to want to be Beethoven or Shakespeare?

"I think continually of those who were truly great"—so begins Spender's early poem that so many of us learned by heart. What is touching in the journal is that Spender never forgets the young man he was or loses him in the eminent man he becomes. Revisionary statements keep occurring, like this one, written at seventy:

> It is clear to me that I am much more like my father against whom I reacted than I have realized. What characterized him was incomplete activities enclosed by optimistic rhetoric. Writing journalistic books about subjects he hadn't really studied and hoping that feelings, intuitions, sympathies would carry him through. . . . I have done likewise. What makes me different from him is my self-distrust. Still that hasn't been sufficient to stop me.

"If my client had to confess to one personal flaw, Your Honor, it would be only to a lack of integrity."

• •

The interest of Spender's journal for the reader lies especially in the continuities and disruptions of personality which it illustrates, and in the encounters it rapidly sketches: in the earlier years, with Auden, Isherwood, the Sitwells, the Woolfs, Eliot; in the later years, with Lowell, Brodsky, Ginsberg, Pinsky. Spender always remains a neophyte in life, capable of being hurt, shocked, surprised; when David Hockney tells him in 1983 about someone who had died of AIDS, he writes, "All this seemed inexplicable, baffling, terrifying"—adjectives we associate more with adolescence than with the eighth decade of life. It is Spender's capacity for being baffled or terrified or dismayed that gives these pages their freshness, and sustains us through the passages of lunches, dinners, reviews to write, visits to pay, lectures to give, proofs to correct, airplanes to catch. "I like to think of life as at least in part a non-stop festivity," Spender writes in his sixties, resisting—with his disarming capacity for joy—fatigue, age, and obligation.

Spender's new "Collected Poems" revises some old poems, adds a few new poems, and omits some pieces included in his previous "Collected Poems," published in 1955. The critic in me wishes that Spender had included all his poems in their first, unrevised versions, and that he had dated them and arranged them in the order of their original appearance instead of presenting them in an undated, reshuffled, revised, and thematically grouped set. However, one has to take one's poet as he is; and Spender, ever the Platonist, regards his published poems as "drafts" (as, indeed, less Platonic

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poets, like Lowell, have also done). The poems are, in short, still subject to tinkering as the poet seeks ideal expression. Such fluidity of becoming is entirely in accord with Spender's yearning sense of life as a perpetual coming-into-being—a process that never (as the journal bears witness) finds a halt. The personal inflexibility, moral deafness, and intellectual self-righteousness of most adults are absent from all of Spender's work. The verbal and rhythmic awkwardness of some of the poetry is, in fact, obstinate testimony to Spender's unwillingness to curb meaning in the service of form. Though many writers (including Spender at times) regard pure form as meaning or as discovery, Spender's poetics tends toward a visionary, idealist position, in which the poet's duty is that of transcribing accurately an insight or gestalt that exists prior to formal composition.

Nonetheless, in rereading the "Collected Poems" I was struck by how much modernity a poet usually considered very precise and unvisionary—Elizabeth Bishop—had learned from Spender's practice. Consider, for instance, the opening of Spender's "Seascape," written in the nineteen-forties:

> There are some days the happy ocean lies
> Like an unfingered harp, below the land.
> Afternoon gilds all the silent wires
> Into a burning music for the eyes.
> On mirrors flashing between fine-strung fires
> The shore, heaped up with roses, horses, spires
> Wanders on water tall above ribbed sand.
>
> The motionlessness of the hot sky tires
> And a sigh, like a woman's from inland,
> Brushes the instrument with shadowy hand . . .

Here is the beginning of Bishop's "The Map," published in "North & South" (1946):

> Land lies in water; it is shadowed green.
> Shadows, or are they shallows, at its edges
> showing the line of long sea-weeded ledges
> where weeds hang to the simple blue from green.
> Or does the land lean down to lift the sea from under,
> drawing it unperturbed around itself?
> Along the fine tan sandy shelf
> is the land tugging at the sea from under?

In "Seascape," also, Spender's phrase "two zig-zag butterflies like errant dog-roses" could be mistaken for one by Bishop. In "The Map," the "softened" pentameter, the hint of submerged old stanza forms (rhyme royal, ottava rima), the musing nostalgia all suggest that Bishop had been absorbing Spender, the lyric "discovery" of the thirties.

Spender's "naïve" quatrains also turn up in Bishop. Here is a Spender poem of the early forties, with wartime searchlights:

> Their ends fuse in a cone of light
> Held for a bright instant up
> Until they break away again
> Smashing that image like a cup.

And here, from "The Armadillo," are Bishop's fire balloons:

> Climbing the mountain height,
>
> rising toward a saint
> still honored in these parts,
> the paper chambers flush and fill with light
> that comes and goes, like hearts.

Other illustrations are possible. Bishop's debt to Spender's "The Landscape Near an Aerodrome" is clearly visible in "The Man-Moth." This is all very natural, of course; but it does suggest that Spender invented a new, equivocal tone, rapidly perceived as "modern" and adopted by subsequent poets.

Spender himself had begun writing at Oxford under the influence of Auden, and at first he imitated Auden's self-possessed ironies, his determined use of technological objects (which can be seen in Spender's pylons and airplanes). But no two poets can have been more different. Auden's rigid, brilliant, peremptory, categorizing, allegorical mind demanded forms altogether different from Spender's dreamy, liquid, guilty, hovering sensibility. Auden is a poet of firmly historical time, Spender of timeless nostalgic space. Spender has been perhaps too susceptible to styles other than his own. Yet a recognizable Spenderian style exists—in part deliberately *faux-naïf*, in part genuinely pellucid. Spender's desire for the weightless, the transparent, the transfigured, the transcendent (I am paraphrasing from his elegy "Late Stravinsky Listening to Late Beethoven") presses his poems to a clarity that is at war, as he perceives, with modernist hermeticism and irony. He says in the introduction to this volume, "I now think that my best poems are those which are extremely clear and that, perhaps without my being fully aware of it, clarity has always been my aim."

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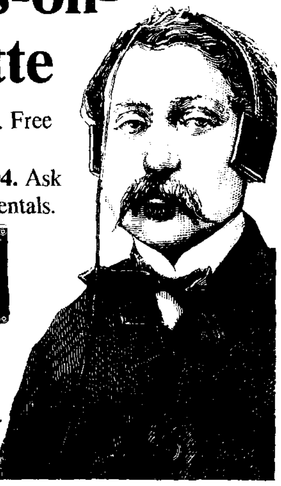

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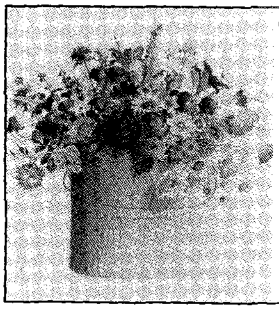

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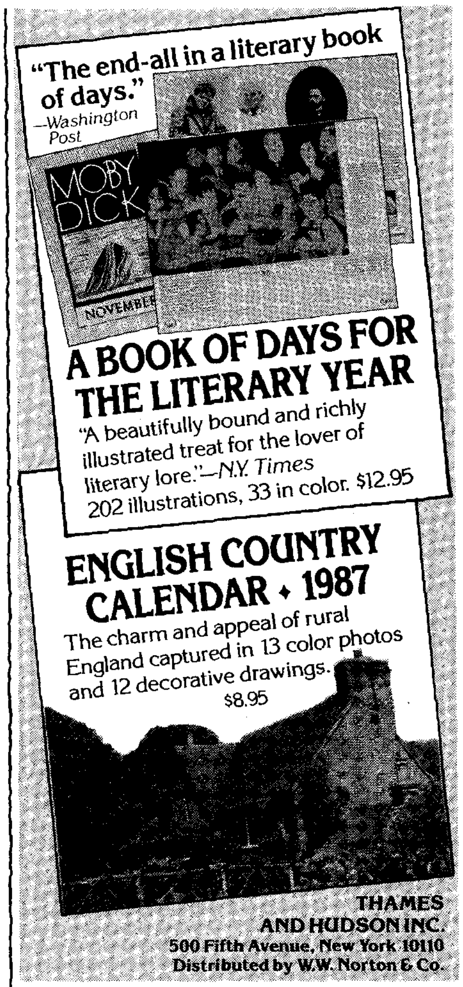
It is certainly true that Spender's best-known poems have been those with that simplicity and clarity, from "An Elementary School Classroom in a Slum" to "Elegy for Margaret." In the most arresting of the new poems in this collection, he brings certain clear and isolated moments of the past into the present, not as memory but as actuality. The coexistence (visible throughout the journals) of past and present in Spender's mind arises from his disbelief in the substantiality of time:

Today, I see
Three undergraduates standing
talking in
A college quad. They show each
other poems—
Louis MacNeice, Bernard Spencer
and I.
Louis caught cold in the rain,
Bernard fell
From a train door.

Their lives are now those poems
that were
Pointers to the poems they made
their lives.
We read there in the college quad.
Each poem
Is still a new beginning. If
They had been finished though they
would have died
Before they died. Being alive,
Is when each moment's a new start,
with past
And future shuffled between fingers
For a new game . . .
I'm dealing out
My hand to them, one more new
botched beginning
There, where we still stand talking
in the quad.

Several "diary poems" exemplify the same sort of clarity and particularity. This specificity represents a change from Spender's beginnings, where he intensely wished (or so it seems to me) to blur the boundaries of sexual, class, and national difference. That wish gave his early poems their willfully soft focus, their emphasis on the atemporal, the collective, and the universal. Airmen, slum children, lovers, the war dead, conscripts appeared in Spender's early poems not (in contrast to Auden's) as social categories but as exemplars of universal selfhood. But Spender's mind was neither historical enough nor collective enough, finally, for Marxist poetry. (He has recently tried to define, with reference to the poetry of the young Spanish Civil War poet Miguel Hernández, a poetry about politics "whose truth seems beyond dispute, outside politics, like certain poems of Walt Whitman in 'Drum-Taps' "—a remark that helps to clarify his own early aims.)

Spender remains, in the history of



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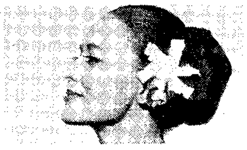

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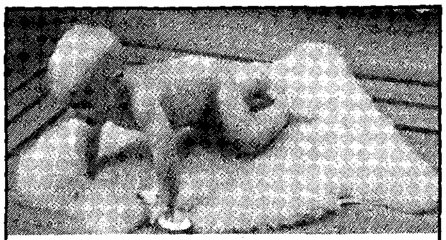

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British poetry, a notable love poet and elegist. He is also one of the important poets of the meaninglessness of war, and of the baseness of feeling it engenders, even in civilians:

> That which sent out the pilot to
> destroy them
> Was the same will as that with
> which they send
> An enemy to kill their enemy. . . .
> They know the dark is filled with
> means which are
> Men's plots to murder children.

"Men's plots to murder children": the line may be a pacifist's definition of war, but it is also an incrimination of self and others uttered by a man living, with his pregnant wife, through the London blitz. The journals and the poems interpenetrate in the reading, and should be taken together as traces of a rare life journey—rare in its conception of and aspiration toward a life less mean and constricted than the one that history usually offers its children.

—Helen Vendler

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Roger's Version, by John Updike (Knopf; $17.95). Short courses in early Christian heresy and in post-Einstein astrophysics are among the added attractions of this bleak, deep novel, which pits the eponymous narrator, a graying professor of divinity at a New England university (bereft of the clergyman's "burglarous black garb" since his second marriage, fourteen years before), against an earnest computer nerd, from the computer center across campus, who is scanning the skies (as rendered in iridescent pixels on a computer screen) for the whorls, as it were, of God's thumb. What turns their debate into a novel is three daughters of Eve, and relatives of Roger, pushing two, twenty, and forty; all are victims, by the end, of various sins, but only one is innocent. This is a less playful novel than "The Witches of Eastwick": salted with allusions to saints, Satan, and the Christian and American calendars which do not yield easy ironies. Mr. Updike amplifies the allusions with wordplay that demands and withstands scrutiny. A passage about knots in lumber, for instance—"those dark resinous oblongs that, no matter how we shellac and paint and overpaint, weep through"—becomes a peculiarly American still-life.

Lilian's Story, by Kate Grenville (Viking; $16.95). The strange, painful first-person story of Lilian, a fat Australian starved for talk, who, despairing of winning her self-absorbed parents' approval or her peers' esteem, sets about earning others' attention. "I would be a mediocre pretty girl," she explains to a classmate who has suggested that she try a good dressmaker or a diet. "And I am too arrogant to be mediocre." "A Girl," "A Young Lady," and "A Woman" are the headings of the book's three parts, which take Lilian from her hiding place in a plumbago bush, where she gobbles leftovers sneaked to her by the family housekeeper; to a treetop, where she gobbles sweets with another social outcast (male); to a university, where she makes the honors list before deciding to make the streets her lecture hall and herself the lecturer—thereby landing in a lunatic asylum and a jail. Kate Grenville, whose previous book, "Bearded Ladies," was a volume of short stories, makes Lilian's wit an aspect of her oddness. In "A Woman," for instance, after reciting Shakespeare on a bus and wrestling with two policemen, she is shoved into a police van. "The glee drained out of me," she recalls, "like water from a sock."

An Artist of the Floating World, by Kazuo Ishiguro (Putnam; $15.95). In an unnamed Japanese city still cluttered, in 1948, with the rubble of war, a little boy pretends to be the Lone Ranger, and not, as his grandfather supposes, a samurai warrior, or a ninja. This fine, slim novel about traditions and change is narrated by the grandfather, an artist whose prewar, pro-war "New Japan" propaganda posters, bearing such Sinophobic slogans as "Eyes to the Horizon!," might have made him a national hero if the Second World War had gone differently. As it is, a husband-hunting daughter and a job-hunting onetime protégé now view him as a liability. At one point, a prospective son-in-law even suggests that only hara-kiri can clear the family name. By the end, in 1950, the city's "floating world"—the "pleasure district," as it is also known, of wooden, lamplit bars and teahouses, which have provided artists with companionship and subject matter—has been replaced by a Western-style business district, where young businessmen wheel

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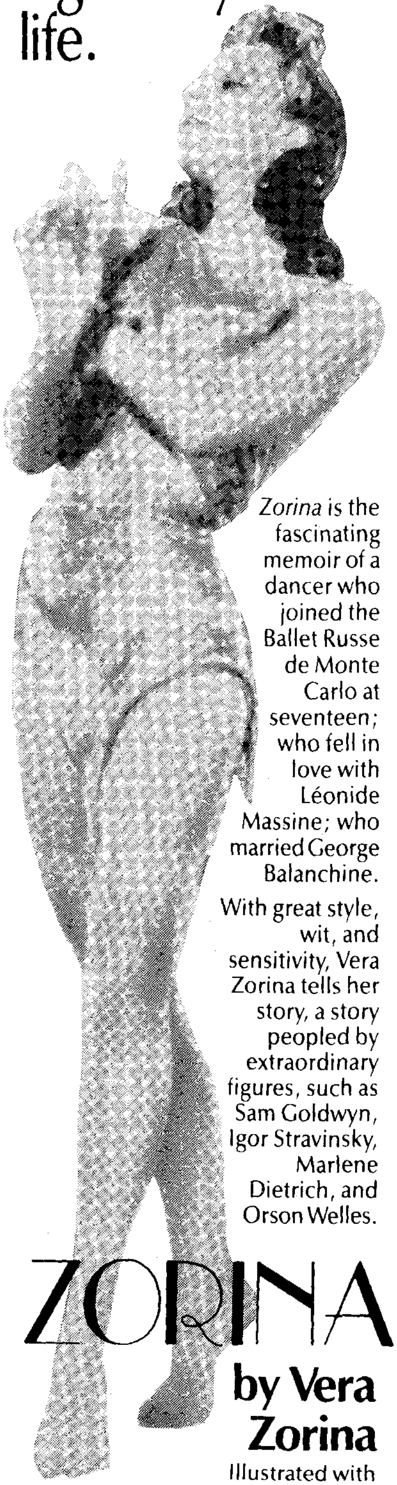
and deal, with their eyes to a new horizon, and with no thoughts about the old man sitting on a park bench and watching them with pride and affection. Kazuo Ishiguro, the author of "A Pale View of Hills" (1982), was born in Nagasaki in 1954 and has lived in England since 1960.

GENERAL

Clement Attlee: A Political Biography, by Trevor Burridge (Cape/Salem; $29.95). The British Labour Party is as old as this century, and Clement Attlee (1883-1967) became its leader in 1935. His Labour Government (1945-51) was the first to rule for any length of time; it carried out programs (national health insurance, for example) that had been on the agenda for decades. Mr. Burridge remarks that Attlee had "an easily recognizable English aesthetic sensibility" and combined "socialist views and conservative temperament." He was taciturn, loyal, exceptionally efficient, and extremely intelligent. And he had conscience and vision. As a son of the upper middle class, just out of Oxford, he began to make dutiful charity visits to an East End boys' club in 1905; there he discovered that the children living in squalor were in no way inferior to his classmates at public school and university. He devoted the rest of his life to undoing inequality. Attlee rejected the concept and method of class war; his ideal England was just, pluralistic, democratic, and gentle. His patriotism made him a loyal colleague in the wartime coalition Government, and his postwar policies, which included decolonization and the building of an independent atomic deterrent, aimed at strengthening his country. So did his economic policies, and this book is valuable in refuting the Tory myth that nationalization and welfare cost Britain growth; the author has a stunning list of the Attlee Government's economic accomplishments, including the fact that by 1950 British exports had risen to a hundred and seventy-five per cent of their prewar volume. Possibly the rarest of Attlee's gifts was his ability to place or use his fractious colleagues, many of them rivals or rebels, so that their talents served the Party or the Government. The book is filled with anecdotes of his management of several



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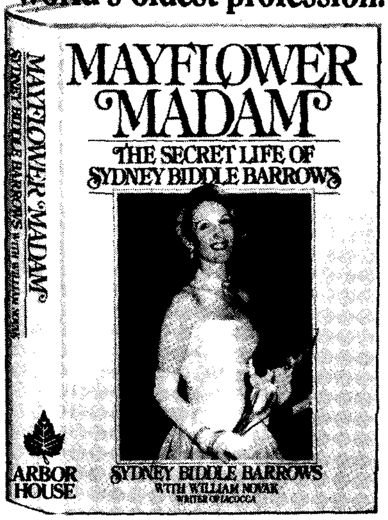
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OSKAR KOKOSCHKA: A LIFE, by Frank Whitford (Atheneum; $21.95). This biography, by an English art historian who specializes in the Expressionist movement, is only the latest of several (Kokoschka wrote an autobiography in 1974; he died in 1980, at ninety-three), and it does not pretend to be definitive. It does affirm Kokoschka's stature as an artist, and it gives us, chiefly through the eyes of his friends, enemies, mistresses, and family, a good idea of what kind of man he was. Mr. Whitford follows Kokoschka's career from the self-advertising stunts and outrageous posturings of his youth in Vienna, through the years in which his work was confiscated by the Nazis and displayed in Hitler's notorious exhibition of "degenerate art," to his arrival in England just as the Second World War got under way. It is a moving story—of an artist trying to work out his destiny in a century that would not leave a man alone. Along with photographs of the painter and his circle, there are some reproductions of the paintings and the graphic work, but one wishes there were more.

LETTERS FROM PRISON AND OTHER ESSAYS, by Adam Michnik, translated from the Polish by Maya Latynski, with a foreword by Czeslaw Milosz (California; $25). The work of a Polish historian, social thinker, and political prisoner, these essays discuss both immediate choices (prison or emigration, for example) and tactics for achieving change. They also recall Polish history, where many contemporary problems have analogues. The letters from prison that open the book shock an American reader, because, in a matter-of-fact style, the author, who is talking primarily to his fellow-Poles after the government's assault on Solidarity, allows us to eavesdrop on a society where the moral extremes are almost unimaginable. In 1976, Mr. Michnik was a founder of KOR, the Workers' Defense Committee, which was formed to help workers and the families of workers who were persecuted for having taken part in demonstrations. KOR dissolved itself into Solidarity in 1981. Both

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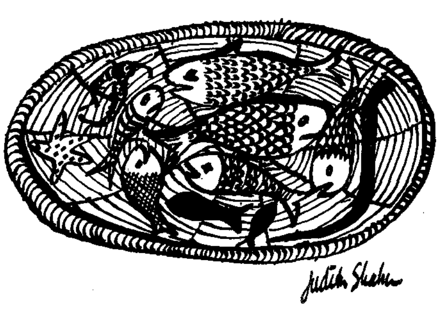
movements remain Mr. Michnik's models for action to move Poland toward a freer life: they are open, not conspiratorial; nonviolent; and honorable. However, in a humane and fascinating essay, "Maggots and Angels," he argues against zealotry or bigotry in arraigning Poles, past or present, who have sought to improve their nation's condition by other methods, including compromise. The introduction to this collection, by Jonathan Schell, first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

JOURNAL OF MY LIFE, by Jacques-Louis Ménétra, edited by Daniel Roche, and translated from the French by Arthur Goldhammer (Columbia; $30). The author, born in 1738, was a master glazier in Paris. He began this journal in his mid-twenties, and continued it through the declining years of the Ancien Régime and through the French Revolution; with the last installment, in 1803, he disappears, and until the recent discovery of this manuscript he was unknown to history. The autobiography is a headlong recital of a noisy, bawdy, roughneck life, in which Ménétra was able to work successfully at his trade and raise a family and yet found himself almost constantly embroiled in adulteries, murderous brawls, and every other kind of trouble. He relates it all in the best of humor, smacking his lips when he has outwitted a traitorous friend or cuckolded a thick-witted husband; he recalls pranks, most often at the expense of the Catholic clergy; he tells jokes and whopping lies. He is very much the hero of his tales, but, in his highly individual style (he dispensed with chapters, paragraphs, and all punctuation), he gives us the feel and smell, the color and sound of eighteenth-century working-class France, and especially of Paris and its neighborhoods. During the Revolution, Ménétra was a sansculotte and an official of his section of the city, but he was by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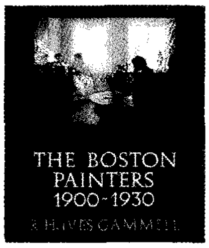

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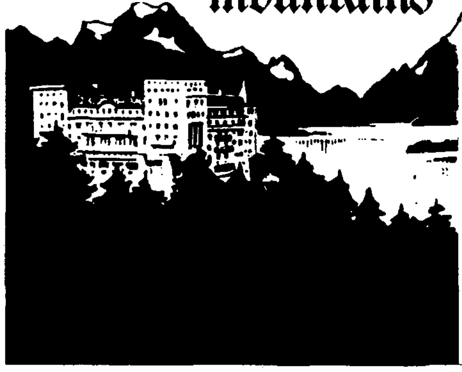

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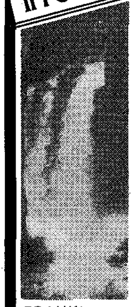

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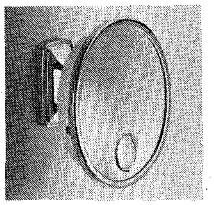

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no means a sympathizer with the Terror. To read him is to experience, profoundly, another time and another way of looking at life. The editor, a professor of history at the University of Paris, acts as a guide, clarifying obscure passages and, where he can, Ménétra's slang and odd use of French, and comparing Ménétra's accounts of historical events and personages with the archives. Surprisingly, for all his lies and tall tales, a great deal of Ménétra's story seems to be true.

ATLAS, by Jorge Luis Borges, in collaboration with María Kodama, translated from the Spanish and annotated by Anthony Kerrigan (Dutton; $14.95). In the year before his death, last June, Borges completed this collection of poems and pensées, prose musings, and photographs, apparently inspired by recent travels in Europe and America. As a literary work, it is sui generis. He tells of the sensations of a blind man experiencing a balloon ride in California. He revisits Geneva, where he spent part of his youth, and revels in memories. He visits the dying Robert Graves on Majorca and sadly sits with the poet as Graves' wife feeds him with a spoon. He confesses a longtime affection for Oscar Wilde. And he tells us of his dreams. As his readers might imagine, Borges did not have ordinary dreams: in one he is looking at rows of blackboards on which words have been written in columns and, after each word, the number of times he will see, hear, remember, or use it in the course of his life.

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LIFE IN CALIFORNIA

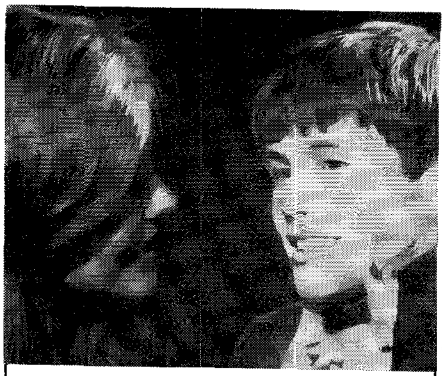
[*From the Los Angeles Times*]

The second Lake Perris State Recreational Area Underwater Pumpkin Carving Contest will be held today at 2 p.m. next to Lifeguard Tower 6 on Moreno Beach in Lake Perris State Recreational Area.

According to the event organizer, ranger David King, contestants, in teams of two, are required to swim out into deep water and dive to 10 feet. The teams are then allowed 45 minutes to carve and clean out their pumpkins underwater.

Judging is based on the final look of the carved pumpkin. First-, second- and third-place trophies will be awarded along with prizes, including Save-A-Dive kits, air cards for free tank fill-ups and underwater flashlights.

While non-divers are welcome to watch the event, only certified divers can enter the contest. Divers must provide their own scuba gear and pumpkin, and should arrive by 1:30 p.m. No pre-registration is required.



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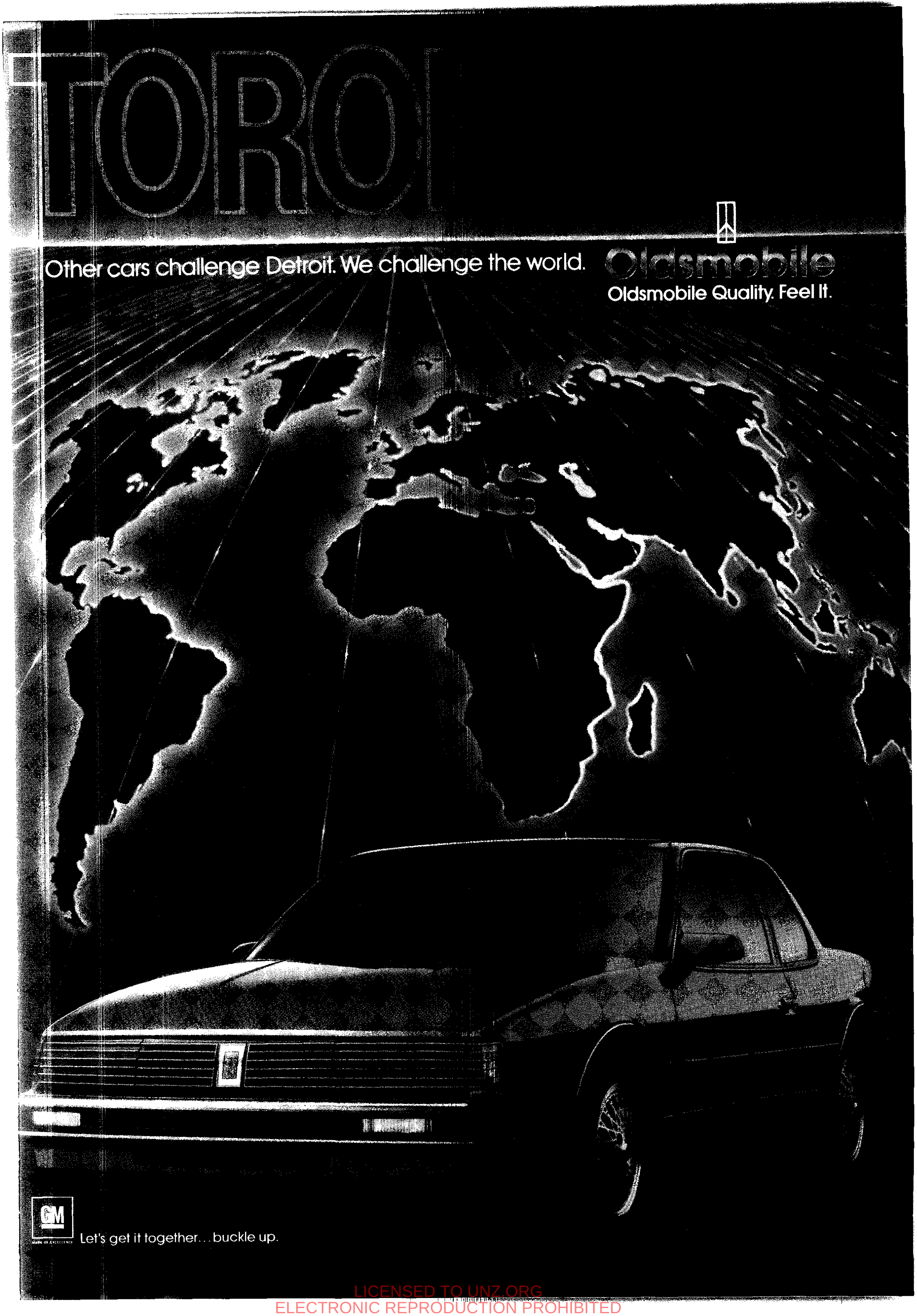
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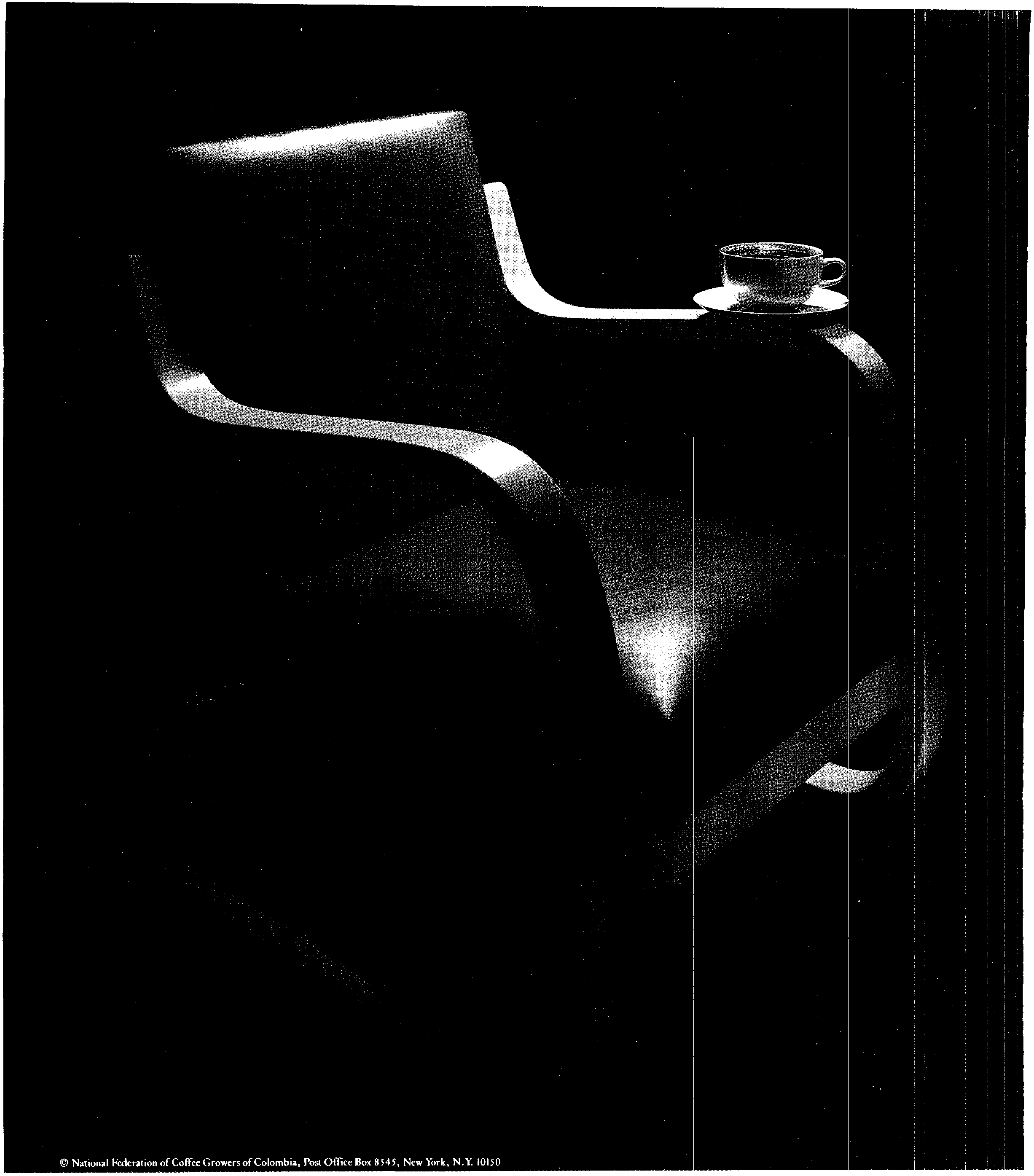

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